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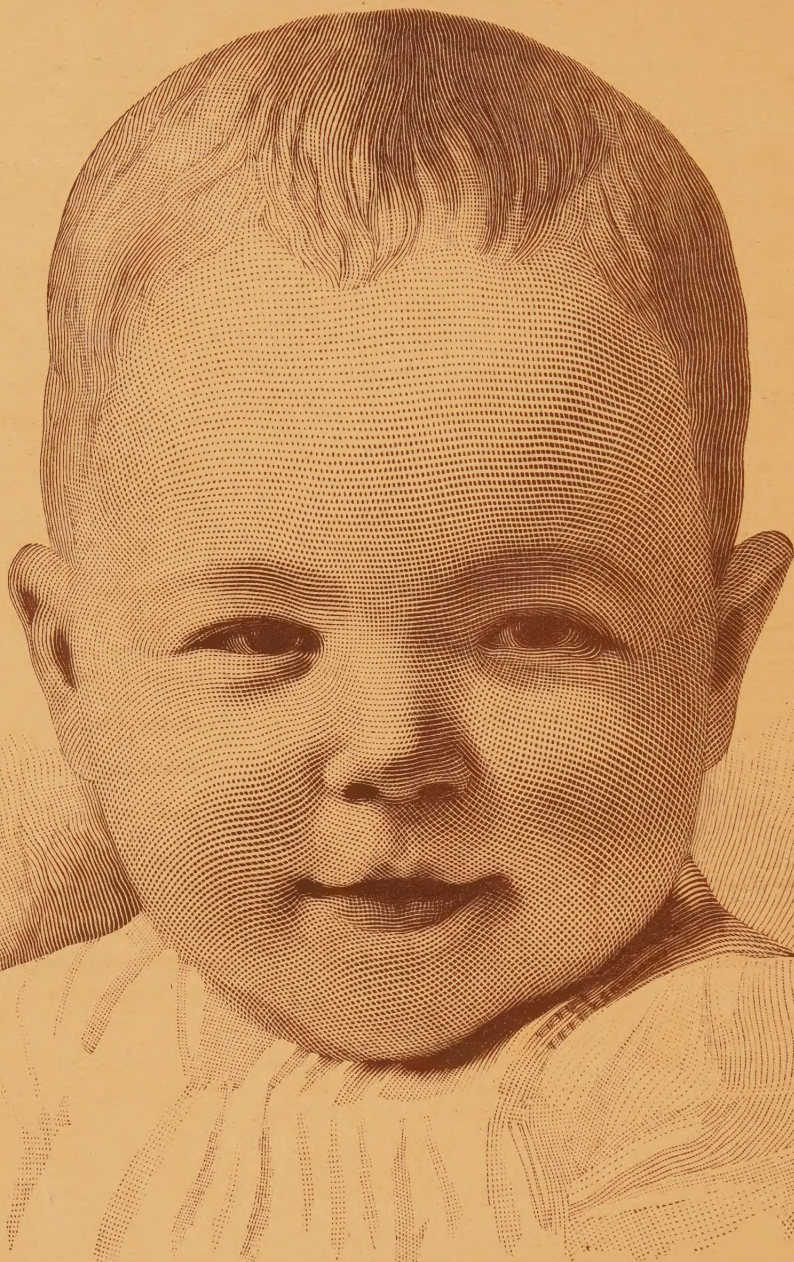
THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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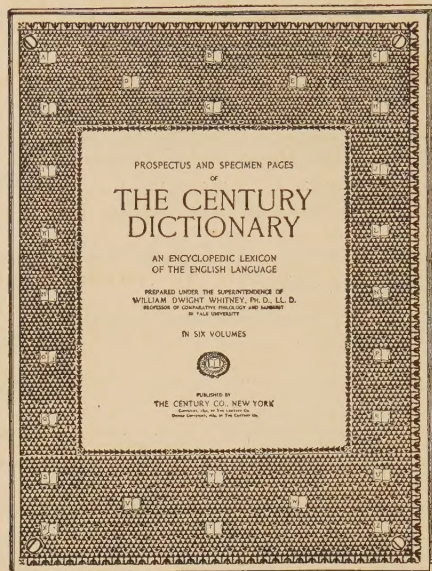
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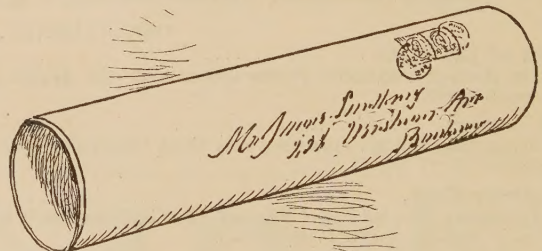
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WHAT A GREAT ENGLISH AUTHORITY SAYS OF IT.

(From the London Daily News, December 4, 1894.)



THE industry of our dictionary compilers on both sides of the Atlantic is decidedly one of the most remarkable features in the literary history of recent times. While Dr. Murray and his legion of coadjutors of both sexes are diligently—though necessarily at a somewhat slow pace—carrying forward the great Oxford dictionary from letter to letter, something like half a dozen new works of the same class are in the field. . . . It is to one of these, known to the public as "The Century Dictionary," that we have now to chronicle the appearance of a supplementary volume—for such it practically is—in the shape of a cyclopædia of proper names. . . . The notion of treating proper names as a subject for the lexicographer's labour is not entirely new. The ponderous French dictionary of Bescherelle, for example, brings in both human and place names, and even mingles them, without distinction, in the alphabetical arrangement. We are not aware, however, that any attempt has hitherto been made to compile a dictionary of proper names on a scale so large or a plan so comprehensive as that of the present massive quarto, with its eleven hundred pages compactly printed in triple columns. The book is not a simple dictionary of surnames and their origins, like that of Dr. Barber's "British Family Names"; nor is it inspired by any cherished philological or race theories, such as those which have influenced Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Mark Anthony Lower in dealing with British names. There is a fair sprinkling, indeed, of etymology; but a notion of the book may best be conveyed by describing it as a book of ready reference for proper names of every conceivable kind. Its fault is rather that of being too comprehensive than too exclusive. It gives, for example, names not only of dead, but of living persons; so that those who cannot mentally connect Mr. Barrie with "A Window in Thrums," or Mr. Bellamy with "Looking Backward," may have their memories refreshed. These are matters which we are inclined to think might have been left to the compilers of biographical dictionaries. "Thorough," however, is a good motto, though it was Strafford's; and, where the arrangement is alphabetical, readers are not generally disposed to complain that books of reference comprise too much.

Names of this class, however, form but a small proportion of the fifty thousand of which some account is given in this massive tome. They extend not only to biography, but to geography, mythology, history, ethnology, art, archæology, and fiction. Who has not, at some time, desired to recall the title of a book, a poem, or a picture, or some name of a person in a novel or a play, without being able at the moment to trace it to its source, or remember its exact associations? At such

moments The Century Cyclopædia of Names will, to adopt a familiar formula, come as a boon and a blessing. No doubt we ought all to cultivate our memories so as to be able to say at once what was the Monroe Doctrine, the Barrier Treaty, the Argenis of Barclay, the Aldine Press, John Bunce (whom Hazlitt admired), Lilibullero (which Uncle Toby whistled), the Scriblerus Club (which figures so often in Pope's correspondence), together with the Arthurian Cycle, "humble" Allen, the Fay Morgana, Biddy Tipkin, . . . and thousands of other appellations and allusions; but, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Macaulay, there have been few who could boast that a cyclopædia of names would be for them, at all times, a superfluity. Mr. Smith and his collaborators have, however, not merely reclothed names with their attributes. Though this is primarily a dictionary of proper names, with their orthography and pronunciation, it furnishes much useful incidental information. "The Mermaid," for example, is not only identified as the tavern where the "wit combats" between Shakespeare and Jonson took place, but the locality is identified, and the apparent contradiction of placing it sometimes in Bread street and sometimes in Friday street is satisfactorily cleared up. A like service is rendered as regards that other resort of the Muses, "The Devil," near Temple Bar, though the article omits to say that as this famous tavern stood in the parish of St. Dunstan—nearly opposite St. Dunstan's Church, indeed—its extraordinary sign doubtless referred to the legendary associations of Satan with that saint. . . .

Whistler (hwis'lér), **James Abbott McNeill**. Born at Lowell, Mass., 1834. A distinguished American-English painter and etcher. He was educated at West Point, and studied art in Paris. He removed to London in 1863, and in 1886 was elected president of the Society of British Artists. He is especially noted for his etchings. His paintings include various portraits, and "The White Girl" (1862), "Portrait of My Mother" (1872), "Nocturne in Blue and Gold" and "Nocturne in Blue and Green" (1878), "Harmony in Gray and Green" (1881), etc.

Bowery (bou'ér-i), **The**. [From D. *bouwerij*, a farm, prop. farming, husbandry, from *bouwer*, a farmer.] A wide thoroughfare in New York, running parallel to Broadway, from Chatham Square to about 7th street where it divides into Third and Fourth avenues. It received its name from the fact that it ran through Peter Stuyvesant's farm or *bouwerie*. It was at one time notorious as a haunt of ruffians ("Bowery Boys"). It is now very cosmopolitan in character, frequented by Chinese, Russians, Oriental and Polish Jews, and many other nationalities, and abounds in small and cheap shops of all kinds.

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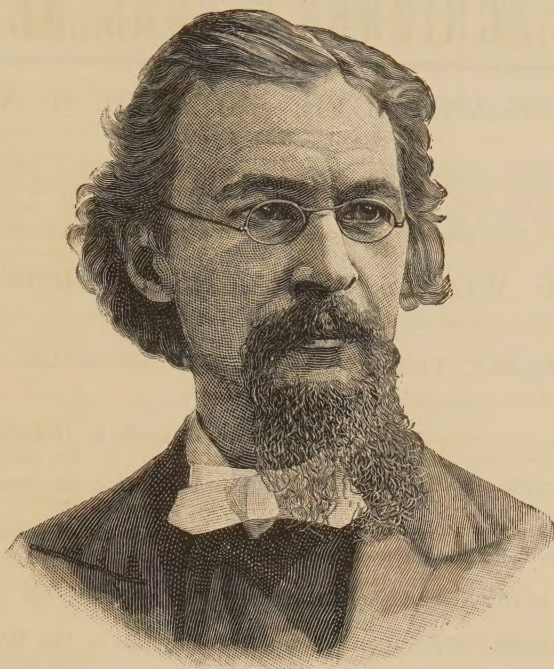
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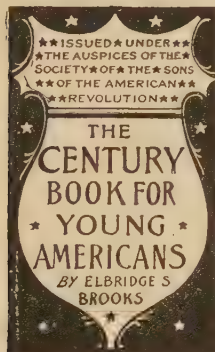
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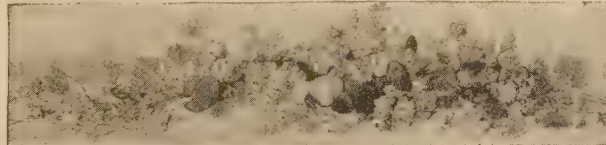


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“THE SUPPER OF BEAUCAIRE.”

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 4.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON AS A JACOBIN PATRIOT.

"THE SUPPER OF BEAUCAIRE"—FIRST DECISIVE SUCCESS AT TOULON—A JACOBIN GENERAL—THE MISSION TO GENOA—CONSEQUENCES OF ROBESPIERRE'S FALL.

"THE SUPPER OF BEAUCAIRE."



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.
BONAPARTE IN THE SUMMER
OF 1795.

an unparalleled energy in its prosecution. Against their tyranny the moderate republicans and the royalists outside of Paris now made common cause, and civil war broke out in many places, including Vendée, the Rhone valley,

THE Buonapartes found no abiding place in Provence. Fleeing before the storms of Corsican revolution, they were caught in the whirlwind of French anarchy. The Girondists, after involving the country in a desperate foreign warfare, had shown themselves incompetent to carry it on. They had, therefore, to give way before the Jacobins, who, by the exercise of a reckless despotism, were able to display

and the southeast of France. Montesquieu declares that honor is the distinguishing characteristic of aristocracy: the emigrant aristocrats were the first in France to throw honor and patriotism to the winds; those who remained went further, and displayed in Vendée and elsewhere a satanic vindictiveness. This shameful policy colored the entire civil war, and the bitterness in attack and retaliation that was shown in Marseilles, Lyons, Toulon, and elsewhere would have disgraced savages in a prehistoric age.

The westward slopes of the Alps were occupied by an army designated by that name, under the command of Kellermann; farther south and east lay the Army of Italy, under Brunet. Both these armies were expected to draw their supplies from the fertile country behind them, and to cooperate against the troops of Savoy and Austria, who had occupied the passes of lower Piedmont, and blocked the way into Lombardy. By this time the law for compulsory enlistment had been enacted, but the general excitement and topsyturvy management incident to such rapid changes in government and society, having caused the failure of the Sardinian expedition, had also prevented recruiting or equipment in either of these two divisions of the army. The outbreak of open

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hostilities in all the lands immediately to the westward momentarily paralyzed their operations; and when, shortly afterward, the Girondists overpowered the Jacobins in Marseilles, the defection of that city made it difficult for the so-called regulars, the soldiers of the Convention, even to obtain subsistence and hold the territory they already occupied.

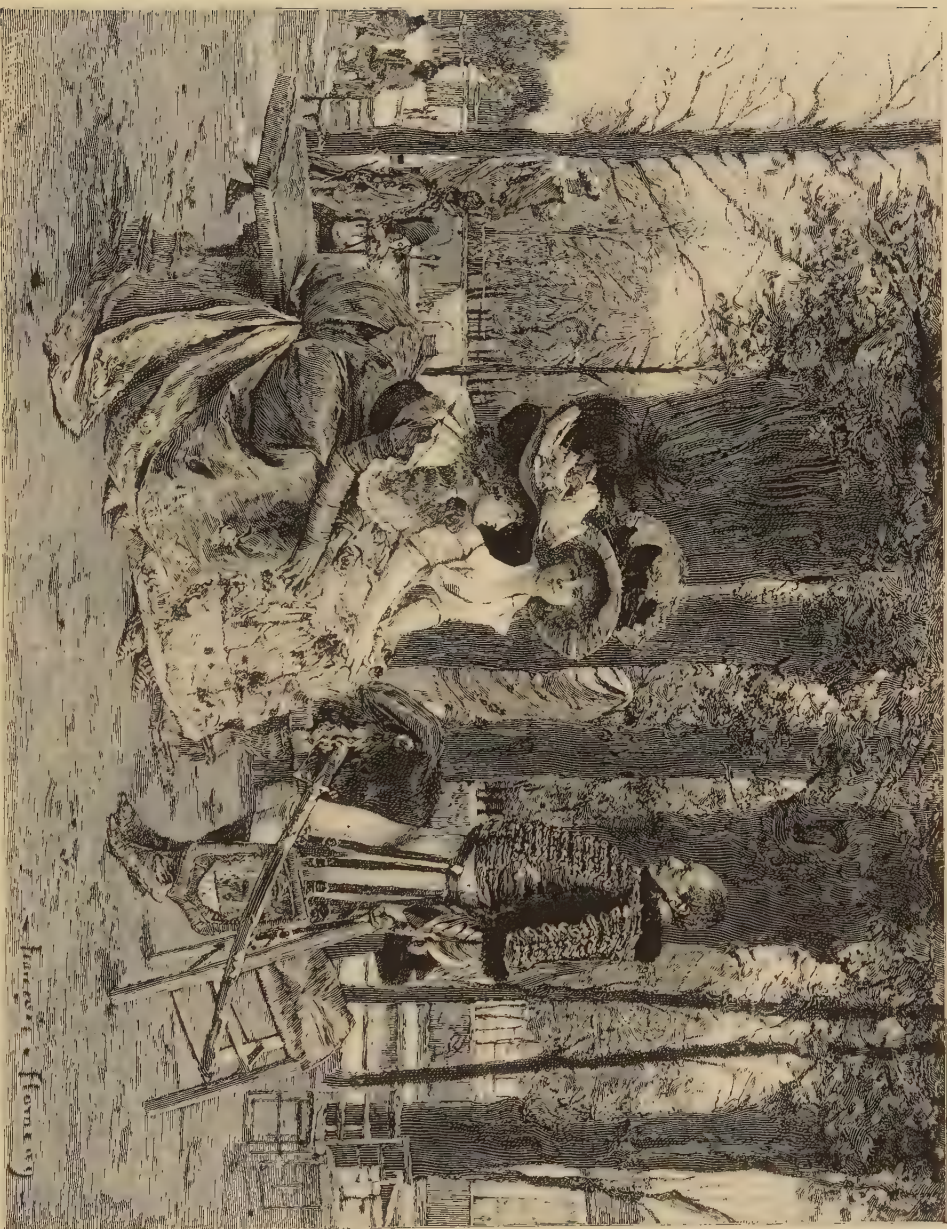
The next move of the insurgent Marseillais was in the direction of Paris, and by the first week in July they had reached Avignon on their way to join forces with their equally successful friends at Lyons. With characteristic zeal, the Convention had created an army to meet them. The new force was put under the command of Carteaux, a civilian, but a man of energy. According to directions received from Paris, he quickly advanced to cut the enemy in two by occupying the strategic point of Valence. This move was successfully made, Lyons was left to fight its own battle, and by the middle of July the general of the Convention was encamped before the walls of Avignon.

A few days later, Napoleon Buonaparte entered the camp, having arrived by devious ways, and after narrow escapes from the enemy's hands. This time he was absent from his post on duty. The works and guns at Nice being inadequate and worthless, he had been sent to secure supplies from the stores of Avignon when it should be conquered. Such were the straits of the needy republican general at Avignon that he immediately appointed his visitor to the command of a strong body of flying artillery. In the first subsequent move of the campaign Carteaux received a serious check. But the insurgents were more and more dismayed by the menacing attitude of the surrounding population, and in the very hour of victory began their retreat. The road to Marseilles was thus clear, and the commander unwisely opened his lines to occupy the evacuated towns on his front. Buonaparte, whose battery did excellent service, advanced with the main army, but was ordered back to protect the rear by reorganizing and reconstructing the artillery park which had been dismantled in the assault.

This first successful feat of arms made a profound impression on Buonaparte's mind, and led to the decision which settled his career. His spirits were still low, for he was suffering from a return of his old malarial trouble. Moreover, his family had already been driven from Toulon by the uprising of the hostile party, and were now dependent on charity; the Corsican revolt against the Convention was virtually successful, and it was said that in the island the name of Buonaparte was considered as little less execrable than that of Buttafuoco. What must he do to get a decisive share in

the surging, rolling tumult about him? The visionary boy was transformed into the practical man. Frenchmen were fighting, and winning glory everywhere, and among the men who were reaping laurels were some whom he had known and even despised at Brienne—Sergeant Pichegru, for instance. Ideas which he had momentarily entertained,—service with England, a career in the Indies, the return of the nabob,—all such visions were set aside forever, and an application was sent for a transfer from the Army of Italy to that of the Rhine. The suppression of the Southern revolt would soon be accomplished, and inactivity ensue; but on the frontier of the North there was a warfare worthy of his powers, in which, if he could only attract the attention of the authorities, long service, rapid advancement, and lasting glory might all be secured.

But what must be the first step to secure notoriety here and now? How could that end be gained? The old instinct of authorship returned irresistibly, and in the long intervals of easy duty he wrote the famous "Supper of Beaucaire," his first literary work of real ability. As if by magic his style is utterly changed, being now concise, correct, and lucid. The opinions expressed are quite as thoroughly transformed, and display not only a clear political judgment, but an almost startling military insight. The setting of this notable repast is based on an actual experience, and is as follows: Five wayfarers—a native of Nîmes, a manufacturer from Montpellier, two merchants of Marseilles, and a soldier from Avignon—find themselves accidentally thrown together as table companions at an inn of Beaucaire, a little city round about which the civil war was raging. The conversation at supper turns on the events occurring in the neighborhood. The soldier explains the circumstances connected with the recent capture of Avignon, attributing the flight of the insurgents to the inability of any except veteran troops to endure the uncertainties of a siege. One of the travelers from Marseilles thinks the success but temporary, and recapitulates the resources of the moderates. The soldier retorts in a long refutation of that opinion. As a politician he shows how the insurgents have placed themselves in a false position by adopting extreme measures and alienating republican sympathy; as a military man he explains the strategic weakness of their position, and the futility of their operations, uttering many sententious phrases—"Self-conceit is the worst adviser;" "Good four- and eight-pound cannon are as effective for field-work as pieces of larger caliber, and are in many respects preferable to them;" "It is an axiom of military science that the army which remains behind its intrenchments



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

LA CAUSERIE—LIFE IN PARIS IN 1793.

FROM A PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENQ. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

is beaten: experience and theory agree on this point."

The conclusion of the conversation is a triumphant demonstration that the cause of the insurgents is already lost, an argument convicting them of really desiring not moderation, but a counter-revolution in their own interest, and of displaying a willingness to imitate the Vendéans, and call in foreign aid if necessary. In

At last, then, the leader had shown himself in seizing the salient elements of a complicated situation, and the man of affairs had found a style in which to express his clear-cut ideas. When the tide turns it rises without interruption. Buonaparte's pamphlet was scarcely written before its value was discerned; for at that moment arrived one of those legations now representing the sovereignty of the Convention in every field of operations. This one was a most influential committee of three—Escudier, Ricord, and a younger brother of Robespierre. Accompanying them was a commission charged to renew the commissary stores in Corsica for the few troops still holding out in that island. Salicetti was at its head; the other member was Gasparin. Buonaparte was of course well known to his compatriot Salicetti, and "The Supper of Beaucaire" was heard by the plenipotentiaries with attention. Its merit was immediately recognized both by Gasparin and by the younger Robespierre; in a few days the pamphlet was published at the expense of the state.



ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY. FROM A DRAWING IN INDIA INK BY DAVID, OWNED BY MR. BENJAMIN FILLON. EXHIBITED AT THE TROCADERO IN 1878.

ÉDOUARD-LOUIS-ALEXIS DUBOIS DE CRANÇÉ, WHO SHARED WITH CARNOT THE WORK OF REORGANIZING THE FRENCH ARMY.

FIRST DECISIVE SUCCESS AT TOULON.

IN the interval Carteaux had, on August 25, 1793, taken Marseilles. The capture was celebrated by one of the bloodiest orgies of that horrible year.

one remarkable passage the soldier grants that the Girondists may have been outlawed, imprisoned, and calumniated by the Mountain in its own selfish interest, but adds that the former "were lost without a civil war by means of which they could lay down the law to their enemies. It was for them your war was really useful. Had they merited their early reputation they would have thrown down their arms before the constitution and sacrificed their own interests to the public welfare. It is easier to cite Decius than to imitate him. To-day they have shown themselves guilty of the worst possible crimes; have, by their behavior, justified their proscription. The blood they have caused to flow has effaced the true services they had rendered." The Montpellier manufacturer is of opinion that, whether this be true or no, the Convention now represents the nation, and to refuse obedience to it is rebellion and counter-revolution. History knows no plainer statement than "might makes right" than this.

The Girondists of Toulon saw in the fate of those at Marseilles the lot apportioned to themselves. If the high contracting powers now banded against France had shown a sincere desire to quell Jacobin bestiality, they could on the first formation of the coalition easily have seized Paris. Instead, Austria and Prussia had shown the most selfish apathy in that respect, huckstering with each other and with Russia for their respective shares of Poland—the booty they were about to seize. The intensity of the Jacobin movement did not rouse them until the majority of the French people, vaguely grasping the elements of permanent value in the Revolution, and stung by foreign interference, rallied around the only standard which was firmly upheld,—that of the Convention,—and enabled that body within an incredibly short space of time to put forth tremendous energy. Then England, terrified into panic, drove Pitt to take effective measures, and displayed her resources in raising



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

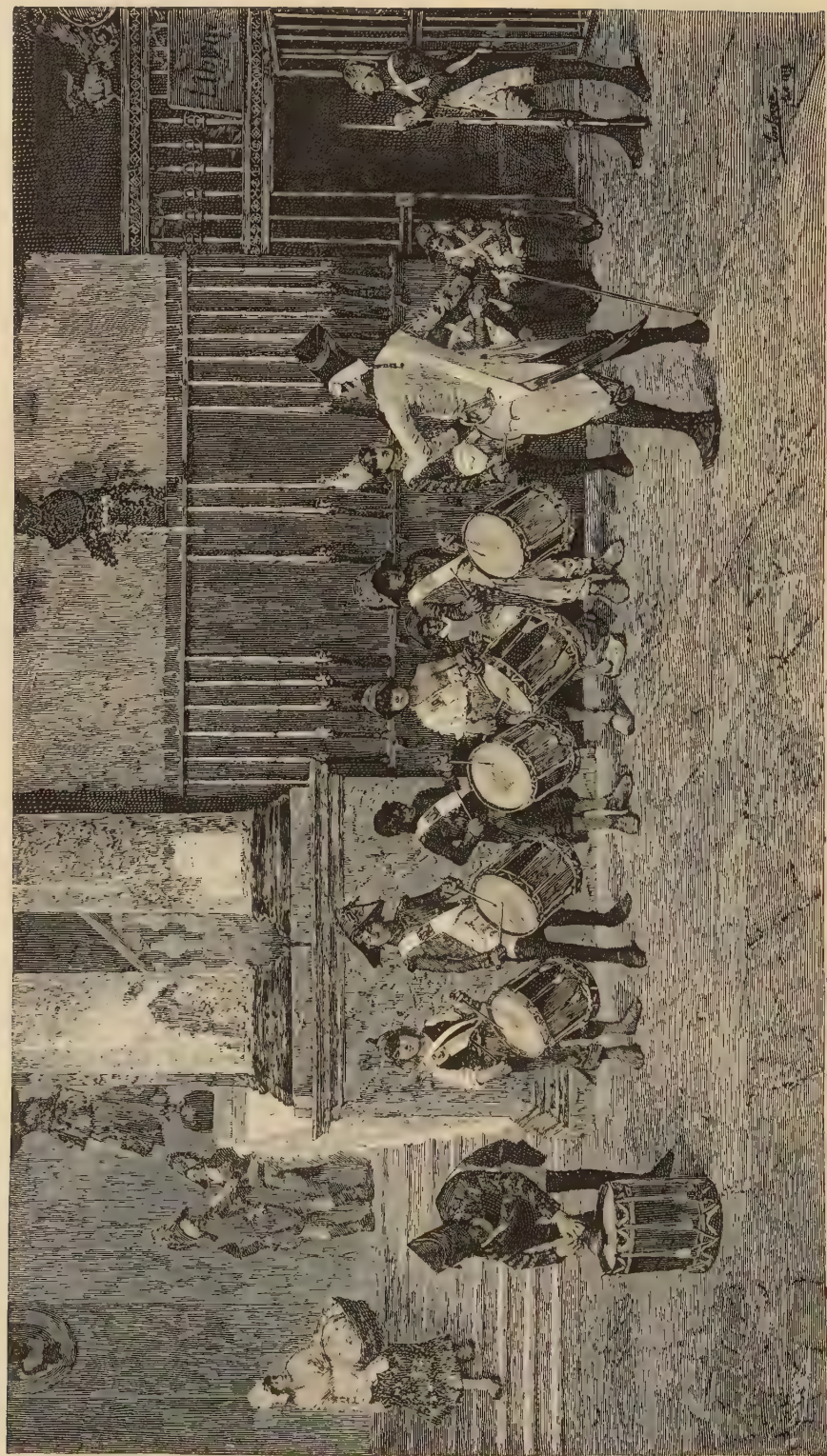
FROM A PAINTING BY LEJEUNE, BELONGING TO THE FRENCH WAR DEPARTMENT.

LAZARE-NICOLAS-MARGUERITE CARNOT, WAR MINISTER 1793-95, POPULARLY CALLED "THE ORGANIZER OF VICTORY," HIS GRANDSON WAS THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

subsidies for her Continental allies, in goading the German powers to activity, in scouring every sea with her fleets. One of these was cruising off the French coast in the Mediterranean, and it was easy for the Toulonese to induce its commander to seize not only their splendid arsenals, but the fleet in their harbor as well — the only effective one, in fact, which at that time the French possessed. Without delay or hesitation, Hood, the English admiral, took the easy prize, and before long war-ships of the Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Sardinians were gathered for their share of the defense of the town against the Convention forces. Soon the Girondist fugitives from Marseilles arrived, and were received with kindness. The place was provisioned, the gates were shut, and every

preparation for desperate resistance was completed.

Coupled as it was with other discouraging circumstances, the "treason of Toulon" was a staggering blow to the Convention. The siege of Lyons was still in progress; the Piedmontese were entering Savoy, which had but recently been captured by France, and rechristened the department of Mont Blanc; the great city of Bordeaux was ominously silent and inactive; the royalists of Vendée were temporarily victorious; there was unrest in Normandy, and further violence in Brittany; the towns of Mentz, Valenciennes, and Condé had been evacuated, and Dunkirk was besieged by the Duke of York. The loss of Toulon would put a climax to such disasters, destroy the credit



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE DRUMMERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUIS JIMENEZ. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

of the republic abroad and at home, perhaps bring back the Bourbons. Carnot had in the mean time come to the assistance of the Committee of Safety. Great as a military organizer and influential as a politician, he had already awakened the whole land to a still higher fervor, and had consolidated public sentiment in favor of his plans. In Dubois de Crancé he had an able lieutenant. Fourteen armies were soon to move and fight, directed by a single mind; discipline was soon to be effectively strengthened because it was to be the discipline of the people by itself; the envoys of the Convention were to go to and fro, successfully laboring for common action and common enthusiasm in the executive, in both the fighting services, and in the nation. But as yet none of these miracles had been wrought, and with Toulon lost, they might be forever impossible.

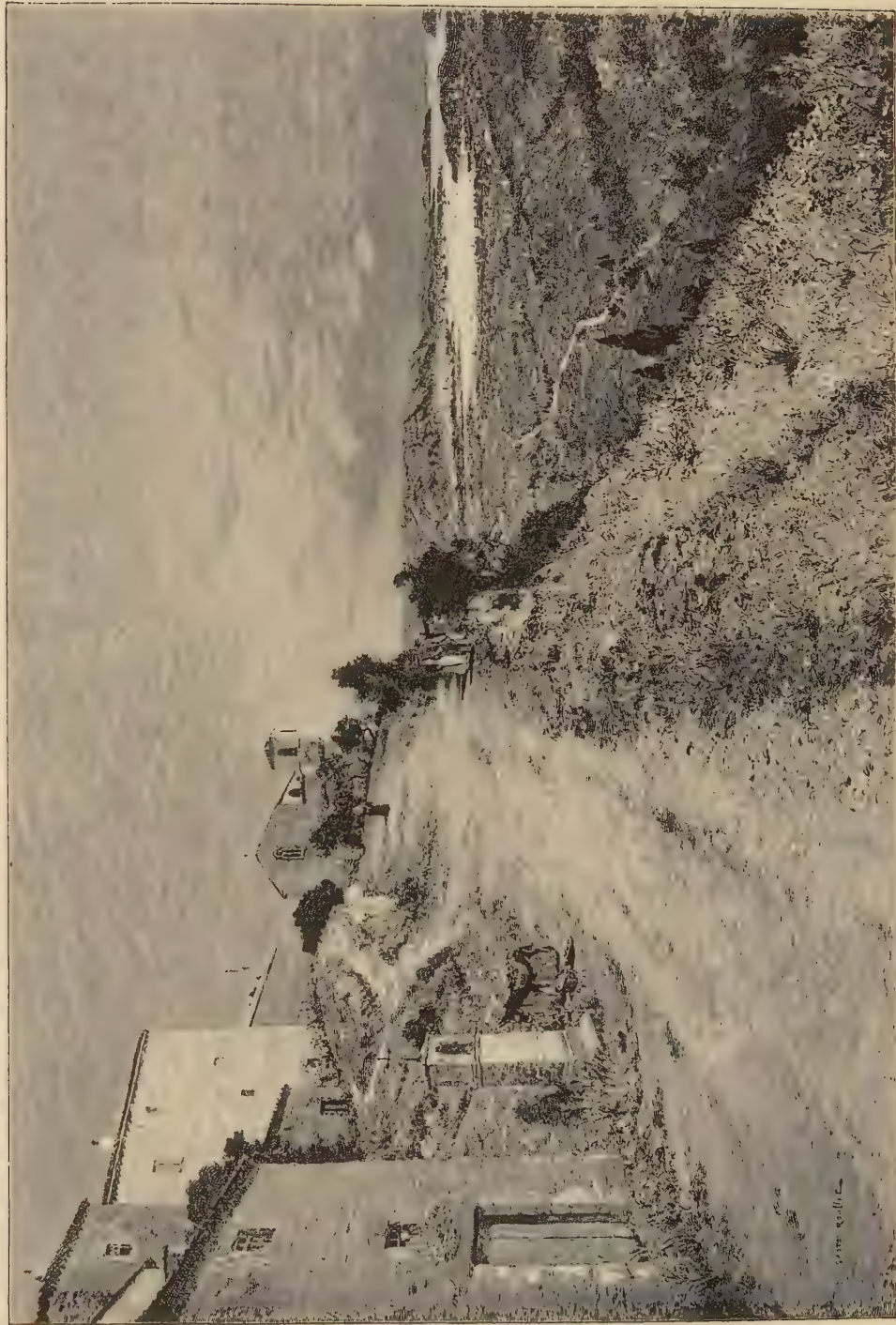
For a few days after the publication of his little book Buonaparte had a relapse into his queer, restless, wandering ways. He may have been on some secret confidential mission, as has been sometimes hinted, but nothing appears to show it. During August and early September he was at Valence, at Lyons, at Auxonne, and at Paris. He had evidently been thwarted in his plan of securing a position in the Army of the Rhine, or, failing that, of obtaining promotion in the one to which he already belonged. When finally he returned to join the Army of Italy, he halted at Marseilles to visit his mother and sisters. The army of Carteaux had been ordered to Toulon; with apparent hesitancy, and only after much persuasion, the disappointed suppliant consented to serve with his new-found friends for the siege.

The city of Toulon was now formally and nominally invested — that is, according to the then accepted general rules for such operations, but with no regard to such peculiarities of its site as only master minds mark and use to the best advantage. The large double bay is protected from the southwest by a broad peninsula joined to the mainland by a very narrow isthmus, and thus opens southeasterly to the Mediterranean. The great fortified city lies far within on the eastern side of the inner harbor. It is protected on the landward side by an amphitheater of high hills, which leave to the right and left a narrow strip of rolling country between their lower slopes and the sea. The westward pass is commanded by Ollioules, which Carteaux had selected for his headquarters. On August 29 his vanguard seized the place, but they were almost immediately attacked and driven out by the allied armies, chiefly English troops brought in from Gibraltar. On September 7 the place was retaken. In the assault only a single French officer fell mortally wounded, but that one was a captain of

artillery. Salicetti and his colleagues had received from the minister of war a charge to look out for the citizen Buonaparte who wanted service on the Rhine. This and their own attachment determined them in the pregnant step they now took. The visiting captain was appointed to the vacant place. At the same time his mother received a grant of money. Fesch and Lucien were made storekeepers in the commissary department.

It was with no trembling hand that Buonaparte laid hold of his task. For an efficient artillery service artillery officers were essential, and there were almost none. In the ebb and flow of popular enthusiasm many republicans who had fallen back before the storms of factional excesses were now willing to come forward, and Napoleon, not publicly committed to the Jacobins, was able to win many capable assistants from among men of this class. His nervous restlessness found an outlet in erecting buttresses, mounting guns, and invigorating the whole service until a zealous activity of the most promising kind was displayed by officers and men alike. The only check was in the ignorant meddling of Carteaux, who, though energetic and zealous, was, after all, not a soldier, but a painter. Strange characters rose to the top in those troublous times: the painter's opponent at Avignon, the leader of the insurgents, was a tailor. Buonaparte's ready pen stood him again in good stead, and he sent up a memorial to the ministry, explaining the situation, and asking for the appointment of an artillery general with full powers. The commissioners transmitted the paper to Paris, and appointed the memorialist to the higher rank of acting-commander; but his further activity was checked by lack of material.

At length the artist was removed from command, and a physician was appointed in his stead. This doctor was an ardent patriot who had distinguished himself at the siege of Lyons, which had fallen on October 9. But on arriving at Toulon the citizen soldier was awed by the magnitude of his new work, and was transferred at his own suggestion to an easier station in the Pyrenees. Dugommier, a professional soldier, was finally appointed commander-in-chief, and Dutail, a friend of Buonaparte's, was made general of artillery. Abundant supplies arrived at the same time from Lyons. On November 20 the new officers took charge, two days later a general reconnaissance was made, and within a short time the investment was completed. On the thirtieth there was a sally from the town directed against Buonaparte's batteries. It was successfully repulsed. The event was made important by the capture of General O'Hara, the English commandant. In the "*Moniteur*" of December 7 the name of



ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GASTON ROULLET, EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1894. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

THE HARBOR OF TOULON, FROM THE HEIGHTS OF SIX-FOURS.



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY S. MÉON FORT IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

THE SIEGE OF TOULON, 1793.

Fort Mulgrave, called "Little Gibraltar," is located on the promontory at the right.

Buona Parte is mentioned for the first time, and as among the most distinguished in the action.

The councils of war before Dugommier's arrival had been numerous and turbulent, although the solitary plan of operations suggested would have been adequate—possibly though, not probably—only for an inland town. From the beginning Buonaparte had explained to his colleagues the special features of their task, but all in vain. He reasoned that Toulon depended for its resisting power on the Allies and their fleets, and must be reduced from the side next the sea. The English themselves understood this when they seized and fortified the redoubt known as Little Gibraltar, on the tongue of land separating, to the westward, the inner from the outer bay. That post must be taken. From the very moment of his arrival this simple but clever conception was urged on the new artillery general, and, with others from the

same author, was adopted. At the same time it was determined that operations should also be directed against two other strong outposts, one to the north, the other to the northeast, of the town.

Finally, on December 17, after careful preparation, a concerted attack was made at all three points. It was successful in every part; the enemy was not only driven within the interior works, but by the fall of "Little Gibraltar" his communication with the sea was endangered. Since, therefore, the supporting fleets could no longer remain in a situation so precarious, the besieged at once made ready for departure, embarking the troops and many of the inhabitants. In a few days the city was evacuated, and the foreign war vessels sailed away. The news of this decisive victory was despatched without a moment's delay to the Convention. The names of Salicetti, Robespierre, Ricord,

Fréron, and Barras are mentioned in Dugommier's letters as those of men who had won distinction in various posts; that of Buonaparte does not occur. There was either jealousy of his merits, which have been perhaps unduly vaunted by himself and lauded by flatterers, or else his share had been more insignificant than is generally supposed. He declared at St. Helena that during the operations he had had three horses killed under him, and showed Las Cases a great scar on his thigh which he said had been received in a bayonet charge at Toulon. "Men wondered at the fortune which kept me invulnerable; I always concealed my dangers in mystery." The hypothesis of his insignificance appears unlikely when we examine the memoirs written by his contemporaries, and consider the precise traditions of a later generation; it becomes untenable in view of what happened on the next day, when the commissioners nominated him for the office of brigadier-general. In a report written on the nineteenth to the minister of war, Duteil speaks in the highest terms of Buonaparte. "A great deal of science, as much intelligence, and too much bravery; such is a faint sketch of the virtues of this rare officer. It rests with you, Minister, to retain them for the glory of the Republic."

On December 24 the Convention received the news of victory. It was really their reprieve, for news of disaster would have cut short their career. Jubilant over a prompt success, their joy was savage and infernal. With the eagerness of vampires they at once sent two commissioners to wipe the name of Toulon from the map, and its inhabitants from the earth. Fouché, later chief of police and Duke of Otranto under Napoleon, went down from Lyons to see the sport, and wrote to his friend the arch-murderer Collet d'Herbois that they were celebrating the victory in but one way. "This night we send 213 rebels into hell fire (*sous le feu de la foudre*)." The fact is, no one ever knew how many hundreds or thousands of the Toulon Girondists were swept together and destroyed by the fire of cannon and musketry. Fréron, one of the commissioners, would not have left a single rebel alive. Dugommier would listen to no such proposition for a holocaust. Marmont declares that Buonaparte and his artillerymen pleaded for mercy, but in vain.

Running like a thread through all these events was a counterplot. The Corsicans at Toulon were persons of importance, and had shown their mettle. Salicetti, Buonaparte, Arena, and Cervoni were now men of mark; the two latter had, like Buonaparte, been promoted, though to much lower rank. As Salicetti declared in a letter written on December 28, they were scheming to secure vessels and arm them for an expedition to Corsica. But for the time their

efforts came to nought; and thenceforward Salicetti seemed to lose all interest in Corsican affairs, becoming more and more involved in the ever madder rush of events in France.

There was nothing strange in this: a common politician could not remain insensible to the course or the consequences of the malignant anarchy now raging throughout France. The massacres at Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon were the reply to the horrors of like or worse nature perpetrated in Vendée by the royalists. Danton having used the Paris sections to overawe the Girondist majority of the Convention, Marat gathered his riotous band of sans-culottes, and hounded its discredited members to death, flight, or arrest until his bloody career was ended by Charlotte Corday's dagger. Passions were thus inflamed until even Danton appeared calm, moderate, and inefficient, compared with the reckless bloodthirstiness of Hébert, now leader of the Exagérés. The latter prevailed, the Vendéans were defeated, and Citizen Carrier of Nantes in three months took 15,000 human lives by his fiendishly ingenious systems of drownings and shootings. In short, France was chaos, and the Salicettis of the time might hope for anything or fear everything in the throes of her disorder. Not so the men like Buonaparte. His instinct led him to stand in readiness at the parting of the ways. Others might choose and press forward; he gave no sign of being moved by current events, but stood with his eye still fixed, though in a backward gaze, on Corsica, ready, if interest or self-preservation required it, for another effort to seize and hold it as his own. Determined and revengeful, he was again, through the confusion in France, to secure means for his enterprise, and this time on a scale proportionate to its difficulty.

A JACOBIN GENERAL.

HITHERTO prudence had not been characteristic of Buonaparte: his escapades and disobedience had savored rather of recklessness. The whole outlook having changed since his final flight to France, his conduct now began to reveal a definite plan — to be marked by punctilious obedience, sometimes even by an almost puerile caution. His family was homeless and penniless; their only hope for a livelihood was in rising with the Jacobins, who appeared to be growing more influential every hour. Through the powerful friends that Napoleon had made among the representatives of the Convention — men like the younger Robespierre, Fréron, and Barras — much had already been gained. If his nomination to the office of brigadier were confirmed, as was almost certain, the rest would follow, since, with his innate capacity for adapt-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR AT TOULON. 1793.

ing himself to circumstances, he had during the last few weeks successfully cultivated his power of pleasing, captivating the hearts of Marmont, Junot, and many others.

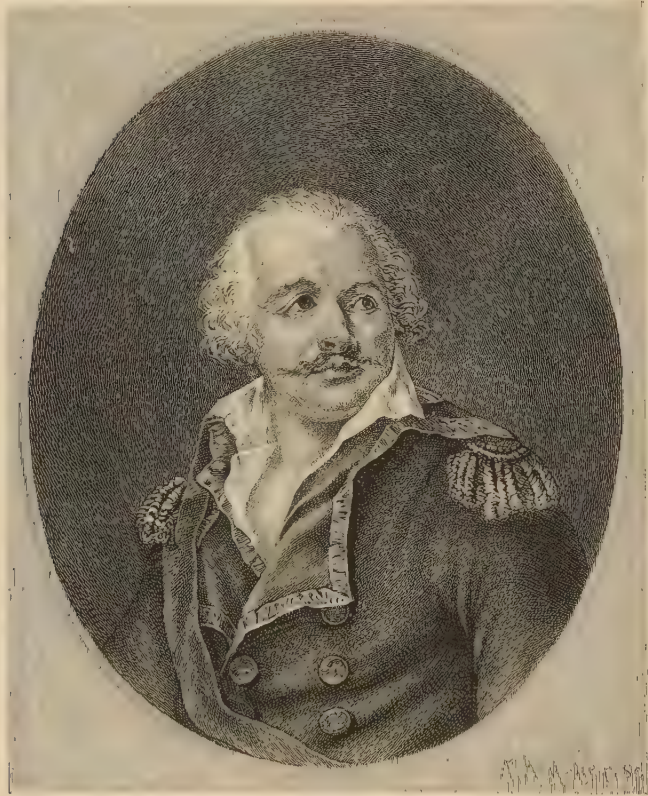
With such strong chances in his favor, it appeared to Buonaparte that no stumbling-block of technicality should be thrown in the path of his promotion. Accordingly, in the record of his life sent up to Paris he puts his entrance into the service over a year earlier than it

the previous year had been dignified by the same title. This gambler had not drawn the first prize in the lottery, but what he had secured was enough to justify his course, and confirm his confidence in fate. Eight years and three months nominally in the service, out of which in reality he had been absent four years and ten months either on furlough or without one, and already a brigadier! Neither blind luck, nor the revolutionary epoch, nor the superlative ability of the man, but a sort of compound resultant of all these, had brought this marvel to pass. It did not intoxicate, but still further sobered, the beneficiary. This effect was partly due to an experience which demonstrated that strong as are the chains of habit, they are more easily broken than those which his associates forge about a man.

In the interval between nomination and confirmation the young aspirant, through the fault of his friends, was involved in a most serious risk. Salicetti and the other Buonaparte brothers, Joseph, Lucien, and Louis, went wild with exultation over the fall of Toulon, and began, by reckless assumptions and untruthful representations, to reap a preposterous harvest of spoils. Joseph, by the use of his brother's Corsican commission, had posed as a lieutenant-colonel; he was now made a commissary-general of the first class. Louis, without regard to his extreme youth, was promoted to be adjutant-major of artillery — a dignity which was short-lived, for he was soon after ordered to the school at

Châlons as a cadet, but which served, like the greater success of Joseph, to tide over a crisis. Lucien retained his post as keeper of the commissary stores in St. Maximin, where he was the leading Jacobin, styling himself Lucius Brutus, and rejoicing in the sobriquet of "the little Robespierre."

The positions of Lucien and Louis were fantastic even for revolutionary times. Napoleon was fully aware of the danger, and was correspondingly circumspect. It was possibly at his own suggestion that he was appointed, on December 26, 1793, inspector of the shore fortifications, and ordered to proceed immediately to an inspection of the Mediterranean coast as far as Mentone. The expedition removed him



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER, AFTER AQUATINT BY BONNEVILLE.

CARTEAUX, THE ARTIST GENERAL.

actually occurred, omits as unessential detail some of the places in which he had lived and some of the companies in which he had served, declares that he had commanded a battalion at the capture of Magdalena, and, finally, categorically denies that he was ever noble. To this paper, which minimizes nearly to the vanishing-point all mention of Corsica, and emphasizes his services as a Frenchman by its insidious omissions, the overdriven officials in Paris took no exception; and on February 6, 1794, he was confirmed, receiving an appointment for service in the new and regenerated Army of Italy, which had replaced as if by magic the ragged, shoeless, ill-equipped, and half-starved remnants of troops in and about Nice that in



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, IN THE COLLECTION OF E. B. HOLDEN.

THE TAKING OF FORT MULGRAVE ("LITTLE GIBRALTAR"), Toulon.

from all temptation to an unfortunate display of exultation or anxiety, and gave him a new chance to display his powers. He performed his task with the thoroughness of an expert; but in so doing, his zeal played him a sorry trick, eclipsing the caution of the revolutionary by the eagerness of the sagacious general. In his report to the minister of war he comprehensively discussed both the fortification of the coast and the strengthening of the navy, which were alike indispensable to the wonderful scheme of operations in Italy which he appears to have been already revolving in his mind. The Army of Italy, and in fact all southeastern France, depended at the moment for sustenance on the commerce of Genoa, professedly a neutral state and friendly to the French republic. This essential trade could be protected only by making interference from the English and Spaniards impossible, or at least difficult.

Arrived at Marseilles, and with these ideas occupying his whole mind, Buonaparte regarded the situation as serious. The British and Spanish fleets swept the seas, and were virtually blockading all the Mediterranean ports of France. At Toulon they had actually entered, and had departed only after losing control of the promontory which makes the harbor. There is a similar conformation of the ground at the entrance to the port of Marseilles, but Buonaparte found that the fortress which controlled the entrance had been dismantled. With the instinct of a strategist, and with no other thought than that of his duties as inspector, he sat down, and on January 4, 1794, wrote a most impolitic recommendation that the fortification should be restored in such a way as "to command the town." These words almost certainly referred both to the possible renewal by the conquered French royalists and other malcontents of their efforts to secure Marseilles, and to a conceivable effort on the part of the Allies to seize the harbor. Now it happened that the Marseillais had regarded this very stronghold as their Bastille, and it had been dismantled by the citizens in emulation of their brethren of Paris. The language and motive of the report were therefore capable of misinterpretation. A storm at once arose in the town against both Buonaparte and his superior, General Lapoype; they were both denounced to the Convention, and in due time, about the end of February, were both summoned before the bar of that body. In the mean time Buonaparte's nomination as brigadier had been confirmed, his commission arriving at Marseilles on February 16. It availed nothing toward restoring him to popularity; on the contrary, the masses grew more suspicious and more menacing. He therefore returned to the protection of Salicetti and Robespierre at

Toulon, whence by their advice he despatched to Paris by special messenger a poor-spirited, exculpatory letter, admitting that the only use of restoring the fort would be to command the town. Having by this language pusillanimously acknowledged a fault which he did not commit, the writer, by the advice of Salicetti and Robespierre, refused to obey the formal summons when it came. Those powerful protectors made vigorous representations to their friends in Paris, and Buonaparte was saved. On April 1, 1794, he assumed the duties of his new command, reporting himself at Nice. Lapoype appeared at the bar of the Convention, and was triumphantly acquitted.

A single circumstance changed the French Revolution from a sectarian dogma into a national movement. By the exertions and plans of Carnot the effective force of the French army had been raised in less than two years from 112,000 to the astonishing figure of over 730,000. The discipline was now rigid, and the machine was perfectly adapted to the workman's hand, although for lack of money the equipment was still sadly defective. In the Army of Italy were nearly 67,000 men — a number which included all the garrisons and reserve of the coast towns and of Corsica. Its organization, like that of the other portions of the military power, had been simplified, and so strengthened. There was a commander-in-chief, a chief of staff, three generals of division (of whom Masséna was one), and thirteen brigadiers, of whom one — Buonaparte — was the commander and inspector of artillery.

The younger Robespierre, Ricord, and Salicetti were the "representatives of the people." The first of these was, to outward appearance, the leading spirit of the whole organism, and to his support Buonaparte was now thoroughly committed. The young brigadier was considered by all at Nice to be a pronounced "Montagnard" — that is, an extreme Jacobin. At all events, Augustin Robespierre had come to see and hear with the eyes and ears of his Corsican friend, whose fidelity he thought was assured by hatred of Paoli and by a desire to recover the family estates. Whatever the ties which bound them, the ascendancy of Buonaparte was thorough. His were the suggestions and the enterprises, the political conceptions, the military plans, the devices to obtain ways and means. It was probably his advice which was determinative in the scheme of operations finally adopted. A select third of the troops were chosen and divided into three divisions to assume the offensive, under Masséna's direction, against the almost impregnable posts of the Austrians and Sardinians in the upper Apennines. The rest were held in garrison partly as a reserve, partly to overawe the newly



PAINTED BY E. BOUTIGNY.

EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1894. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

SCENE DURING THE INSURRECTION IN VENDÉE. 1792-94.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOR OF ROBESPIERRE THE YOUNGER.

FROM THE MEDAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

Inscriptions: Reverse — Honor to the defenders of the country. R. F. French Republic. Robespierre the younger at the camp before Toulon. Obverse — Robespierre the younger, representative of the people.

conquered department of which Nice was the capital.

Genoa now stood in a peculiar relation to France. Her oligarchy, though called a republic, was in spirit the antipodes of French democracy. Her trade was essential to France, but English influence predominated in her councils. In October, 1793, a French supply ship had been seized by an English squadron in the very harbor of the capital itself. Soon afterward the French minister at Genoa was told that as it appeared no longer possible for a French army to reach Lombardy by the direct route through the Apennines, it might be necessary to advance along the coast by way of Genoese territory. It was probably as a diplomatic feint that in April, 1794, hostilities were opened against Sardinia and Austria. Masséna seized Ventimiglia on the sixth. Advancing by Oneglia and Ormea, in the valley of the Stura, he turned the position of the allied Austrians and Sardinians, thus compelling them to evacuate their strongholds one by one, until on May 7 the pass of Tenda, leading direct into Lombardy, was abandoned by them.

The result of this movement was to infuse new enthusiasm into the army, while at the same time it set free, for offensive warfare, large numbers of the garrison troops in places now no longer in danger. Masséna wrote in terms of exultation of the devotion and endur-

ance which his troops had shown in the sacred name of liberty. "They know how to conquer, and never complain. Marching barefoot, and often without rations, they abuse no one, but sing the loved notes of '*Ça ira*'— 'T will go, 't will go! We'll make the creatures that surround the despot at Turin dance the Carmagnole!" Charles Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, was an excellent specimen of the benevolent despot; it was he they meant. Augustin Robespierre wrote to his brother Maximilien, in Paris, that they had found the country before them deserted: forty thousand souls had fled from the single valley of Oneglia, having been terrified by the accounts of French savagery to women and children, and of their impiety in devastating the churches and religious establishments.

Whether the phenomenal success of this short campaign, which lasted but a month, was expected or not, nothing was done to improve it, and the advancing battalions suddenly stopped, as if to make the impression that they could go farther only by way of Genoese territory. Buonaparte would certainly have shared in the campaign had it been a serious attack; but except to bring captured stores from Oneglia, he did nothing, devoting the months of May and June to the completion of his shore defenses, and living at Nice with his mother and her family. That famous and coquettish town was now the center of a gay



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

BONAPARTE UNDER ARREST, AUGUST, 1794.

republican society in which Napoleon and his pretty sisters were important persons. They were the constant companions of young Robespierre and Ricord. The former, amazed by the activity of his friend's brain, the scope of his plans, and the terrible energy which marked his preparations, wrote of Napoleon that he was a man of "transcendent merit." Marmont, speaking of Napoleon's charm at this time, says: "There was so much future in his mind. . . . He had acquired an ascendancy over the representatives which it is impossible to describe." He also declares, and Salicetti too repeatedly asseverated, that Buonaparte was the "man, the plan-maker," of the Robespierres.

Their impression was doubtless due to the conclusions of a council of war held on May 20 by the leaders of the two armies—of the Alps and of Italy—to concert a plan of co-operation. Naturally each group of generals desired the foremost place for the army it represented. Buonaparte overrode all objections, and compelled the acceptance of a scheme entirely his own. But affairs in Genoa were becoming so menacing that for the moment they demanded the exclusive attention of the French authorities. Austrian troops had disregarded her neutrality and trespassed on her territory; the land was full of French deserters, and England, recalling her successes in the same line during the American Revolution, had established a press in the city for printing counterfeit French money, which was sent by secret mercantile communications to Marseilles, and there was put in circulation. It was consequently soon determined to amplify greatly the plan of campaign, and likewise to send a mission to Genoa. Buonaparte was himself appointed the envoy, and thus became the pivot of both movements—that against Piedmont and that against Genoa.

THE MISSION TO GENOA.

His expansion of the first plan to meet this double requirement finally developed into a rambling document, still in existence, which draws a contrast between the opposite courses to be taken with reference to Italy and Spain. In it he also calls attention to the scarcity of officers suitable for concerted action in a great enterprise, and a remark concerning the policy to be pursued contains the germ of his whole military system. "Combine your forces in a war, as in a siege, on one point. The breach once made, equilibrium is destroyed, everything else is useless, and the place is taken. Do not conceal, but concentrate, your attack." In the matter of politics he sees Germany as the main prop of opposition to democracy; Spain is to be dealt with on the defensive, Italy on the offensive. But, contrary to his own policy of the

following year, he advises against proceeding too far into Piedmont, lest the adversary should gain the advantage of position. This paper Robespierre the younger had in his pocket when he left for Paris, summoned to aid his brother in difficulties which were now pressing fast upon him.

Ricord was left behind to direct at least nominally the movements both of the armies and of the embassy to Genoa. Buonaparte continued to be the real power. Military operations having been suspended to await the results of diplomacy, his instructions from Ricord were drawn so as to be loose and merely formal. On July 11 he started from Nice, reaching his destination three days later. During the week of his stay—for he left again on the twenty-first—the mission made its representations, and laid down its ultimatum that the republic of Genoa should preserve absolute neutrality, neither permitting troops to pass over its territories, nor lending aid in the construction of military roads, as she was charged with secretly doing. Their success in overawing the oligarchy was complete, and a written promise of compliance to these demands was made by the Doge. Buonaparte arrived again in Nice on the twenty-eighth. We may imagine that as he traveled the romantic road between the mountains and the sea, the rising general and diplomat indulged in many rosy dreams, probably feeling already on his shoulders the insignia of a commander-in-chief. But he was returning to disgrace, if not to destruction. A week after his arrival came the stupefying news that the hour-glass had once again been reversed, that on the very day of his own exultant return to Nice Robespierre's head had fallen, that the Mountain was shattered, and that the land was again staggering to gain its balance after another political earthquake.

The shock had been awful, but it was directly traceable to the accumulated disorders of Jacobin rule. A rude and vigorous, but eerie order of things had been inaugurated on November 24, 1793, by the so-called republic. There was already the new calendar, in which the year 1 began on September 22, 1792, the day on which the republic had been proclaimed. In it were the twelve thirty-day months, with their names of vintage, fog, and frost; of snow, rain, and wind; of bud, flower, and meadow; of seed, heat, and harvest: the whole terminated most unpoetically by the five or six supplementary days named *sansculottides*,—*sansculottes* meaning without knee-breeches, a garment confined to the upper classes; that is, with long trousers like the common people,—and these days were so named because they were to be a holiday for the long-trousered populace which was to use the new reckoning. There was next the new, strange, and unhallowed spectacle



FROM A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, AJACCIO.

JULIE CLARY, WIFE OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

seen in history for the first time, the realization of a nightmare—a whole people finally turned into an army, and at war with nearly all the world! The reforming Girondists had created the situation, and the Jacobins, with grim humor, were unflinchingly facing the logical consequences of such audacity. Carnot had given the watchword of attack in mass and with superior numbers; the times gave the frenzied courage of sentimental exaltation. Before the end of 1793 the foreign enemies, though not

conquered, had been checked on the frontier; the outbreak in Vendée had been temporarily suppressed; both Lyons and Toulon had been retaken.

The Jacobins were nothing if not thorough; and here was another new and awful thing—the “Terror”—which had broken loose with its foul furies of party against party through all the land. It seemed at last as if it were exhausting itself, though for a time it had grown in intensity as it spread in extent. It had created three fac-

tions in the Mountain. Early in 1794 there remained but a little handful of avowed and still eager terrorists in the Convention—Hébert and his friends. These were the atheists who had abolished religion and the past, bowing down before the fetish which they dubbed Reason. They were seized and put to death on March 24. There then remained the cliques of Danton and Robespierre: the former claiming the name of moderates, and telling men to be calm; the latter with no principle but devotion to a person who claimed to be a regenerator of society. These hero-worshippers were for a time victorious. Danton, like Hébert, was foully murdered, and Robespierre remained alone, virtually dictator. But his theatrical conduct in decreeing by law the existence of a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, and in organizing tawdry festivals to supply the place of worship, utterly embittered against him both atheists and pious people. In disappointed rage at his failure, he laid aside the characters of prophet and mild saint to become a perfect devil.

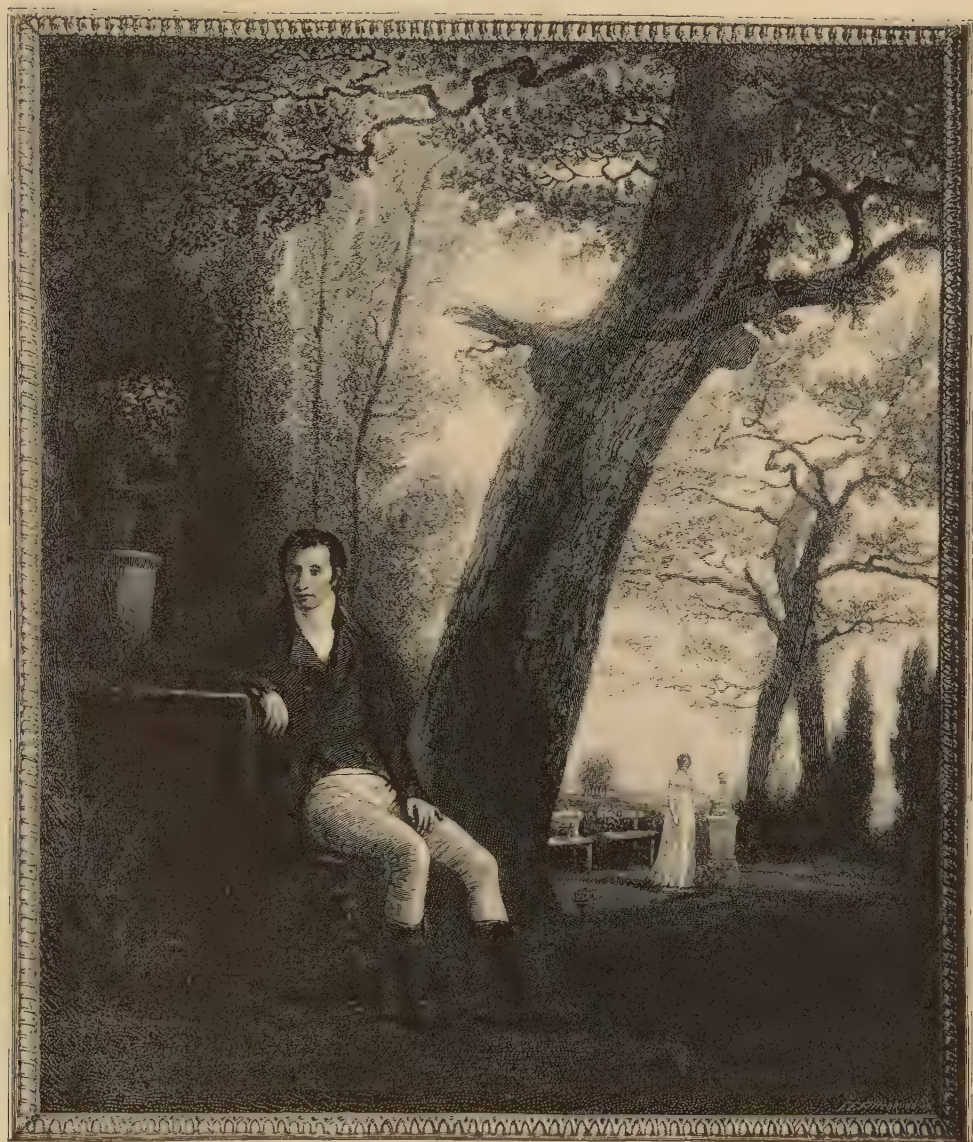
During the long days of June and July there raged again a carnival of blood, known to history as the "Great Terror." In less than seven weeks upward of twelve hundred victims were immolated. The unbridled license of the guillotine broadened as it ran. First the aristocrats had fallen, then royalty, then their sympathizers, then the hated rich, then the merely well-to-do, and lastly anybody not cringing to existing power. The reaction against Robespierre was one of universal fear; but dictator as he had wished to be, he was formed of other stuff, for when the reckoning came his brutal violence was cowed. On July 27 (9 Thermidor) the Convention turned on him in rebellion. Extreme radicals and moderate conservatives combined for the effort. Terrible scenes were enacted. The sections of Paris were divided, some for the Convention, some for Robespierre. The artillerymen who were ordered by the latter to batter down the part of the Tuileries where his enemies were sitting, hesitated and disobeyed; at once all resistance to the decrees of the Convention died out. The dictator would have been his own executioner, but his faltering terrors stopped him midway in his design. He and his brother, with their friends, were seized, and beheaded on the morrow. With the downfall of Robespierre went the last vestige of social or political authority; for the Convention was no longer trusted by the nation—the only organized power with popular support which was left was the army.

CONSEQUENCES OF ROBESPIERRE'S FALL.

THIS was the news which, traveling southward, finally reached Toulon, Marseilles, and

Nice, cities where Robespierre's staunchest adherents were flaunting their newly gained importance. No wonder if the brains of common men reeled. The recent so-called parties had disappeared for the moment like wraiths. The victorious group in the Convention, now known as the Thermidorians, were compounded of elements from them both, and claimed to represent the whole of France, as the wretched factions who had so long controlled the government had never done. Where now should those who had been active supporters of the late administration turn for refuge? The Corsicans who had escaped from the island at the same time with Salicetti and the Buonapartes were nearly all with the Army of Italy. They had been given employment, but, having failed to keep Corsica for France, were not in high favor. It had already been remarked in the Committee of Public Safety that their patriotism was less manifest than their disposition to enrich themselves. This too was the opinion of many among their own countrymen, especially of their own partisans shut up in Bastia or Calvi and deserted. Salicetti, ever ready for emergencies, was not disconcerted by this one; and with adroit baseness turned informer, denouncing as a suspicious schemer his former protégé and lieutenant, of whose budding greatness he was now well aware. He was both jealous and alarmed.

Buonaparte's mission to Genoa had been openly political; secretly it was a military reconnaissance, and his confidential instructions, virtually dictated by himself, had unfortunately leaked out. They had directed him to examine the fortifications in and about both Savona and Genoa, to investigate the state of the Genoese artillery, to inform himself as to the behavior of the French envoy to the republic, to learn as much as possible of the intentions of the oligarchy—in short, to gather all information useful for the conduct of a war "the result of which it is impossible to foresee." Buonaparte, knowing that he had trodden dangerous ground in his unauthorized and secret dealings with Robespierre, and probably foreseeing the coming storm, though ignorant of Salicetti's ruse, bent his head before the gale. In a letter written on his arrival at Nice to the French minister at Genoa, and which he believed would speedily reach Paris, he said: "I was a little touched by the catastrophe, for I loved him and thought him spotless. But were it my own father, I would stab him to the heart if he aspired to become a tyrant." This renunciation of Jacobinism was of no avail; he was superseded in his command, then arrested on August 10, and, fortunately for himself, imprisoned two days later in Fort Carré, near Antibes, instead of being sent direct to Paris as



ENGRAVED BY F. E. FILLEBROWN.

FROM A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, A'ACCIO.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE. BORN 1768. KING OF NAPLES, 1806. KING OF SPAIN, 1808. COMTE DE SURVILLIERS, 1815. UNDER THE LATTER TITLE, RESIDENT OF BORDENTOWN, N. J. DIED IN FLORENCE, 1844.

some of his friends were. This temporary shelter from the devastating blast he owed to Salicetti, who would no doubt without hesitation have destroyed a friend for his own safety, but was willing enough to spare him if not driven to extremity.

As the true state of things in Corsica began to be known in France, there was a general disposition to blame and punish the influential men who had brought things to such a desperate pass and made the loss of the island probable, if not certain. Salicetti, Multedo, and the rest quickly unloaded the whole blame on Buona-

parte's shoulders, so that he had many enemies in Paris. Thus by apparent harshness to one whom he still considered a subordinate, the real culprit escaped suspicion. Assured of immunity from punishment himself, Salicetti was content with his rival's humiliation, and felt no real rancor toward the family. This is clear from his treatment of Louis Buonaparte, who had fallen from place and favor along with his brother, but was by Salicetti's influence soon afterward made an officer of the home guard at Nice. Joseph had made himself conspicuous in the very height of the storm by a brilliant

marriage; but neither he nor Fesch was arrested, and both managed to pull through with whole skins. The noisy Lucien was also married, but to a girl who, though respectable, was poor; and in consequence he was thoroughly frightened at the thought of losing his means of support. But though menaced with arrest, he was sufficiently insignificant to escape for the time.

Napoleon was kept in captivity but thirteen days. Salicetti found it easier than he had apparently supposed to exculpate himself from the charge either of participating in Robespierre's conspiracy or of having brought about the Corsican insurrection. More than this, he found himself firm in the good graces of the Thermidorians, among whom his old friends Barras and Fréron were held in high esteem. It would therefore be a simple thing to liberate General Buonaparte, if only a proper expression of opinion could be secured from him. The clever prisoner had it ready before it was needed. To the faithful Junot he wrote a kindly note declining to be rescued by a body of friends organized to storm the prison or scale its walls. Such a course would have compromised him further. But to the "representatives of the people" he wrote in language which finally committed him for life. He explained that in a revolutionary epoch there are but two classes of men, patriots and suspects. It could easily be seen to which class a man who had fought both intestine and foreign foes belonged. "I have sacrificed residence in my department, I have abandoned all my goods, I have lost all for the republic. Since then I have served at Toulon with some distinction, and I have deserved a share with the Army of Italy in the laurels it earned at the taking of Saorgio, Oneglia, and Tanaro. On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy my conduct was that of a man accustomed to regard nothing but principle." The letter concludes with a passionate appeal to each one separately and by name for justice and restoration. "An hour later, if the wicked want my life, I will gladly give it to them, I care so little for it, I weary so often of it! Yes; the idea that it may be still useful to my country is all that makes me bear the burden with courage."

Salicetti in person went through the form of examining the papers offered in proof of Buonaparte's statements; found them, as a matter of course, satisfactory; and the commissioners restored the suppliant to partial liberty, but not to his post. He was to remain at army headquarters, and the still terrible Committee of Safety was to receive regular reports of his doings. This, too, was but a subterfuge. Commissioners from the Thermidorians soon arrived with orders that for the

present all offensive operations in Italy were to be suspended in order to put the strength of the district into a maritime expedition against Rome or Corsica. This plan had been foreseen, and Buonaparte immediately sought, and by Salicetti's favor obtained, the important charge of equipping and inspecting the artillery. He intended to make it tell in his personal interest against the English party now triumphant in his home. This was the middle of September. Before beginning to prepare for the Corsican expedition, the army made a final demonstration to secure its lines. It was during the preparatory days of this short campaign that a dreadful incident occurred. Buonaparte had long since learned the power of women, and had been ardently attentive in turn both to Charlotte Robespierre and to Mme. Ricord. "It was a great advantage to please them," he said; "for in a lawless time a representative of the people is a real power." Mme. Turreau, wife of one of the new commissioners, was now the ascendant star in his attentions. One day, while walking arm in arm with her near the top of the Tenda pass, Buonaparte took a sudden freak to show her what war was like, and ordered the advance-guard to charge the Austrian pickets. The attack was not only useless, but it endangered the safety of the army; yet it was made according to command, and human blood was shed. The story was told by Napoleon himself, at the close of his life, in a tone of repentance, but with evident relish.

Buonaparte was present at the ensuing victories, but only as a well-informed spectator and adviser, for he was yet in nominal disgrace. Within five days the enemies' lines were driven back so as to leave open the two most important roads into Italy—that by the valley of the Bormida to Alessandria, and that by the shore to Genoa. The difficult pass of Tenda fell entirely into French hands. The English could not disembark their troops to strengthen the Allies. The commerce of Genoa with Marseilles was reestablished by land. "We have celebrated the fifth sansculottide of the year 3 (September 21, 1794) in a manner worthy of the republic and the National Convention," wrote the commissioners to their colleagues in Paris. On the twenty-fourth, General Buonaparte was released by the commissioners from attendance at headquarters, thus becoming once again a free man and his own master. He proceeded immediately to Toulon in order to prepare for the Corsican expedition. Once more the power of a great nation was, he hoped, to be directed against the land of his birth, and he was an important agent in the plan.

To regain, if possible, some of his lost influence in the island, Buonaparte had already opened up communications with former acquaintances

in Ajaccio. In a letter written immediately after his release in September, 1794, to the Corsican deputy Murtedo, he informs his correspondent that his birthplace is the weakest spot on the island, and open to attack. The information was correct. Paoli had made an effort to strengthen it, but without success. "To drive the English," said the writer of the letter, "from a position which makes them masters of the Mediterranean, . . . to emancipate a large number of good patriots still to be found in that department, and to restore to their firesides the

good republicans who have deserved the care of their country by the generous manner in which they have suffered for it, this, my friend, is the expedition which should occupy the attention of the government." Perhaps the old vista of becoming a Corsican hero opened up once again to a sore and disappointed man, but it is not probable: the horizon of his life had expanded too far to be again contracted, and the present task was probably considered but as a bridge to cross once more the waters of bitterness.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.



DR. HOLMES'S social nature, as expressed in conversation and in his books, drew him into communication with a very large number of people. It cannot be said, however, in this age marked by altruisms, that he was altruistic; on the contrary, he loved himself, and made himself his prime study — but as a member of the human race. He had his own purposes to fulfil, his own self-appointed tasks, and he preferred to take men only on his own terms. He was filled with righteous indignation, in reading Carlyle, to find a passage where, hearing the door-bell ring one morning when he was very busy, he exclaimed that he was afraid it was "the man Emerson!" Yet Dr. Holmes was himself one of the most carefully guarded men, through his years of actual production, who ever lived and wrote. His wife absorbed her life in his, and mounted guard to make sure that interruption was impossible. Nevertheless, he was a lover of men, or he could not have drawn them perpetually to his side. His writings were never aimed too high; his sole wish was to hit the mark, if possible: but if a shot hit the head also, he showed a childlike pride in the achievement.

When the moment came to meet men face to face, what unrivaled gaiety and good cheer possessed him! He was king of the dinner-table during a large part of the century. He loved to talk, but he was eager to be quickened by the conversation of others, and reverence was never absent from his nature. How incomparable his gift of conversation was, it will be difficult, probably impossible, for any one to understand who had never known him. It

was not that he was wiser, or wittier, or more profound, or more radiant with humor, than other men, because the shades of Macaulay, Sydney Smith, De Quincey, and Coleridge rise up before us from the past, and among his contemporaries many men must still recall the sallies of Tom Appleton, the charm of Agassiz and of Cornelius Felton and others of the Saturday Club; but with Dr. Holmes sunshine and gaiety came into the room. It was not a determination to be cheerful or witty or profound; but it was a natural expression, like that of a child, sometimes overclouded and sometimes purely gay, but always as open as a child to the influences around him, and ready for "a good time." His power of self-excitement seemed inexhaustible. Given a dinner-table, with light and color, and somebody occasionally to throw the ball, his spirits would rise and coruscate astonishingly. He was not unaware if men whom he considered his superiors were present; he was sure to make them understand that he meant to sit at their feet and listen to them, even if his own excitement ran away with him. "I've talked too much," he often said, with a feeling of sincere penitence, as he rose from the table. "I wanted to hear what our guest had to say." But the wise guest, seizing the opportunity, usually led Dr. Holmes on until he forgot that he was not listening and replying. It was this sensitiveness, perhaps, which made his greatest charm — a power of sympathy which led him to understand what his companion would say if he should speak, and made it possible for him to talk in a measure for others as well as to express himself.

Nothing, surely, could be more unusual and beautiful than such a gift, nor any more purely

his own. His conversation reminded one of those beautiful *danseuses* of the South upon whom every eye is fastened, by whom every sense is fascinated, but who dance up to their companions, and lead them out, and make them feel all the exhilaration of the occasion, while the leader alone possesses all the enchantment and all the inspiration. Of course conversation of this kind is an outgrowth of character. His reverence was one source of its inspiration, and a desire to do well everything which he undertook. He was a faithful friend and a keen appreciator, and he disliked to hear depreciation of others. His character was clear-cut and defined, like his small, erect figure; perfect of its kind, and possessed of great innate dignity, which was veiled only by delightful, incomparable gifts and charms.

My acquaintance and friendship with him lasted through many years, beginning with my husband's early association. I think their acquaintance began about the time when the doctor threatened to hang out a sign, "The smallest fevers gratefully received," and when the young publisher's literary enthusiasm led him to make some excuse for asking medical advice.

The very first letter I find in Dr. Holmes's handwriting is the following amusing note accompanying the manuscript copy of "Astræa: The Balance of Illusions." The note possibly alludes to "Astræa" as the poem to be written.

\$100.00.

MY DEAR SIR: The above is an argument of great weight to all those who, like the late John Rogers, are surrounded by a numerous family.

I will incubate this golden egg two days, and present you with the resulting chicken upon the third.

Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

P. S. You will perceive that the last sentence is figurative, and implies that I shall watch and fast over your proposition for forty-eight hours. But I could n't on any account be so sneaky as to get up and recite poor old "Hanover" over again. Oh, no! If anything, it must be of the "paullo majora."

"Silvæ sint consule dignæ." Let us have a brand-new poem or none.

Yours as on the preceding page.

The next letters which I find as having passed between the two friends are dated in the year 1851, and it must have been about this period that their relations began to grow closer. In every succeeding year they became more and more intimate; and when death interrupted their communication, Dr. Holmes's untiring kindness to me continued to the end. Unfor-

tunately for this record, the friendship was not maintained by correspondence. Common interests brought the two men together almost daily long before Dr. Holmes bought a house in Charles street within a few doors of our own, and such contiguity made correspondence to any great extent unnecessary.

The removal from Montgomery Place, where he had lived some years, to Charles street, was a matter of great concern. He says in the "Autocrat" that "he had no idea until he pulled up his domestic establishment what an enormous quantity of roots he had been making during the years he had been planted there." Before announcing his intention, he came early one morning, with his friend Lothrop Motley, to inspect our house, which was similar to the one he thought of buying. I did not know his intention at the time, but I was delighted with his enthusiasm for the view over Charles River bay, which in those days was wider and more beautiful than it can ever be again. Nothing would satisfy him but to go to the attic, which he declared, if it were his, he should make his study.

Shortly after, the doctor took possession of his new house, but characteristically made no picturesque study in which to live. He passed many long days and evenings, even in summer, in a lower room opening on the street, which wore the air of the office of a physician, and solaced his love for the picturesque by an occasional afternoon at his early home in Cambridge. Of a visit to this house I find the following description in my note-book: "Drove out in the afternoon and overtook Professor Holmes" (he liked to be called "Professor" then), "with his wife and son, who were all on their way to his old homestead in Cambridge. They asked us to go there with them, as it was only a few steps from where we were. The professor went to the small side door, and knocked with a fine brass knocker which had just been presented to him from the old Hancock house. It was delightful to see his exquisite pleasure in everything about his early home. There hung a portrait of his father, Abiel Holmes, at the age of thirty-one—a beautiful face it was; there also a picture of the reverend doctor's first wife, fair, and perhaps a trifle coquettish, or what the professor called 'a little romantic'; the old chairs from France still there; and no modern knickknacks interfering with the old-fashioned, quiet effect of the whole. He has taken for his writing-room the former parlor looking into the garden. He loves to work there, where he and his wife spend a good deal of time. Washington slept three nights in the old house, and is said to have planned here the battle of Bunker Hill. Dr. Bradshaw stepped from the door to make a prayer for the troops before

their departure to Charlestown. There are fine trees behind the house, where we sat in the shade and talked until the shadows grew long upon the grass." During the very last years of Dr. Holmes's life he used to talk often of the old Cambridge home and the days of his childhood there. "I can remember, when I shut my eyes," he said one day, "just as if it were yesterday, how beautiful it was looking out of the windows of my father's house, how bright and sunshiny the Common was in front, and the figures which came and went of persons familiar to me. One day some one said, 'There go Russell Sturgis and his bride'; and I looked, and saw what appeared to me then two radiant beings! All this came back to me as I read a volume of his reminiscences lately privately printed, not published, by his children."

Dr. Holmes's out-of-door life was not limited, however, to his excursions to Cambridge. Early in the morning, sometimes before sunrise, standing at my bedroom window overlooking the bay, I have seen his tiny skiff moving quickly over the face of the quiet water; or, later, drifting down idly with the tide, as if his hour of exercise was over, and he was now dreamily floating homeward while he drank in the loveliness of the morning. Sometimes the waves were high and rough, and adventures were to be had; then every muscle was given a chance, and he would return to breakfast tired but refreshed. There was little to be learned about a skiff and its management which he did not acquire. He knew how many pounds a boat ought to weigh, and every detail respecting it. In the "Autocrat" he says: "My present fleet on the Charles River consists of three rowboats: 1. A small flat-bottomed skiff of the shape of a flat-iron, kept mainly to lend to boys. 2. A fancy 'dory' for two pairs of sculls, in which I sometimes go out with my young folks. 3. My own particular water-sulky, a 'skeleton' or 'shell' race-boat, twenty-two feet long, with huge outriggers, which boat I pull with ten-foot sculls, alone, of course, as it holds but one, and tips him out if he does not mind what he is about." The description is all delightful, and a little later on there is a reference to such a morning as I have already attempted to recall. "I dare not publicly name the rare joys," he says, "the infinite delights, that intoxicate me on some sweet June morning when the river and bay are smooth as a sheet of beryl-green silk, and I run along ripping it up with my knife-edged shell of a boat, the rent closing after me, like those wounds of angels which Milton tells of, but the seam still shining for many a long rood behind me. . . . To take shelter from the sunbeams under one of the thousand-footed bridges, and look down its interminable

colonnades, crusted with green and oozy growths, studded with minute barnacles, and belted with rings of dark muscles, while overhead streams and thunders that other river whose every wave is a human soul flowing to eternity as the river below flows to the ocean,—lying there, moored unseen, in loneliness so profound that the columns of Tadmor in the desert could not seem more remote from life,—the cool breeze on one's forehead,— . . . why should I tell of these things!"

Since the Autocrat has himself told the story of this episode so beautifully, no one else need attempt it. He drank in the very wine of life with the air of those summer mornings.

Returning to some of Dr. Holmes's early letters, written before he moved to Charles street, I find him addressing his correspondent from Pittsfield, where for seven years he enjoyed a country house in summer. "But," he said one day, "a country house, you will remember, has been justly styled by Balzac *une plaie ouverte*. There is no end to the expenses it entails. I was very anxious to have a country retreat, and when my wife had a small legacy of about two thousand dollars a good many years ago, we thought we would put up a perfectly plain shelter with that money on a beautiful piece of ground we owned in Pittsfield. Well, the architect promised to put the house up for that. But it cost just twice as much, to begin with; that was n't much! Then we had to build a barn; then we wanted a horse and carryall and wagon; so one thing led to another, and it was too far away for me to look after it, and at length, after seven years, we sold it. I could n't bear to think of it or to speak of it for a long time. I loved the trees, and while our children were little it was a good place for them; but we had to sell it, and it was better in the end, although I felt lost without it for a great while." Here is a letter from Pittsfield which describes him there upon his arrival one year in the spring:

PITTSFIELD, June 13, 1852.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: I have just received your very interesting note, and the proof which accompanied it. I don't know when I ever read anything about myself that struck me so piquantly as that story about the old gentleman. It is almost too good to be true, but you are not in the habit of quizzing. The trait is so nature-like and Dickens-like, no American—no living soul but a peppery, crotchety, good-hearted, mellow old John Bull—could have done such a thing. God bless him! Perhaps the verses are not much, and perhaps he is no great judge whether they are or not: but what a pleasant thing it is to win the hearty liking of any honest creature who is neither your relation nor

compatriot, and who must fancy what pleases him for itself and nothing else!

I will not say what pleasure I have received from Miss Mitford's kind words. I am going to sit down, and write her a letter with a good deal of myself in it, which I am quite sure she will read with indulgence, if not with gratification. If you see her, or write to her, be sure to let her know that she must make up her mind to such a letter as she will have to sit down to.

I am afraid I have not much of interest for you. It is a fine thing to see one's trees and things growing, but not so much to tell of. I have been a week in the country now, and am writing at this moment amidst such a scintillation of fireflies and chorus of frogs as a cockney would cross the Atlantic to enjoy. During the past winter I have done nothing but lecture, having delivered between seventy and eighty all round the country from Maine to western New York, and even confronted the critical terrors of the great city that holds half a million and P—— H——. All this spring I have been working on microscopes, so that it is only within a few days I have really got hold of anything to read — to say nothing of writing except for my lyceum audiences. I had a literary rencontre just before I came away, however, in the shape of a dinner at the Revere House with Griswold and Epes Sargent. What a curious creature Griswold is! He seems to me a kind of naturalist whose subjects are authors, whose memory is a perfect fauna of all flying, running, and creeping things that feed on ink. Epes has done mighty well with his red-edged school-book, which is a very creditable-looking volume, to say the least.

It would be hard to tell how much you are missed among us. I really do not know who would make a greater blank if he were abstracted. As for myself, I have been all lost since you have been away in all that relates to literary matters, to say nothing of the almost daily aid, comfort, and refreshment I imbibed from your luminous presence. Do come among us as soon as you can; and having come, stay among your devoted friends, of whom count

O. W. HOLMES.

From this letter also we get a glimpse of the literary world of New England at that time, and an idea of his own occupations.

By degrees, as the intimacy between the two friends and neighbors grew closer, we find the publisher asking his opinion of certain manuscripts. I have no means of knowing who was the author of the poems frankly described in the following note, but one can only wish that writers, especially young writers, could sometimes see themselves in such a glass — not darkly!

8 MONTGOMERY PLACE, July 24, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: I return the three poems you sent me, having read them with much gratification. Each of them has its peculiar merits and defects, as it seems to me, but all show poetical feeling and artistic skill.

"Sleep On!" is the freshest and most individual in its character. You will see my pencil comment at the end of it. "Inkerman" is comparatively slipshod and careless, though not without lyric fire and vivid force of description.

"Raphael Sanzio" would deserve higher praise if it were not so closely imitative.

In truth, all these poems have a genuine sound; they are full of poetical thought, and breathed out in softly modulated words. The music of "Sleep On!" is very sweet, and I have never seen heroic verse in which the rhyme was less obtrusive or the rhythm more diffident. Still it would not be fair to speak in these terms of praise without pointing out the transparent imitativeness which is common to all these poems.

"Inkerman" is a poetical Macaulay stewed. The whole flow of its verse and resonant passion of its narrative are borrowed from the "Lays of Ancient Rome." There are many crashing lines in it, and the story is rather dashingy told; but it is very inferior in polish, and even correctness, to both the other poems. I have marked some of its errata.

"Raphael," good as it is, is nothing more than Browning browned over. Every turn of expression, and the whole animus, so to speak, is taken from those poetical monologues of his. *Call it* an imitation, and it is excellent.

The best of the three poems, then, is "Sleep On!" I see Keats in it, and one or both of the Brownings; but though the form is borrowed, the passion is genuine — the fire has passed along there, and the verse has followed before the ashes were quite cool.

Talent, certainly; taste very fine for the melodies of language; deep, quiet sentiment. Genius? If beardless, yea; if in sable silvered, — and I think this cannot be a very young hand, — why, then . . . we will suspend our opinion.

Faithfully yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

From this period I find several amusing personal letters which are characteristic enough to be preserved. Among them is the following:

21 CHARLES ST., July 6, 8:33 A. M.

Barometer at 30.1 $\frac{1}{10}$.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR: Your most unexpected gift, which is not a mere token of remembrance, but a permanently val-

uable present, is making me happier every moment I look at it. It is so pleasant to be thought of by our friends when they have so much to draw their thoughts away from us; it is so pleasant, too, to find that they have cared enough about us to study our special tastes,—that you can see why your beautiful gift has a growing charm for me. Only Mrs. Holmes thinks it ought to be in the parlor among the things for show, and I think it ought to be in the study, where I can look at it at least once an hour every day of my life.

I have observed some extraordinary movements of the index of the barometer during the discussions that ensued, which you may be interested to see my notes of.

Barometer.

Mrs. H.

My dear, we shall of course keep this beautiful barometer in the parlor.

Fair.

Dr. H.

Why, no, my dear; the study is the place.

Dry.

Mrs. H.

I'm sure it ought to go in the parlor. It's too handsome for your old den.

Dr. H.

I shall keep it in the study.

Change.

Mrs. H.

I don't think that's fair.

Rain.

Dr. H.

I'm sorry. Can't help it.

Very dry.

Mrs. H.

It's—too—too—ba-a-ad.

Much rain.

Dr. H.

(Music omitted.)

'Mid pleas-ures and paaal-a-a-c-es.

Set Fair.

Mrs. H.

I will have it! You horrid—

Stormy.

You see what a wonderful instrument this is that you have given me. But, my dear Mr. Fields, while I watch its changes it will be a constant memorial of unchanging friendship; and while the dark hand of fate is traversing the whole range of mortal vicissitudes, the golden index of the kind affections shall stand always at SET FAIR. Yours ever,

O. W. HOLMES.

There are many notes also showing how the two friends played into each other's hands. This one is a sample:

21 CHARLES STREET, July 17, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: Can you tell me anything that will get this horrible old woman of the C——California off from my shoulders? Do you know anything about this pestilent manuscript she raves about? This continent is not big enough for me and her together, and

if she does n't jump into the Pacific I shall have to leap into the Atlantic—I mean the original damp spot so called. Yours always,

O. W. HOLMES.

P. S. To avoid the necessity of the latter, I have written to her, cordially recommending suicide as adapted to her case.

Surely there must have been something peculiarly exasperating about this applicant for literary honors, because Dr. Holmes erred, if at all, in the opposite direction. He was far more apt to write and to behave as the following note recommends: "Will you read this young lady's story, and let me know what you propose to do with it? A young woman of tender feelings, I think, and to be treated very kindly." Again: "Will it be too late for a few paragraphs about Forceythe Willson? If not, in what paper? And can you tell me anything? Will you do it yourself?"

The number of those notes is legion, bringing every variety of form and subject and problem to his friend as editor or publisher, or for private advice. In one of them he says, "Please give me your grand-paternal counsel."

I have quoted enough notes upon this head to give an idea of the kind and busy brain not too deeply immersed in its own projects to have a tender regard for those of others.

Meanwhile his own work was continually progressing. Lowell had already made him feel that he was the mainspring of the "Atlantic," which at the time of the war attained the height of its popularity, and achieved a position where it found no peer. The care which Dr. Holmes bestowed upon the finish of his work, the endless labor over its details, are almost inconceivable when we remember that "this power of taking pains," which Carlyle calls one of the attributes of genius, was combined with a gay, mercurial temperament ready to take fire at every chance spark.

One Sunday afternoon in the sad spring of 1864, during the terrible days of the war, he came in to correct a poem. "I am ashamed," he said, "to be troubled by so slight a thing when battles are raging about us; but I have written

"Where Genoa's deckless caravels were blown.

Now Columbus sailed from Palos, and I must change the verse before it is too late."

This habit of always doing his best is surely one of the fine lessons of his life. It has given his prose a perfection which will carry it far down the shores of time. The letter sent during the last summer of his life to be read at the celebration of Bryant's birthday, was a model of simplicity in the expression of feeling.

It was brief, and at another time would have been written and revised in half a day; but in his enfeebled condition it was with the utmost difficulty that he could satisfy himself. He worked at it patiently day after day, until his labor became a pain; nevertheless, he continued, and won what he deserved—the applause of men practised in his art who were there to listen and appreciate.

Any record of Dr. Holmes's life would be imperfect which contained no mention of the pride and pleasure he felt in the Saturday Club. Throughout the forty years of its prime he was not only the most brilliant talker of that distinguished company, but he was also the most faithful attendant. He was seldom absent from the monthly dinners either in summer or in winter, and he lived to find himself at the head of the table where Agassiz, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell had in turn preceded him. Could a shorthand-writer have been secretly present at those dinners, what a delightful book of wise talk and witty sayings would now lie open before us! Fragments of the good things were sometimes brought away, as loving parents bring sugar-plums from a feast to the children at home; but they are only fragments, and bear out but inefficiently the report which has run before them. The following pathetic incident, related on one of those occasions by Dr. Holmes, need not, however, be omitted:

"Just forty years ago," he said one day, "I was whipped at school for a slight offense—whipped with a ferule right across my hands, so that I went home with a blue mark where the blood had settled, and for a fortnight my hands were stiff and swollen from the blows. The other day an old man called at my house and inquired for me. He was bent, and could just creep along. When he came in he said: 'How do you do, sir; do you recollect your old teacher Mr. —?' I did, perfectly! He sat and talked awhile about indifferent subjects, but I saw something rising in his throat, and I knew it was that whipping. After a while he said, 'I came to ask your forgiveness for whipping you once when I was in anger; perhaps you have forgotten it, but I have not.' It had weighed upon his mind all these years! He must be rid of it before lying down to sleep peacefully."

Soon after Dr. Holmes's removal to Charles street began a long series of early morning breakfasts at his publisher's house—feasts of the simplest kind. Many strangers came to Boston in those days, on literary or historical errands—men of tastes which brought them sooner or later to the "Old Corner" where the "Atlantic Monthly" was already a power. Of course one of the first pleasures sought

for was an interview with Dr. Holmes, the fame of whose wit ripened early—long before the days of the "Autocrat." It came about quite naturally, therefore, that they should gladly respond to any call which gave them the opportunity to listen to his conversation; and the eight-o'clock breakfast-hour was chosen as being the only time the busy guests and host could readily call their own. Occasionally these breakfasts would take place as frequently as two or three times a week. The light of memory has a wondrous gift of heightening most of the pleasures of this life, but the conversation of those early hours was far more stimulating and inspiring than any memory of it can ever be. There were few men, except Poe, famous in American or English literature of that era who did not appear once at least. The unexpectedness of the company was a great charm; for a brief period Boston enjoyed a sense of cosmopolitanism, and found it possible, as it is really possible only in London, to bring together busy guests with full and eager brains who are not too familiar with one another's thought to make conversation an excitement and a source of development.

Of Dr. Holmes's talk on these occasions it is impossible to give any satisfactory record. The simple conditions of his surroundings gave him a sense of perfect ease, and he spoke with the freedom which marked his nature. It was one of the charms by which he drew men to himself that he not only wore a holiday air of finding life full and interesting, but that he believed in freedom of speech for himself, and therefore wished to find it in others. This emancipation in expression did not extend altogether into the practical working of his life. Conventionalities had a strong hold upon him. He loved to avoid the great world when it was inconvenient, and to get a certain freedom outside of it; but once in the current, the manners of the Romans were his own. He reminded one sometimes of Hawthorne's saying that "in these days men are born in their clothes," although Dr. Holmes's conventions were more easily shuffled off than a casual observer would believe. Nothing could be farther from the ordinary idea of the romantic "man of genius" than was his well-trimmed little figure, and nothing more surprising and delightful than the way in which his childlikeness of nature would break out and assert itself. He declared one morning that he had discovered the happiest animal in creation—"next to a poet, of course, if we may call him an animal; it is the acheron, the parasite of the honey-bee. And why? Because he attaches himself to the wing of the bee, is carried without exertion to the sweetest flowers, where the bee gathers the honey while the acheron eats it; and all the

while the music of the bee attends him as he is borne through the air."

He met Hawthorne for the first time, I think, in this informal way. Holmes had been speaking of Renan, whose books interested him.

"Along while ago," he began, "I said Rome or Reason; now I am half inclined to put it, Rome or Renan." Then suddenly turning to Hawthorne, he said, "By the way, I would write a new novel if you were not in the field, Mr. Hawthorne." "I am not," said Hawthorne; "and I wish you would do it." There was a moment's silence. Holmes said quickly, "I wish you would come to the club oftener." "I should like to," said Hawthorne, "but I can't drink." "Neither can I." "Well, but I can't eat." "Nevertheless, we should like to see you." "But I can't talk, either." After which there was a shout of laughter. Then said Holmes, "You can listen, though; and I wish you would come."

On another occasion, when Lowell was present, he was talking of changes in physical conditions. The doctor said, now, at the age of fifty-four, he could eat almost anything set before him, which he could by no means do formerly. Lowell found opportunity somehow at this point to laugh at Holmes for having lately said in print that "Beecher was a man whose thinking marrow was not corrugated by drink or embrowned by meersch-chaum." Lowell said *he* had no "thinking marrow," and objected to such anatomical terms applied to the best part of a man.

By and by Lowell came out of his critical mood, and said pleasantly, after some talk upon lyric poetry in general, "I like your lyrics, you know, Holmes." "Well," said Holmes, pleased, but speaking earnestly and with a childlike honesty, "but there is something too hopping about them. To tell the truth, nothing has injured my reputation so much as the too great praise which has been bestowed upon my 'windfalls.' After all, the value of a poet to the world is not so much his reputation as a writer of this or that poem, as the fact that the poet is known to be one who is rapt out of himself at times, and carried away into the region of the divine; it is known that the spirit has descended upon him, and taught him what he should speak."

Holmes's admiration of Dickens's genius was very sincere. "He is the greatest of all of them," he loved to say. "Such fertility, such Shaksperian breadth — there is enough of him; you feel as you do when you see the ocean."

Speaking of the difficulty of being a good listener, he said that it was a terrible responsibility for him to listen to a story. He could never be rid of the feeling that he must remember accurately, or all would be lost. There was one

story in particular, told by a friend remarkable as a raconteur, which tried him more than anything he knew in the world — of the kind. He felt like one of the old Greek chorus with strophe and antistrophe, and it was a weight upon his mind lest he should not laugh properly at the end.

I recall one day, when the subject of Walt Whitman's poetry was introduced, Dr. Holmes said he abhorred playing the critic, partly because he was not a good reader — had read too cursorily and carelessly; but he thought the right thing had not been said about Walt Whitman. "His books sell largely, and there is a large audience of friends in Washington who praise and listen. Emerson believes in him; Lowell not at all; Longfellow finds some good in his 'yaup': but the truth is, he is in an amorphous condition."

Longfellow was once speaking of an address he had heard which he considered quite a perfect performance. "Yes — yes," said Dr. Holmes; "I don't doubt it was very good; but the speaker is such an unpleasant person! He is just one of those fungi that always grow upon universities."

One evening the doctor came in after the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Cambridge. "I can't stop," he said. "I only come to read you my verses which I gave at the dinner to-day: they made such a queer impression! I did n't mean to go, but James Lowell was to preside, and sent me word that I really must be there, so I just wrote these off, and here they are. I don't know that I should have brought them in to read to you, but Hoar declares they are the best I have ever done." After some delay, and in the fading light of sunset reflected from the river, he read the well-known verses "Bill and I." He must have been still warm with the excitement of the first reading, for I can never forget the tenderness with which he recited the lines. They are still pleasant on the printed page, but to those who heard him, divested of the passion of affection with which they were written and read.

Late in life he said to a friend who was speaking of the warm friendships embalmed in his poetry, and which would help to make it endure: "I don't know how that may be; but the writing of spicy poems has been a passionate joy."

The following amusing note gives a picture of Dr. Holmes in his most natural and social mood:

296 BEACON STREET, February 11, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: On Friday evening last I white-cravated myself, took a carriage, and found myself at your door at 8 of the clock P. M.

A cautious female responded to my ring, and opened the chained portal about as far as a clam opens his shell to see what is going on in Cambridge street, where he is waiting for a customer.

Her first glance impressed her with the conviction that I was a burglar. The mild address with which I accosted her removed that impression, and I rose in the moral scale to the comparatively elevated position of what the unfeeling world calls a "sneak-thief."

By dint, however, of soft words, and that look of ingenuous simplicity by which I am so well known to you and all my friends, I coaxed her into the belief that I was nothing worse than a rejected contributor, an autograph collector, an author with a volume of poems to dispose of, or other disagreeable but not dangerous character.

She unfastened the chain, and I stood before her.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm
And told

me how you and Mrs. F. had gone to New York, and how she knew nothing of any literary debauch that was to come off under your roof, but would go and call another unprotected female who knew the past, present, and future, and could tell me why this was thus, that I had been lured from my fireside by the ignis fatuus of a deceptive invitation.

It was my turn to be afraid, alone in the house with two of the stronger sex; and I retired.

On reaching home, I read my note and found it was Friday the 16th, not the 9th, I was invited for.

Dear Mr. Fields, I shall be very happy to come to your home on Friday evening, the 16th February, at 8 o'clock, to meet yourself and Mrs. Fields and hear Mr. James read his paper on Emerson. Always truly yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

On occasions of social dignity few men have ever surpassed Dr. Holmes in grace of compliment and perfection of easy ceremony. It was an acquired gift; perhaps it always must be. But as soon as human nature was given a chance to show itself, he was always eager, bringing an unsated store of intellectual curiosity to bear upon every new person or condition. He was generous to a fault in showing his own hand, moving with "infinite jest" over the current of his experiences until he could tempt his interlocutor out upon the same dangerous waters. If others were slow to embark, he nevertheless interested them in the history of his own voyage of life.

Dr. Holmes had never known any very difficult hand-to-hand struggle with life, but he

was quite satisfied with its lesser difficulties. He could laugh at his own want of courage, as he called a certain lack of love for adventure, and he could admire the daring of others. He was happy in the circle of his home affections, and never cared to stray far away. He had a golden sense of comfort in his home life, an entire satisfaction, which made his rare absences a penance. Added to this was his tendency to asthma, from which he suffered often very severely. In a letter written from Montreal in 1867, whither he had gone to obtain a copyright of one of his books, we can see how his domestic habits as well as his asthma made any long absence intolerable to him.

MONTREAL, October 23, 1867.

DEAR MR. FIELDS: . . . I am as comfortable here as I can be, but I have earned my money, for I have had a full share of my old trouble.

Last night was better, and to-day I am going about the town. Miss Frothingham sent me a basket of black Hamburg grapes to-day, which were very grateful after the hotel tea and coffee and other 'pothecary's stuff.

Don't talk to me about taverns! There is just one genuine, clean, decent, palatable thing occasionally to be had in them—namely, a boiled egg. The soups *taste* pretty good sometimes, but their sources are involved in a darker mystery than that of the Nile. Omelettes taste as if they had been carried in the waiter's hat, or fried in an old boot. I ordered scrambled eggs one day. It must be that they had been scrambled for by *somebody*, but who—who in the possession of a sound reason *could* have scrambled for what I had set before me under that name? Butter! I am thinking just now of those exquisite little pellets I have so often seen at your table, and wondering why the taverns *always* keep it until it is old. Fool that I am! As if the taverns did not know that if it was good it would be eaten, which is not what they want. Then the waiters, with their napkins—what don't they do with those napkins! Mention any one thing of which you think you can say with truth, "*That* they do not do." . . .

I have a really fine parlor, but every time I enter it I perceive that

Still, sad "odor" of humanity

which clings to it from my predecessor. Mr. Hogan got home yesterday, I believe. I saw him for the first time to-day. He was civil—they all are civil. I have no fault to find except with taverns here and pretty much everywhere.

Every six months a tavern should burn to

the ground, with all its traps, its "properties," its beds and pots and kettles, and start afresh from its ashes like John Phoenix-Squibob!

No; give me home, or a home like mine, where all is clean and sweet, where coffee has preëxisted in the berry, and tea has still faint recollections of the pigtails that dangled about the plant from which it was picked, where butter has not the prevailing character which Pope assigned to Denham, where soup could look you in the face if it had "eyes" (which it has not), and where the comely Anne or the gracious Margaret takes the place of these napkin-bearing animals.

Enough! But I have been forlorn and ailing and fastidious—but I am feeling a little better, and can talk about it. I had some ugly nights, I tell you; but I am writing in good spirits, as you see. I have written once before to Low, as I think I told you, and on the 25th mean to go to a notary with Mr. Dawson, as he tells me it is the right thing to do.

Yours always, O. W. H.

P. S. Made a pretty good dinner, after all; but better a hash at home than a roast with strangers.

With much the same experience of asthma as a result, he visited Princeton three or four years later, and wrote after his return:

296 BEACON STREET, August 24, 1871.

MY DEAR FIELDS: . . . I only sat up one whole night, it is true, which was a great improvement on Montreal; but I do not feel right yet, and it is quite uncertain whether I shall be in a condition to enjoy the club by Saturday. So if I come, all the better for me; and if I don't come, you can say that you have in your realm at Parker's not "five hundred as good as he," but a score or so that will serve your turn.

I cut the first leaves I wanted to meddle with in the last "Atlantic" for No. IX of the "Whispering Gallery," and took it all down like an oyster in the height of the season. It is captivating, like all the rest. Why don't you make a book as big as Allibone's out of your store of unparalleled personal recollections? It seems too bad to keep them for posterity. When I think of your bequeathing them for the sole benefit of people that are unborn, I want to cry out with Horace:

Eheu — Postume, Postume!

Always yours, O. W. HOLMES.

Again, three years later, he writes: "I hope you are reasonably careful of yourself during this cold weather. Look out! A hot lecture-room, a cold ride, the best-chamber sheets

like slices of cucumber, and one gives one's friends the trouble of writing an obituary, when he might just as well have lived and written theirs. We had a grand club last Saturday. Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Adams, and Tom Appleton (just home a few weeks ago), Norton (who has been sick a good while) were there, and lots of others, and Lord Houghton as a guest. You ought to have been there; it was the best club for a long time."

The following note, written in 1873, shows how closely Dr. Holmes kept the growth of the club in mind, and his eagerness to bring into it the distinguished intellectual life of Boston.

296 BEACON STREET, February 21, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: I doubt whether I shall feel well enough to go to the club to-morrow, as I am somewhat feverish and sore-throaty to-day, though I must crawl out to my lecture.

Mr. Parkman and Professor Wolcott Gibbs are to be voted for, you know.

President Eliot, who nominated Professor Gibbs, will, I suppose, urge his claims if he thinks it necessary, or see that some one does it.

As for Mr. Francis Parkman, proposed by myself, I suppose his reputation is too solidly fixed as a scholar and a writer to need any words from me or others of his friends who may be present.

He has been a great sufferer from infirmities which do not prevent him from being very good company, and which I have thought the good company he would find at the Saturday Club would perhaps enable him to forget for a while more readily. It has seemed to me so clear that he ought to belong to the club, if he were inclined to join it, that I should have nominated him long ago had I not labored under the impression that he must have been previously proposed. . . .

Yours very truly, O. W. HOLMES.

For many years it seemed that time stood still with the Autocrat. His happy home and his cheerful temper appeared to stay the hand of the destroyer. At last a long illness fell upon his wife; and after her death, when his only daughter, who had gone to keep her father's house, was suddenly taken from his side, the shadows of age gathered about him; then we learned that he was indeed an old man.

For the few years that remained to him before his summons came he accepted the lot of age with extraordinary good cheer. His hearing became very imperfect. "I remind myself sometimes," he said, "of those verses I wrote some years ago. I wonder if you would remember them! I called the poem 'The Arch-

bishop and Gil Blas: A Modernized Version.' He then repeated with great humor and pathos a few of the lines:

*Can you read as once you used to? Well,
the printing is so bad,
No young folks' eyes can read it like the
books that once we had.
Are you quite as quick of hearing? Please
to say that once again.
Don't I use plain words, your Reverence?
Yes, I often use a cane.*

"As to my sight," he continued, "I have known for some years that I have cataracts slowly coming over my eyes; but they increase so very slowly that I often wonder which will win the race first — the cataracts or death."

He was most carefully watched over during the succeeding years of disability by his distinguished son and his daughter-in-law, of whose talent he was sincerely proud. Nevertheless, he suffered of necessity many lonely hours, in spite of all that devotion could do for him. Such a wife and such a loving daughter could not pass from his side and find their places filled. But he did not "mope," as he wrote me one day; "I am too busy for that"; or, he might have said truthfully, too well sustained. His habit of carrying himself with an air of kindness toward all, and of enjoyment in the opportunities still left him, was very beautiful and unusual. "If the Lord thinks it best for me to stay until I tumble to pieces, I'm willing — I'm willing," he said. He was always capable of amusing his friends on the subject, as in the former days when Old Age came and offered him "a cane, an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of overshoes. 'No; much obliged to you,' said I. . . . So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way, and walked out alone; got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with lumbago, and had time to think over the whole matter."

Who that heard him can ever forget the exquisite reading of "The Last Leaf" at the Longfellow memorial meeting. The pathos of it was then understood for the first time. The poem had become an expression of his later self, and it was given with a personal significance which touched the hearts of all his hearers.

His wit has left the world sparkling with the shafts it has let fly on every side. They are taken up continually and sent out again both by those who heard him utter them and by those who repeat them, unmindful of their origin.

His attention was turned on some occasion to a young aspirant for artistic fame. He referred to the youthful person later as "one who performed a little on the lead-pencil." He said to me one day, "I've sometimes made new words. In Elsie Venner I made the word 'chrysocracy,' thinking it would take its place;

but it did n't: 'plutocracy,' meaning the same thing, was adopted instead. Oddly enough, I had a letter from a man to-day, asking if I did not make the word 'anæsthesia,' which I certainly did."

In the sick-room he was always a welcome guest. A careful maid once asked if he minded climbing two flights of stairs to see his friend. "I laughed when she asked me," he said; "for I shall have to climb a good many more than that before I see the angels."

"I gave two dinners to two parties of old gentlemen just before I left town," he said, the year before his death; and then added, "our baby was seventy-three!"

His letters in the later years were full of feeling. He says in one of them, written on a Christmas day, speaking of an old friend: "How many delightful hours the photographs bring back to me! . . . Under his roof I have met more visitors to be remembered than under any other. But for his hospitality I should never have had the privilege of personal acquaintance with famous writers and artists whom I can now recall as I saw them, talked with them, heard them, in that pleasant library, that most lively and agreeable dining-room. How could it be otherwise, with such guests as he entertained, and with his own unflagging vivacity and his admirable social gifts? Let me live in happy recollections to-day."

Only two years before Dr. Holmes's death he said in a letter received by me in Italy: "But for this troublesome cold, which has so much better come out than I feared, I have been doing well enough — kept busy with letters and dictation of my uneventful history. It is strange how forgotten events and persons start out of the blank oblivion in which they seem to have been engulfed, as I fix my memory steadily on the past. I find it very easy, even fascinating, to call up the incidents, trivial oftentimes, but having for me a significance of their own, which lie in my past track like the broken toys of childhood. It seems as if the past was for each of us a great collection of negatives laid away, from which we can take positive pictures when we will — from many of them, that is; for only the Recording Angel can reproduce the pictures of every instant of our lives from these same negatives, of which he must have an infinite collection, with which sooner or later we are liable to be confronted."

In another letter from Beverly Farms, when he was eighty-three, he says:

Where this will find you, in a geographical point of view, I do not know; but I know your heart will be in its right place, and accept kindly the few barren words this sheet holds for you. Yes; barren of incident, of news of all sorts,

but yet having a certain flavor of Boston, of Cape Ann, and, above all, of dear old remembrances, the suggestion of any one of which is as good as a page of any common letter. So, whatever I write will carry the fragrance of home with it, and pay you for the three minutes it costs you to read it. . . . I find great delight in talking over cathedrals and pictures and English scenery, and all the sights my traveling friends have been looking at, with Mrs. Bell. It seems to me that she knew them all beforehand, so that she was journeying all the time among reminiscences which were hardly distinguishable from realities.

My recollections are to those of other people around me who call themselves old,—the sexagenarians, for instance,—something like what a cellar is to the ground-floor of a house. The young people in the upper stories (American spelling, *story*) go down to the basement in their inquiries, and think they have got to the bottom; but I go down another flight of steps, and find myself below the surface of the earth, as are the bodies of most of my contemporaries. As to health, I am doing tolerably well. I have just come in from a moderate walk in which I acquitted myself creditably. I take two-hour drives in the afternoon, in the open or close carriage, according to the weather; but I do not pretend to do much visiting, and I avoid all excursions when people go to have what they call a "good time."

I am reading right and left—whatever turns up, but especially re-reading old books. Two new volumes of Dr. Johnson's letters have furnished me part of my reading. As for writing, when my secretary—Miss Gaudelet—comes back, I shall resume my dictation. No literary work ever seemed to me easier or more agreeable than living over my past life, and putting it on record as well as I could. If anybody should ever care to write a sketch or memoir of my life, these notes would help him mightily. My friends too might enjoy them—if I do not have the misfortune to outlive them all. With affectionate regards and all sweet messages to Miss Jewett. Always your friend,

O. W. HOLMES.

This letter gives a very good picture of his life to the end. Few incidents occurred to break the even current of the order he describes. He still dined out occasionally, and I find a few reminiscences of his delightful talk which linger with me.

"I've several things bothering me," he confessed one day. "First, I am anxious to find a suitable inscription for a child's porringer. I never wrote a poem to a child, I believe. I love children dearly; I always want to stop them on the street: but I have never written about them; nor have I ever written much about

women. I don't know why, but I *care* too much to do the Tom Moore style of thing."

He was eager to frame a letter to President Eliot, and also one to President Cleveland, in order to advance some one in need of help; but the grasshopper had become a burden. "I feel such things now when I have to do them," he said; "nevertheless, when young men and maidens come skipping in with an air of saying, 'Please give me your autograph, and be quick about it; there may not be much time left,' I want to say, 'Take care, young folks; I may be dancing over your graves yet!'"

There was a clock which stood upon his table, the bequest of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow. This remembrance from his dying friend was one of his most valued possessions. He loved to talk of Dr. Bigelow, and in a published discourse he has said of him: "He read men and women as great scholars read books. He took life at first hand, and not filtered through alphabets. . . . He would get what he wanted out of a book as dexterously as a rodent will get the meat of a nut out of its shell. . . . He handled his rapidly acquired knowledge so like an adept in book-lore that one might have thought he was born in an alcove and cradled on a book-shelf." Dr. Bigelow was so frequently in Dr. Holmes's thought in the latter days that one can hardly give a picture of his later life without rehearsing something of his expression with regard to him. He says further: "Dr. Bigelow was unquestionably a man of true genius. . . . Inexorable determination to have the truth, if nature could be forced to yield it, characterized his powerful intelligence."

The doctor would often look up when the little clock was striking musically on his writing-table, and say, "It always reminds me tenderly of my dead friend."

When the time came that writing was a burden, and indeed, except for limited periods, impossible, Dr. Holmes lived more and more in his affections. Often, as I entered his room on a dull afternoon, he would say, "Ah, now let's sit up by the fire and talk of all our friends." Then would begin a series of opinions, witty and tender by turns, and interspersed with tears and smiles. On one such occasion he said: "There are very few modern hymns which have the old ring of saintliness in them. Sometimes when I am disinclined to listen to the preacher at church, I turn to the hymn-book, and when one strikes my eye I cover the name at the bottom, and guess. It is almost invariably Watts or Wesley; after those, there are very few which are good for much.

"Calm on the listening ear of night
is a fine hymn, but even that lacks the virility
of the old saints."

Our minds that day were full of one thought,—the death of Phillips Brooks,—and when, a moment later, he said:

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods—

“there is nothing like that,” it seemed quite natural that his voice should break and the tears come as he added, without mentioning the bishop’s name, “How hard it is to think he is gone! I don’t like to feel that I must live without him.”

HIS days grew gradually shorter, as the days of late October dwindle into golden noons. During the few hours when he was at his best he was wonderfully active, driving to his publisher’s or to make an occasional visit, besides a daily walk. If to those who saw him continually the circle of his subjects of conversation began to appear somewhat circumscribed, upon those who met him only occasionally the old fascination still exerted itself. He set his door wide open when he made up his mind to receive and converse with any human being. There is nothing left to say of him which he did not cheerfully and truthfully say of himself. “I am intensely interested in my own personality,” he began one day; “but we are all interesting to ourselves, or ought to be. I *know* I am, and I see why. We take, as it were, a mold of our own thought. Now let us compare it with the mold of another man on the same subject. His mold is either too large or too small, or the veins and reticulations are altogether different. No one mold fits another man’s thought. It is our own, and as such has especial interest and value.”

It was really amazing to see his intellectual vigor in society even at this late period. When the conditions were satisfactory, at a small luncheon for instance, he would soon grow warm with excitement, his eyes would glow, and he would talk with his accustomed fire.

He was like an old war-horse hearing the trumpet that called to battle. His activity and versatility of mind could still distance many a clever men in the prime of life.

He responded in the most generous way to the expectations of strangers and foreigners who came to visit him as if on pilgrimage. He always found some entertainment for them. Sometimes he would read them one of his poems; sometimes he would have a pretty scientific toy for their amusement; or again he would write his autograph in a volume of his works for them to carry away in remembrance. Such guests could not help feeling that they had seen more than the Dr. Holmes of their imagination. He entered into their curiosity regarding himself with such charming sympathy that they came away thinking the half-hour they had passed in his study was one always to be remembered.

As I think of those latest days I cannot help recalling what he himself wrote once, long ago, about old age: “One that remains waking,” he says, “while others have dropped asleep, and keeps a little night-lamp flame of life burning year after year, if the lamp is not upset and there is only a careful hand held round it to prevent the puffs of wind from blowing the flame out. That’s what I call an old man.”

“Now,” said the professor, “you don’t mean to tell me that I have got to that yet? Why, bless you, I am several years short of the time!”

Dr. Holmes left this world, which he had found pleasant and had filled with pleasantness for others, after an illness that was happily brief. He passed, in the words of that great physician Sir Thomas Browne, “in drowsy approaches of sleep; . . . believing with those resolved Christians who, looking on the death of this world but as a nativity of another, do contentedly submit unto the common necessity, and envy not Enoch or Elias.”

Annie Fields.



AN ERRANT WOOING.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

VII.



SOME months after her return from England to spend, as usual, the summer in Massachusetts, where Mr. Woodbury owned a country place, Mrs. Standish was called on to attend her father in his first serious illness during a long and rugged life. An attack of pneumonia, weathered by the grace of God and the old man's robust constitution, left him, early in January, a prisoner in his town house with every prospect of being detained there until the most treacherous season of the year in New York — the breaking up of winter — should have passed.

In this emergency it was manifest that some one of his family should devote constant attention to the convalescent; and as Mrs. Low (Paulina's Aunt Sophy, who will be remembered as possessing marriageable daughters) had also an exacting husband, "The back is fitted to the burden," sighed Mrs. Standish; "I am the only one to be counted upon, and I must go."

By Paulina her mother's proposition to let their own house and remove to her grandpapa's to live was received quietly, as a mere episode in interrupted work; for our young lady had this season thrown herself into occupations educational and philanthropical that absorbed her days completely, and was quite lifted above the consideration of shelter and whereabouts.

To Toodles the matter was one of equal indifference, for, alas! a great cloud had passed over the fond mother's empyrean: Toodles had gone to boarding-school! How this climax had been reached Mrs. Standish hardly knew. A little of Roger, a little of Paulina, and a great deal of the boy himself, had been contributed to influence her consent. She had let him go, dragging her heartstrings with him, and was convinced he would not be able to stand it any more than she. But Toodles had flourished and continued cheerful. He had thrown himself with zeal into school affairs, had taken his place creditably in scholarship and athletics, had made friends — had become a different creature entirely from the dawdling and dispirited traveler of the year before. While his mother sighed and prayed for him at home, he from time to time remembered to write her the letters in round hand beginning with an apology and

plunging at once into details of events in athletics that were like Greek to her puzzled brain. Against her calmer judgment, he had almost convinced her that foot-ball is the aim and end of adolescent existence; and although secretly agitated by the risk to Toodles' beautiful aquiline nose, she perused the reports of the games in which he had taken part, burning with excitement over a goal kicked or a touchdown made on Toodles' side. When, during one of these encounters, her heir had temporarily disappeared from sight under a mass of struggling young humanity, to emerge with a broken collar-bone, she, who had heard of it in New York, decided that the world must immediately cease to revolve. But this did not occur; and when, next day, she arrived upon the scene, the sufferer was found complacently looking on at another game of foot-ball, and wishing his bandages would permit him to take part.

Toodles had arrived at his home for the Thanksgiving holiday in russet shoes, his hair a mop of startling length, with which he obstinately refused to part. Mrs. Standish had thereupon tried to persuade herself of his moral decadence, and wondered whether he should not be taken away from school. But a few days' observation of his development in manhood, joined to a healthy content of spirit, convinced her there was no excuse for tampering with a boy established in his right place.

Still, home was not home without Toodles; and Paulina acquiescing in the change, Mrs. Standish found tenants for her house in some friends who had set up an "English all-the-year-round" establishment in Westchester, in October, and by Christmas were already quite prepared to move into town.

"How I wish papa could breathe that soft air of the Riviera!" said Mrs. Standish to Polly. "At least, when it is soft. And there's Corfu! Don't you remember, dear, Mrs. Malbrooke, that we met in Venice, had just come from Corfu, and she said there was nothing like it?"

"There was always somebody just arrived from some place where we had not been, mother; and she always declared it was better than anything we had seen."

"That's true, my dear; but I'm convinced if we could once get papa abroad we could find the right place for him. However, I suppose there is no use talking. Polly, why do you sigh?"

You are so busy nowadays with all those classes and lectures, I hardly have time to notice how you seem. Are you happy, my daughter?"

"Happy! Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? You are certainly a very lucky girl. Mrs. Manhattan, when she was calling yesterday, said she considered your prospects as brilliant as those of any young woman she knows. You must see, my love, what respect all old New-Yorkers have for the Woodbury estate."

"Oh, of course! I respect it, too, and all that relates to it — except myself," she added *sotto voce*.

"You hear regularly from Roger?"

"Every week. He is a model for Toodles in regularity."

"When your grandpapa awoke from his afternoon nap yesterday, he asked me, quite eagerly, about you and Roger. I think, dear, he has an idea that if the wedding could come off this spring —"

"Mother, I won't hear another word. Please tell grandpapa not to think of it. I have till next September free."

"My dear child, what ails you?"

"Did you ever see me better?"

"In health, no; but you are nervous — restless. Where are you off to now?"

"To Music Hall, to listen to one of those lovely concerts. That's the only place in New York where the world of workaday stands absolutely still, to let Walter Damrosch's baton lift it up into the region of pure sentiment. Now, kiss me, and don't forget to tell grandpapa that if I'm to keep to my compact, he must to his. Grandpapa will see that; he's always just."

By the middle of February Mr. Woodbury's physicians — the medical fraternity of New York are so well trained in the art of suggesting agreeable remedies to solvent patients! — announced that in order fully to restore the convalescent's tone he must spend the ensuing months in a climate more equable than that of New York. Mrs. Standish, who had awaited in vain the explosion usually following any proposition for the old gentleman to leave his home, here ventured on a suggestion.

"I suppose you will prefer Florida or California, papa," she said meekly.

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Woodbury, snappishly.

"Bermuda?"

"You will please engage rooms in one of those boats that sail to Genoa," he said, with decision. "We shall go about March 1; you and I, Paulina and Roger. Now, no lamentations about Toodles, Rose. The boy is perfectly well off where he is; and you know wild horses could n't drag him abroad with you again, even if you were weak enough to propose it.

Wire Roger at once, and write him particulars by this evening's mail. Did you get a blank from my table? What are you delaying about? Here is Wilcox ready to take it. What *are* you doing with your fingers, Rose?"

"Counting ten words, papa; but I can't get it all in. 'Come — prepared — sail — Genoa — March — first — Grandpapa's — health — Paulina — and I — poor — Toodles — remains — at — school.' I might leave off 'health'; he would understand simply 'Grandpapa.' Of course Roger knows if you go to Genoa it would be because of your health."

"Suppose you leave off 'poor Toodles remains at school,'" said her father, grimly. "But there; give it to me as it is. Wilcox, send this message at once. Now, Rose, write to the steamboat agents, and if you like you can tell them about Toodles remaining at school, and any other little family details of the sort ladies generally introduce. The chief thing for me is to secure Roger. I can't get about in foreign parts with only you two women and Wilcox."

The admission, unwonted in his independent life, of a belief in any one's power to help him touched Mr. Woodbury's daughter considerably. She obeyed instructions, and by the time Paulina returned from her rounds, just before dinner, and stopped to speak with her mother on her way up-stairs, preparations for their journey were well under way.

"You like the idea?" Mrs. Standish said, concluding her narrative.

"Like it?" But Polly caught her breath, and would say no more.

"And it will be particularly nice having Roger. He has such an influence on your grandpapa. And you remember how delightful Roger was in England. How long ago that seems — does it not, my dear? — when we were with Lucy and those nice, interesting Gilchrists! One almost regrets getting to like people, and then having to put the sea between one's self and them."

"You have no idea where we shall bring up?"

"Not the slightest. I did not like to ask. Papa's old friend, Professor Cranleigh, was here a few nights since, talking about a journey he made last year along the Barbary coast. It may be we shall be riding on mules, with those Arabs, in slippers, running by our sides; and it may be Sorrento, or Cannes; or, since papa is so very fond of Lockhart's Spanish ballads, it might turn out to be Spain. When Roger comes, he may have the courage to ask, and then we shall know."

"What a jolly way to set out!" said Paulina.

"Polly, I am so relieved. I thought you would n't like it; and with all my sorrow over parting with my precious boy, what should I have done?"

"I'll be Toodles and Polly in one, darling," cried the girl, kissing her mother tenderly.

For the rest of the evening she was radiant, a new light in her eyes, a new spring in her feet. On awakening next morning, cold daylight and common sense brought the usual quietus to hope's flattering tale told overnight. But still, during the days before sailing, Polly was more like her old bright self; and Roger, on answering in person his grandfather's summons, felt that when larks fell his platter did not fail to catch them.

It was not a cheerful procession—that of two carriages and an express-wagon shrouded in falling snow—which left Mr. Woodbury's house one wild March morning; nor was it enlivening to pick a way through streets encumbered on each side with weeks-old banks of snow, black with mud in the more frequented parts, and strewn here and there with ashes and kitchen refuse, which the high intelligence of the city fathers had not yet been able to decide how to remove. While jerking from side to side to avoid street-cars, the occupants of the carriages felt grateful for the fresh falling snow that sometimes distracted attention from such eye-sores, and less than commonly regretful at bidding adieu to the proud metropolis.

Crossing the river to the steamer's dock in Hoboken, they had barely time to be installed in their large, clean cabins, when the big North-German liner turned her nose in the direction of the Narrows, and, amid wind and sleet, steamed safely out to sea.

A businesslike embarkation, and a contrast to the gossiping and emotional sailings of crack ships in the early summer. On this blustering Saturday people shunned the deck and drafty companionways, mostly hastening below to make preparation for the rough time that awaited them outside.

There were few hints of the joys of a southern Atlantic passage during the four-and-twenty hours after leaving New York. Wind, sleet, angry cross-seas, laid low all but the proudest spirits among the *Kaiser Wilhelm's* passengers. Even Polly, commonly defiant of ocean's pranks, remained on her lounge under the port-hole, content to watch the fierce green waves knock for admission against its heavy glass, and then fall away repulsed, to gather and pound again.

To Roger, who came intermittently to hold conferences through the curtain at her door, she languidly confided that she was not sick, only not interested in anything living; that she liked to see the waves, and fancy herself a mermaid under their crests; that there was a funny steward, with electrified hair, always bouncing in to wait on them; and that she had consumed two grapes since leaving New York, and would thank him not to propose anything more to eat.

Mrs. Standish's seasickness took the happy turn of sleep, and Polly, watching the enveloped form of her parent in the berth opposite, had abundant time for meditation as the ship yielded to the buffeting of mighty billows.

By the following afternoon she had had enough of quiet; and averring that she could no longer endure lying still to hear the band play hymn-tunes that reminded her of her latter end, she shook off her sloth, and dressed, going on deck to find Roger among the few promenaders who had ventured out.

"Polly! This is fun!" he cried, joyfully tucking her arm in his.

"I never saw such a dismal-looking sea," she said, as they staggered about together.

"Never mind. We are still off our own blustering coast. By to-morrow we'll have summer weather. You should see how pluckily the old gentleman keeps up. His man is a good sailor, and, between us, we had him out for a half hour to-day. How did you manage to dress? Of course your maid is worse than useless. They always are."

"She sent mama warning by the stewardess to-day, but I think she will recant if it ever is fine again. Roger, I'm so desperately hungry that if I don't get something to eat now, this minute, I can't answer for the consequences."

Roger laughed as he took her under shelter, and with champagne and biscuits and a cup of broth summoned back the brightness of her looks. By dinner-time she was pronounced cured. When, a day later, the sun set in a clear sky, the disagreeables of their start were already among the things forgiven and forgotten.

And now behold them rewarded by an ideal voyaging over a brilliant blue sea, under a brilliant blue sky islanded with silver clouds. Early one morning they passed "Flores in the Azores" where "Sir Richard Grenville lay," and all day walked the deck quoting the stirring lines of "The Revenge," while trying to fancy they smelled odors drifting seaward from the flowers that, sheltered in deep ravines, have given the island its name.

By noon, when, leaving Terceira, they came in sight of the bold western headland of Fayal,—running, as the day progressed, close enough inshore to see sheep feeding on the cliffs, and men with oxen plowing on the slopes,—there was no doubt of the fragrance of young vine-leaves and wood-blossoms that followed the ship and tantalized its passengers. Here the high hills, with their tightly stretched coverings of mossy green, were streaked with black fissures marking the passage of volcanic streams. Vineyards and orange groves clothed their flanks, and along the shores caressed by curling lines of foam nestled whitewashed villages, each with its dominating church or convent,

its red-tiled roofs, its windmill shaped like a Maltese cross. Peasants, following the plow, stopped to gaze at the apparition of the big ship in their lonely waters. Then, while the ship rocked along like a huge cradle, the lion couchant of Fayal faded from sight, Pico was left behind, St. Jorge became a mist on the horizon—they were off again in the open sea, and ho! for the coasts of Portugal and Spain.

"Polly, what would you say to exile with me on one of these moist green islands?" Roger had asked as they leaned together over the rail in starlight.

Polly shivered a little. As luck would have it, she had been caught in the act of supposing herself alone with somebody, leading an existence hidden from their world, upon these verdurous shores. But, strange to say, the somebody was not Roger.

"This is very nice, dawdling in a stanch ship in such perfect weather," she answered prosaically. "Who could suppose that only last Saturday we were shivering under furs in a snow-storm in New York? I am glad we sha'n't see those stupid docks at Liverpool. Roger, have you yet found out where we are to land?"

"I have n't the ghost of an idea," said the young man, smiling. "My grandfather is having it out with the guide-books in his deck-chair, and I don't doubt, with his usual habit of acquiring information solidly, could now pass a competitive examination in Murray, O'Shea, and Baedeker, on all the Southern countries of which they treat. As for me,—need I say?—I don't care a rap. Whatever is, is best, so long as we drift in tropic waters, and your temper keeps what it has been latterly."

"Take care!" she said, but was unable to sustain her threatening attitude in the spell of the fairy islands, from which, however, the screw was carrying them steadily away.

It was not until Monday evening, off the southern coast of Spain, that the oracle chose to divulge their destination. From Cape Trafalgar, spot of glorious memories, the watchers on deck were reclaimed for the "Captain's dinner," at which much bunting, the band, champagne, and a procession of illuminated stewards bearing illuminated ices under the miniature flags of Europe and America, gild the hours before separation of those who are to land in Spain and those who are to keep on to Italy.

"Mr. Woodbury's compliments, m'm, and we shall spend the night in Gibraltar," said Mr. Woodbury's man to Mrs. Standish, as she came out from table to the deck.

"Oh, my dears, I am never surprised!" commented that lady to her daughter and nephew. "Supposing this might occur, I have had Justina pack all the cabin things. And, indeed, I'm glad to take that girl ashore, as she spends

half her time talking to the very foolish-looking young steward who is in our entry. However, I had better go below and see that all is ready."

Polly and Roger, head to head, were peering through the darkness when the ship steamed gallantly in under the shadow of the great rock, coming to anchor with the firing of a gun as the clocks of Gibraltar were striking nine. Then the indefatigable band, that had not parted with its wind and energy in the fierce international effort of the last two hours, clashed out a proud announcement of their arrival to the town. But in vain: the town and its inhabitants gave the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* a cold shoulder, no response of any kind greeting the ears of the expectant on the ship. Was it too late? Were they contraband of war? Must they remain aboard till morning, or would their commander's haughty spirit take intending travelers in Spain past Spanish ports and on to Genoa?

These queries were at last answered by the late arrival of a small uncovered tender drenched with moisture, into which the Gibraltar passengers, amid maddening confusion, were hastily invited to descend over a long, steep ladder ending apparently in the sea.

"Very pleasant indeed," said old Mr. Woodbury, as, on his valet's arm, he was first to go down the Stygian incline. Under all contrary circumstances the indomitable old gentleman shone with peculiar luster, and he now sat on a small wet bench, with his feet in a puddle, smiling into the darkness. When Mrs. Standish, who followed, announced to him that she had lost her maid and her hand-luggage, Mr. Woodbury smiled more broadly. His daughter's struggles with Justina were at all times refreshing to his sense of humor; and when Roger and Polly, having captured Justina, without the hand-luggage, in a parting flirtation with the steward, came down the gang-plank as the tender was about to push out upon a dark, oily sea, amid a babel of hoarse voices, Spanish and English, that offered no comfort for his daughter's woe, Mr. Woodbury laughed aloud.

"You are very droll, my dear Rose, over your impedimenta. Everything will come ashore in the next trip of the tender. But I think if you had been wise you'd have brought the bags and left the woman. I forgot to mention that the courier for whom I cabled the day we sailed came aboard just now, and he will look out for everything."

"Then that was our courier," said Polly—"the mysterious being who presented me with a bunch of violets as I left the ship, and told me all would be right. I had no idea who he was, but I was so glad to get fresh flowers, I just took them, and thanked him, and ran along."

"If I had known," said Roger, "you should

have had a flowery welcome here, like a girl who came out by this line last year. The young man whose life her absence had left a blank dropped in at one of these florist places in New York where they undertake to cable bouquets to all parts of the world; and being rather doubtful of results, ordered ten dollars' worth of flowers to meet his fair at Gibraltar. The ship got in by daylight; the passengers standing on deck saw a rowboat full of lilies and roses and orange-blossoms pull under the landing-stage, and two men came aboard staggering under the weight of them. The poor girl was overpowered, in every sense, with her trophies."

"I have never had enough flowers," cried Polly. "This bunch of violets seems to me the sweetest I ever smelt. I wish it had been you, Roger, who presented them—not the stately being whom I took to be at least a grand duke of Gibraltar."

Roger observed in his cousin's manner, after her feet touched the old stone quay at Gibraltar, an exhilaration not altogether to be attributed to the excitement of landing at night outside the gate of a grim walled fortress. Of Spain, Spain, was all her talk. She must hear the ways and means of getting upon actual Spanish soil. When the courier rejoined them at the hotel, she asked him so many questions on this head that Gillson felicitated himself upon having at least one properly appreciative tourist in his charge. Polly's last query for the night, before her mother ordered her off to bed, was in which direction lay Granada.

From the steamer *Gib-el-Tarik* next day, while they waited for the complement of passengers that would justify sailing across the strait, our heroine looked back regretfully at the rock, which the splendor of a midday sun had not induced to part with its nightcap of cloud. Mr. Woodbury, who had arisen refreshed like a giant from his sleep, had whisked his party aboard the Tangier boat, and was now trotting up and down the deck in high good humor with his own success.

It was a perfect day and scene, the bay glinting in sunlight, and alive with every variety of craft. Far away they saw the black line of a P. & O. steamer; close to their bows passed a Moorish felucca filled with fruit. Around her all was life, animation, color, radiance—and yet the unreasonable Polly looked back at the Spanish shore, and sighed.

"Do you think, Roger, they have newspapers printed in Gibraltar that contain the lists of arrivals at the hotels?" she ventured wistfully.

"I hope not. I pray that I may not see the printed name of any human being I know for a month of Sundays," he answered, laughing.

"I fancy grandpapa will return here," she added tentatively.

"I don't know, I'm sure. The grand duke Gillson, who is a most persuasive creature, is much more of a potentate on Spanish soil than elsewhere, and it is possible that he (and old Cranleigh, who recommended him) may have convinced my grandfather of the charms of Spain in March and April."

"All travelers go to Granada, do they not? Is n't the Alhambra quite a hackneyed place?"

"Hackneyed! Is St. Peter's hackneyed? Is St. Mark's hackneyed? Is the Taj hackneyed, or the Sphinx, or either of the great immemorial monuments of the world? There is but one Alhambra, and to be so near it, and not see it, would be a disgrace to any party not controlled by our respected progenitor. As it is, we are like the *feuilles éphémères*, that go where the zephyr leads them. Just now, Polly, I confess I ask nothing more. Look across yonder shining, dancing sea. Let me tell you, you are going to fall in love with Tangier, arriving on such a day. It will be like clapping your hands and seeing forty thousand black slaves appear, bearing jars of jewels on their heads, or any other genie's work, to find yourself in this sunshine in the unadulterated East. I wish you would look a little livelier."

"I do. I am," she cried, throwing off in secret shame the haunting thoughts Roger could not divine.

By the time they had passed Tarifa, the last stronghold of the Moors in Spain, and, leaving the Spanish coast with its Moorish watch-towers, its blaze of yellow gorse, the boat had steamed out where the Atlantic pours its volume into the Mediterranean, she was again as gay as a bird on the wing.

In truth, nature here withheld no coaxing from the depressed in body or spirit. Behind them the great rock and the purple line of the Sierra melted into the softer hues of distance. Before lay the verdant coasts, the golden sands, the snow-clad summits, of northern Africa. In the marvelously clear atmosphere they could almost believe that by stretching out a hand it were possible to seize the snow lying in the clefts of the Atlas Mountains, which, as sun or shade struck their bold masses, took on varied tints of azure—the blue of turquoise streaked with the blue of lapis-lazuli. And all too soon, away to the southwest, were pointed out the white lines, like clothes hung out to dry upon a green background of hills, announced to be the houses of Tangier.

Full of delighted curiosity, Paulina found that they had come to anchor in the bay of Tangier before she was aware of the arrival of a fleet of small boats, crowded with strange, wild figures, barelegged, black or brown, of majestic proportions, an escaped chorus from an Eastern opera, clad in a variety of pictur-

esque robes and rags, who stood up shouting, gesticulating, struggling, quarreling, and clearly thirsting for the blood of those they sought to decoy into their several crafts.

Justina, indeed, a timid blossom of forty summers, wept with alarm at the invasion, and was little comforted by the courier's assurance that this hurlyburly meant no more than the usual acclaim of hackmen at railway-stations of other countries. Roger told his aunt that her maid, invited into the arms of one of "them savages," to be deposited in the stern of a rocking boat piled with luggage, wore the expression of Virginia when she declined to be saved for Paul.

VIII.

It was a trifle disappointing to Paulina — who found herself, upon touching African soil, with her brain ablaze like a child's in a toy-shop — that the first bedroom assigned to her in the East was supplied with the usual common-places of comfortable living. A soap-dish, mug for tooth-brushes, bell-pull, mosquito-net, a door that locked, were considerations so banal in an apartment where by running to the window one might see veiled ladies taking the air on flat roofs under a sky of vivid blue, or by looking down into the narrow street take observation of a common school in the house opposite, where delicious amber infants with topaz eyes squatted on the floor, rocking back and forth over hornbooks containing selections from the Koran!

So lost in interest was she in an altercation between the teacher — Father Abraham himself, turbaned, caftaned, and with a long, flowing white beard — and a naughty little Moor finally sentenced to stand on one leg for misdeemeanor, that Miss Standish delayed in brushing her hair, and was, as usual, late when called to go down-stairs.

In the lower hall of the hotel, with its Moorish fittings and curiosities arrayed for sale, they sat in a pleasant sea breeze, and drank their tea. At little tables here and there groups of people similarly employed showed that the trail of the tourist was over Tangier. Polly took special note of an English bride and groom, the latter a handsome, fair man in knickerbockers, who surveyed his own legs in worsted stockings alternately with evident approbation, and spake no word to the partner of his joys. And then Miss Standish became aware of the vicinity of some transatlantic steamer companions she had desired to avoid.

"Let me give you some cream, Roger," she said, seizing the jug and deluging her cousin's cup. "I don't want to see those Montana horrors, don't you understand?"

"All right, though I take no cream, as you

know. I thought I was used to the vagaries of young women in tea-cup time, but this —"

"Never mind; here's another cup. I wish they would give us something Moorish to eat, not English tinned biscuits. There, I knew it! Grandpapa is affably conversing with Senator (or Judge, is it?) Galusha W. Treat, whom he considers a 'fine, deserving self-made man.' I wish he had let somebody else make him! On the crossing to Tangier the Treats never left the cabin of the *Gib-el-Tarik*, she crocheting, he reading a copy of the Paris edition of the 'New York Herald' bought in Gibraltar."

"I did that myself, with great satisfaction," quoth Roger, doughtily.

"Now we are about to become the Treats' bosom friends. Mama is answering her rapid questions. Roger! She is talking about her cooks! And grandpapa is launched into American politics with him! What did they come abroad for? They are practically deaf, dumb, and blind to what we enjoy, and yet they are the kind who swarm in foreign parts, and become our national reproach, while hundreds of eager, ardent poetic spirits stay at home forced to lead narrow lives, and eat their hearts out with longing for the opportunity of travel. Tell me, Roger, what will the Galusha W. Treats get by being in these parts?"

"All Americans desire to see what all Americans have seen. You know we have stopped being one of the 'races' Henry James once spoke about, 'for which the type of domestic allurements is the parlor hearth-rug,'"

"Look at those dear Arabs," said Paulina, jumping up to cross the hall and survey a group of runners for the hotel, picturesque figures with bare legs and feet, and flashes of vivid color about their drapery, who stood inside the front door. "Oh, I can't rest here! I did not come to Africa to take tea with Judge and Mrs. Treat. Come, grandpapa, mama, let us explore the town."

"I should be very glad to do so," said Mrs. Standish, while the courier discussed their arrangements with a white-robed official, whose function seemed to be to talk for hours about the idiosyncrasies of each individual mule to be engaged. "But I think it would discourage Justina to leave her alone in a strange hotel. The poor thing is feeling very nervous since we arrived."

"Put Justina on one donkey, and Wilcox on another, and let them keep each other company," said Roger, promptly.

"Oh, thank you, Roger; you always settle things," responded his aunt. "But then, I have n't your courage with servants, or Paulina's. Polly dear, would you mind letting Justina know she is to come, and see that she

has had her tea, and tell her she may use my lavender salts if her head aches; and —"

"I think that is enough, Rose," said her father, dryly.

In the narrow lane outside the chief door of the hostelry were assembled a drove of eight or ten mules in process of saddling by as many Moors. The words, cries, threats, gesticulations, disputes, expended in this performance passed computation by the visitors, who thought, like the Irishman going on an excursion in a sedan-chair without a bottom, "If it was n't for the honor of the thing I might just as well have walked."

At last mounted, — the women upon crimson pads inclosed on three sides, and offering every facility for sliding to the ground, — they set off over the pointed cobblestones of the so-called streets, in which, to avoid collision with innumerable pack-donkeys carrying all a Tangerine eats and wears and drinks and uses, a rider must either have had experience, or be content to think of nothing else. Thus, at the bridle-rein of the newcomer is generally seen a native to whom is committed the "cares that infest" the way of the filthy, fascinating town; and to Polly was assigned Shamar, a bright-eyed, good-looking young fellow in red fez and slippers and blue burnoose. He managed to make himself understood in a compound of French, Arabic, and English, and marched gaily beside her, calling out at intervals, "Balak! Balak!" the usual warning to living obstacles to get out of one's path.

Roger, leading the procession, had secured a little white Arabian mare that minced like a fine lady through the dirt of the streets, but could, on occasion, "go like smoke," as Shamar said. After Paulina came Mr. Woodbury, on a donkey so small that his respectable old legs nearly swept the pavement. Mrs. Standish was escorted by the courier, and in the wake of the Treats (invited by Mr. Woodbury to use two extra mules brought in for his party) were seen Justina, on a tiny beast selected by her as being nearest the ground in case of a fall, and Wilcox, trying to preserve his smug dignity astride of a large flea-bitten mule.

Passing between the whitewashed house walls that seemed to hide tempting mysteries; under the mosques, the gay summits of which glittered with blue and green faience; between the gay little shops, honeycombed on each side the way, where high-bred old dealers sit inside on their yellow slippers, and the artificer plies his trade as his forebears plied it hundreds of years ago, Paulina resisted all Shamar's wiles to induce her to purchase of his uncles and cousins along their route.

"No money," she cried again and again, showing empty hands.

"All right, lady," Shamar responded, grinning amiably. That she had left plenty of money in New York the guileless native managed to convey to her was a fact he perfectly understood. Shamar, indeed, begged Polly to take him to America, where he pledged himself to run by her mule and pick up the gold lying in the streets!

"The Soko is just ahead, through that old gate in the city wall," said Roger, turning to speak with his cousin. "As the rest of the party seem to be unaccountably delayed, I think I'll go back to look for them. You can wait in the market-place till we come. Shamar will take care of you. You're not afraid?"

"No," she cried, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Except that I shall never know whether I am in the Old Testament or the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"This is the only town I was ever in where I do not prefer to walk," Roger remarked as he rode away.

"I had not thought of that," said Polly, suddenly becoming unpleasantly aware of the condition of things underfoot, while above her the splendid African sun, tempered by an intermediate veil of sea-mist, made the world seem too bright and beautiful for mortal use, and the breeze bore to her nostrils odors of orange-blossoms and wood-violets.

Under an arched gateway of the ancient crenelated wall whereon grow moss and stone-crop and tufts of flowering plants — a flower bursts where a seed falls in Morocco — they passed into the Soko. It is a broad open space on the slope of a sun-baked hill, capped by a line of melancholy tombs. Throughout the length and breadth of it she saw a gray-brown moving mass of men, women, children, donkeys, dogs, so closely welded that collision and annihilation for some seemed inevitable.

Here, amid a confusion of sights and sounds, the cries of showmen and venders, of camels, cattle, asses, sheep, calves, the beating of native drums, and blowing of native whistles, Paulina sat upon her mule, thankful for that means of isolation from the dirt of the crowd, and strove to disentangle her first impressions of this page of the historic East.

The people — tawny, tattered, pathetic paupers, of no use to themselves or to humanity — steeped in the depths of degradation of past ages — seemed to her to be mere animated grains of sand from some desert of antiquity. It was all sad, depressing. And then the ineffable beauty of the golden atmosphere fell with a sudden glory over her, and over the scene; the elixir of the air passed into her veins; she saw, at every turn, pictures by Gérôme or Henri Regnault; the dirt, the misery, the rags, blended indistinguishably with color, life, and movement to make the Orient of her dreams.

At the upper end of the market-place a train of camels just in from the Fez country dropped on their weary knees as they were called to a halt, and, stretching their long necks vainly around in search of something to eat while their packs were taken off, made mournful remonstrance because food was not. Following the camels came another file of beasts of burden in silhouette against the sky-line—women with splay feet and bare legs, who, carrying babies in the coarse mantles that constituted their sole coverings, bore on their heads huge bundles of furze for fire-wood.

At every turn Paulina collected pictures to hang up in the gallery of memory. Here passed a stunning pair: a Rif mountaineer, wild and haughty, carrying his matchlock, without which one of these desperate fellows would not care to venture forth from his eyrie in the hills; at his heels, his wife, less veiled than the women of Tangier, handsome and bold, tattoo-marks showing under the silver clasps and chains over her breast, a net containing live chickens swung upon her back.

Next, a graybeard Moor carrying on his shoulder above the crowd a naked *café-au-lait* cherub, as lovely as any Murillo ever painted—round limbs, fat little paunch, eyes like diamonds, a mischievous rosy mouth. "No wonder the patriarch is proud," thought Paulina, "of the admiration his charge creates." This picturesque couple was succeeded by an old hag, a mass of wrinkles, her single garment, a piece of burlap, serving also as a veil. Ah! could wife and mother sink to be like this?

A sister of charity, hurrying along; a priest or two; of Jews a plenty; a sprinkling of tourists, Spaniards, Rock-Scorpions, Soudanese, Berbers; types of all tribes, samples of all colors of children of the dark continent. And amid the shrouded shapes of the native women, by whose eyes only could one judge of their beauty, came tripping with the gay insouciance (and perhaps other characteristics) of Carmen, a pretty Spanish girl, bareheaded, with a pink-and-white camellia in the parting of her jetty locks, and a shoot of green bamboo in the knot behind. Her cheeks were highly rouged, her eyes darkened, but her clean pink calico spencer and blue skirt were in refreshing contrast to her surroundings.

Then a fierce, warlike brown man, with hideous red gashes where eyeballs had been—a notorious robber and murderer, whose eyes had been put out by the paternal sultan to keep him from further mischief.

Again, a tall soot-black negro, standing aloof, with a forest of black hair, parted in the middle, bound with a fillet, and braided with cowrie-shells, upon his shoulders, wearing his ragged mantle with an air of senatorial dignity.

"He is really much more my idea of a sen-

ator than Judge Treat," mused naughty Polly, who, finding at that moment near her hand a pate shaven except for the long plaited lock depending at the back,—by which appendage the wearer believes he will be jerked into paradise when his time comes,—was seized with a desire to pull it, and stand by the consequences.

"You darling!" she exclaimed, her attention arrested by a lovely unveiled maiden of thirteen or fourteen, who stood motionless, clasping to her bosom a white chicken. The little girl had walked, Shamar explained, ten miles, from the flower-enameled country where she lived, in hopes of selling her fowl for twenty sous. "Give her this, Shamar; yes, you shall. I must be obeyed. In America ladies are always obeyed, and, besides, it is only half a franc."

"No good," said Shamar, while submitting; and the flower face was illuminated with a look of gratitude that made Polly wish she had given twice as much.

Turning, she saw another young girl, timid and terrified, her arm in the grasp of a black man who appealed to the passers-by in harsh gutturals.

"Oh! what is it?" Paulina asked; but Shamar could not or would not answer; he was now, with thwacks and adjurings, bent upon leading her mule to view the performance of a serpent-charmer, whither Shamar's own taste evidently turned.

The way, as they advanced, was more encumbered. The eternal donkey was everywhere struggling, carrying in his panniers bales of stuff, barrels of water, crates of bread, meat, vegetables, eggs, coops of fowls, live lambs and calves, fagots for kindling, baskets of fruit and sweetmeats, dates, nuts, and medlars, amphoræ of milk and sheep's butter, native confections of orange and jujube, sheafs of callas and heliotrope, oranges and lemons decked with their own flowers, red dye-stuff for women's nails and for the wool of sheep.

"At last I can understand," quoth Paulina to Shamar (who said, when she had finished, "Yes, lady," although he naturally did not comprehend ten words), "the shopping excursion of that damsel in the 'Arabian Nights' who engaged the porter to carry home so many nice-sounding things for her to eat, and afterward entertained him by whipping little dogs."

They had now reached the outer verge of the throng surrounding the snake-charmer, and saw that a double bill had been provided by the management for the diversion of the public. A terrible old wizard with black ringlets, like a nightmare, was lighting wisps of dirty straw picked up from the ground, and stuffing them into his mouth; while his comrade sorcerer, by frenzied leaping to the music of a drum and pipe, strove to excite himself and deaden his

sensibilities for the introduction of the heads of two disgusting snakes into his mouth, whence they were expected to draw blood.

"I won't stay here," said Miss Standish, positively; but again Shamar was attacked with convenient deafness, and she was fain to turn away her head altogether, and look over on the other side of the slope, where a professional story-teller, a handsome, olive-skinned young man with mobile face, in clean white robes, wearing a hat like a candle-extinguisher, waved a long black wand to emphasize his tales before an audience of men and boys sitting cross-legged around him on the ground.

"Oh, dear! I want to tell some one how this strikes me. I am enchanted, but all the same I am just in the state to worship the first clean white person of my own kind I see. I wish Roger would come. I feel as if I know nobody but Shamar in the whole wide world," went through her mind in whimsical meditation. "I wonder how it would seem to know only one person in the world. A woman told me once she can never get enough of the society of those she loves; that she would like to sit for an eon on the verge of a star talking to her best friend. The question is, of course, who would the best friend be? Roger—could I sit with Roger for an eon? No, no, *no*! There never was but one, and oh! what in the world makes me so silly as to think about *him* now?"

"Balak! Balak!"

"Whose voice was that?" said Polly aloud, quickly swinging around in her saddle, and looking up the path.

"Balak! Balak!"

There was no mistake. It was he, riding down toward her, the man who for months had possessed the fortress of her virgin heart! In another moment they would be face to face.

Sitting his horse with the negligent grace she recalled as part of him, cleaving the tawny multitude with good-humored command, into this scene of foulness and squalor he seemed to bring a breath of the lavender and iris from the hills. Following, also on horseback, came May Gilchrist; and Paulina, to whom this overture would not have been as easy had he been alone, bravely and joyously called out his name.

"You here!" exclaimed Sir Piers, with a look of pleased astonishment that fairly matched her own. "May, it's Miss Standish; or is it still Miss Standish?" he added, in what Polly forlornly felt to be altogether too matter-of-fact a tone.

She explained their presence in Tangier, learning in return that the Gilchrists had been making expeditions to Ceuta, Tetuan, etc., keeping Tangier as their headquarters; that May had proved herself a famous horsewoman and raider of the hills, meeting without flinching many severe tests of her endurance of fatigue.

Paulina saw at once the change wrought in May by a life of independence in her father's companionship. The awkward girl had bloomed into the beautiful young woman, whose eyes met one's frankly, whose native gladness of spirit now gave itself free rein. Beside May's large fair radiance Paulina instinctively felt herself to be a brownie, a creature to be overlooked, ignored, noticed only when she might give utterance to some saying saved by wit.

And (there was no doubting this) in the ten minutes while they talked Paulina disposed savagely of her last lingering belief that Gilchrist had ever felt for her anything more than a man's passing admiration for "rather a jolly little girl."

"Oh, yes," she thought; "that 's what he calls me, no doubt. I've been a fool, a fool, a fool! He looks at me full in the face, coolly, as if I were any other tourist in brown serge; there is not a tremor in his voice, while I am trying so awfully hard to squeeze mine into steadiness. I deserve it. All girls who are so untrue to higher womanhood as to fall in love unsought, should be punished just as I am now. It's all over forever, slain in the Soko at Tangier. I ought to put up a little tablet here, with that on it for an inscription, to warn other idiotic girls. What I've got to do is to reward poor Roger for his lifetime of devotion, I suppose. Poor Roger, who has suffered so long by me! There he comes through the gateway, my family after him. Here, Roger, look this way; rescue your poor Polly from this ogre of an Englishman who has come so near crunching her bones! Oh, I shall laugh at myself—I won't cry; nobody shall say I'm suffering. And to think how I've been looking over at those hills where they tell me Granada is, and longing and yearning—yes, yearning (I may as well tell my inside self the truth) to be there—only to see Sir Piers once more! The sole comfort is, he's not unworthy of all I've felt for him—not a bit unworthy. He's a man, if ever there was one—a big, true, noble, tender man, no matter where he came from. Here 's Roger! Ah!"

And with a sigh of relief the self-tormentor leaned from her saddle, calling out a welcome to her cousin, while bestowing on him the sweetest smile he had had from her for many a long day.

Roger, properly astonished at Paulina's company, exchanged handshakes with the Gilchrists, explaining in due time the cause of his delay. Justina's donkey, having slipped on a trifle of a dead rat in the middle of the Tangerine Piccadilly, had fallen, precipitating its burden upon the greasy breast of Abdallah, her attendant; and this combination proving too much for the nerves of the lady's-maid, she had favored the onlookers with what Wilcox called "highstrikes," necessitating another steed, and the return of Justina to the hotel. "We had

much ado," he added, "to keep your mama from accompanying her, till a few expressive words from my grandfather determined my aunt's progress in this direction. You'll be glad to learn, Paulina, that we left the Treats purchasing brass trays in a little shop, where they will probably remain till dinner-time."

While speaking, the young man toyed with a spray of fresh orange-blossoms; and as the Gilchrists rode forward to greet Mrs. Standish, he laid it timidly on Polly's lap.

"Oh, thank you, dear Roger!" Paulina said with emphasis; and casting away the bunch of red roses she had hitherto worn at her girdle, she put in their place Roger's flowers — a substitution of which Gilchrist did not fail to take note.

"That might be called a pretty little hint," the Englishman observed to himself when, having agreed to meet that evening at a discreet *café chantant* where stranger ladies were made welcome, the party separated.

"ROGER, I have asked you twice if you don't think May Gilchrist the most improved girl you ever saw," said Paulina, after dinner, as in the wake of two lanterns of pierced brass swung by white-robed attendants they followed the courier and Hadji with his staff and turban from the hotel into the mystery of the night.

"What a delicious soft atmosphere! One can hear the sea without seeing it; and I smell orange-blossoms," he said dreamily.

"They are yours I'm wearing still — they've kept perfectly fresh."

"If you like, I will order a cart-load of them daily to the hotel."

"I should die of sweets, like a fly in honey. But you may give me every day, with your own hand, a spray like this, and I will promise to wear nobody else's flowers."

"Polly, what do you mean by being so adorable?" he cried, taking the hand that lay upon his arm.

"I'll tell you some other time," she said, drawing her fingers sharply out of his. In spite of herself, his touch troubled, offended her.

"You asked me a question," he resumed, trying to cover his mortification. "I do think Miss Gilchrist improved. I may say I never saw such a magnificent young girl."

"Is n't she?" said Polly, generously. "You can't imagine what a little insignificant thing I feel beside her. She is almost as tall as you."

"She is charming in her vigor, her simplicity, her utter freedom from conventional fripperies. I think she gets that from her father; for he too is cast in a big mold. It is nice that you have met them, Paulina. You needed a girl-friend; and if my intuitions are right, Miss Gilchrist is of all girls the one I should choose to do you good."

"Well done, Roger! When you praise, you are not begrudging."

"Did you observe what a strong fancy our grandfather took to Gilchrist?" went on Roger. "This morning he was vituperating the whole English nation, and after two minutes' talk with Sir Piers he agreed to an excursion with them to-morrow, in his most hearty fashion. Bless the dear old fellow! He has no idea what a bundle of inconsistencies he is. As to Aunt Rose, she, like everybody else, has bowed to and worshiped the all-conquering baronet."

"Not everybody, Roger," said Paulina, nestling a little to his arm. "I don't lose my head because a great golden-haired, blue-eyed man comes riding down the Soko in the midst of those dirty camel-colored natives, do I? And you won't forget the orange-blossoms, Roger — every day? And when we go to the country to-morrow, you are to keep by me — you hear?"

Hadji turned, and marshaled his party up the outer steps leading to a doorway around which slippers of all grades clustered. They found within it a clean, well-ventilated room, dadoed with matting having a border of dried rice and grasses, and supported by pillars set with blue and yellow azulejos. On a shelf above the dado were ranged plaques and jars of native pottery, full of dried grass and seed-pods. Over these again were maps of Africa and of the Indian Ocean, a clock, and various bits of beaten brass and Moorish faience. On the matted floors sat a number of men smoking pipes and cigarettes, the unmarried distinguished by the fez, and all engaged in playing chess, cards, or checkers.

To one side, in a division made by boards, were the musicians: two violins, two guitars, a little mother-of-pearl fiddle with two strings, two tambourines, two men to clap hands and mark the time. A fine, strong-featured set, the members of this orchestra, preserving perfect dignity of manner; and during the evening they furnished a liberal supply of their characteristic music, accompanied by the slightly nasal chanting of which it is possible in a short time to have enough.

On benches running around the walls were placed the lookers-on from the hotels and elsewhere, at whose beck barelegged waiters ran hither and thither, carrying the tin tripods upon which was served black Turkish coffee, made from the berry crushed between two primitive stones.

In a corner beneath the open window the Gilchrists had saved places for Polly and Roger, who enjoyed the arrival, directly after theirs, of the valet, Mr. Wilcox, looking determinedly rakish until at the unexpected sight of his employers he became painfully proper in a flash.

"I want to make a memorandum of these

musical instruments for my grandfather, who has a little collection of his own," said Paulina to Gilchrist. "Have you a pencil and a bit of paper? Anything will do. Don't tear your note-book."

Sir Piers persisted, however, and a leaf from the book was given her with its accompanying pencil.

"Take care," he said, "lest they suspect you of making a sketch of them, which is an unpardonable offense to their religion."

And, truly, a grave violinist had already taken observation of the young stranger, and was shaking his head at her with a dark frown. Quickly Paulina held up her bit of paper, exhibiting her writing, and as quickly the Moor flashed back at her his white teeth in a smile of apology, laying his hand upon his heart with the charming gesture so common to his race.

"Oh, see!" said Polly. "You had drawn something on the other side. Luckily, I did not show him that."

"Give it to me back," he answered, after bestowing on it a glance, "and I'll surrender to you any other leaf you may select."

Polly, trying to make believe she had not seen, did as he asked her; but she had recognized the outline and attitude of her own figure, as in her sketch of the Pheasants' Walk — only in this the girl's hand held a heart with an arrow piercing it.

"It reminds me of something for which I never thanked you," she said impulsively.

"This is only an illustration for some *vers de société*," he said lightly; and Polly felt ready to bite her tongue for having allowed herself to be repulsed.

"You would not have supposed me to be such a jessamy kind of fellow, would you?" he went on. "But in my nomadic life I must find diversion as I can. To-morrow, when you get outside the town, you'll understand that here we leave behind the rules that bind ordinary mortals, and behave as if in the region of eternal sentiment. Have you had enough of this? I am sure May has, and so we'll meet to-morrow in a better atmosphere. I must make the most of our pleasant rencontre, for Thursday we go back to Gib."

"So soon?" she asked, unconscious of her depth of expression in look and tone.

"Our outing in Morocco finishes as yours begins. Maybe you will look in upon my *pied-à-terre* at Granada, if you come there, and if you remember it. But we shall soon be wending our way to Seville for Holy Week, like everybody else."

"Shall you? Did you know that Lucy Blount, who has been ill of influenza and was

ordered to Biarritz, wrote before we left home, urging us to meet her in Seville at Easter?"

"Then I advise you by all means to do so. The religious processions are fine, and the wailing of the bands that accompany them is, of itself, worth the journey. You, who are so sensitive to music of that kind, should not miss the thrill it will give you."

"How do you know I am sensitive to music of that kind?"

"There! The cat jumped, did n't she? Turn your memory back to a dolefully rainy Sunday last spring, when a young girl sat in one of the stalls in the choir of King's College Chapel at Cambridge, with a score upon her knee, and alternately followed the singing and looked up at the vault over her head."

"Were *you* there?"

"I stopped over Sunday, on my way to Wootton Magna, to let May see my alma mater and hear its choir at evening service."

"So that is your college? Oh! I'm glad, I'm glad!"

"I'm glad also, if it brings such a note of approval into your voice. When I saw you again at Lady Edmund's, it was like an answer to my thoughts."

The monotonous music, the whining chant, went on. The odors of coffee and Turkish tobacco drifted out over their heads through the lattice in at which looked the bright African stars. But Paulina's spirit had flown back to green England; and as Gilchrist watched her, a mighty conviction that this woman or no other was nature's mate for him came again into the citadel whence he had once dislodged it. Just then he noticed that with one of her rapid movements she had let fall something upon the floor; and stooping, he picked up the spray of orange-flowers she had been wearing at her breast.

At once a chill fell upon him, and was reflected in his voice.

"This is yours, is n't it?"

"Oh, yes," said Polly, awe creeping into her tones. "It is mine, of course. I suppose you know that I am — I am —"

She glanced furtively around at Roger. He was carving a date with his penknife upon the long staff May carried as an aid in walking, while May looked on laughing.

"I am — oh!" Polly went on, bravely swallowing her distaste — "I am to be married in the autumn."

"Yes, I know," he answered awkwardly; and poor Polly felt that the light of the universe had gone out for her. England, Africa, America, it was all one! There would never be anything but duty to live for, after this.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

LUKA FILIPOV.

(AN INCIDENT OF THE MONTENEGRIN WAR OF 1874.)

PARAPHRASED FROM THE SERVIAN OF ZMAI IOVAN IOVANOVIĆ, AFTER LITERAL
TRANSLATION BY NIKOLA TESLA.

ONE more hero to be part
Of the Servians' glory!
Lute to lute and heart to heart
Tell the homely story:
Let the Moslem hide for shame,
Trembling like the falcon's game,
Thinking on the falcon's name —
Luka Filipov.

When he fought with sword and gun
Doughty was he reckoned;
When *he* was the foremost, none
Blushed to be the second.
But he tired of the taint
Of the Turk's blood, learned restraint
From his sated sword — the quaint
Luka Filipov.

Thus he reasoned: Though they fall
Like the grass in mowing,
Yet the dead Turks, after all,
Make a sorry showing.
Foes that die remember not
How our Montenegrins bought
Our unbroken freedom — thought
Luka Filipov.

So, in last year's battle storm
Swooped our Servian falcon,
Chose the sleekest of the swarm
From beyond the Balkan:
Plucked a pasha from his horse,
Carried him away by force,
While we cheered along his course
"Luka!" "Filipov!"

To the Prince his prize he bore
Just as he had won him —
Laid him at the Prince's door,
Not a scratch upon him.
"Prince, a present! And for fear
He should find it lonely here,
I will fetch his mate," said queer
Luka Filipov.

Back into the fight he rushed
Where the Turks were flying,
Past his kinsmen boldly brushed,
Leaping dead and dying:

Seized a stalwart infidel,
Wrenched his gun and, like a spell,
Marched him back — him heeding well
Luka Filipov.

But the Moslems, catching breath
'Mid their helter-skelter,
Poured upon him hail of death
From a rocky shelter,
Till a devil-guided ball
Striking one yet wounded all:
For there staggered, nigh to fall,
Luka Filipov!

Paused the conflict — all intent
On the two before us;
And the Turkish regiment
Cheered in hideous chorus
As the prisoner, half afraid,
Turned and started up the glade,
Thinking — dullard! — to evade
Luka Filipov.

We 'd have fired, but Luka's hand
Rose in protestation,
While his pistol's mute command
Needed no translation:
For the Turk retraced his track,
Knelt, and took upon his back
(As a peddler lifts his pack)
Luka Filipov!

How we cheered him as he passed
Through the line, a-swinging
Gun and pistol — bleeding fast —
Grim — but loudly singing:
"Lucky me to find a steed
Fit to give the Prince for speed!
Rein or saddle ne'er shall need
Luka Filipov!"

So he urged him to the tent
Where the Prince was resting —
Brought his captive, shamed and spent,
To make true his jesting.
And as couriers came to say
That our friends had won the day,
Who should up and faint away?
Luka Filipov.

Robert Underwood Johnson.



DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

LUKA FILIPOV.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GEORGE INNESS.



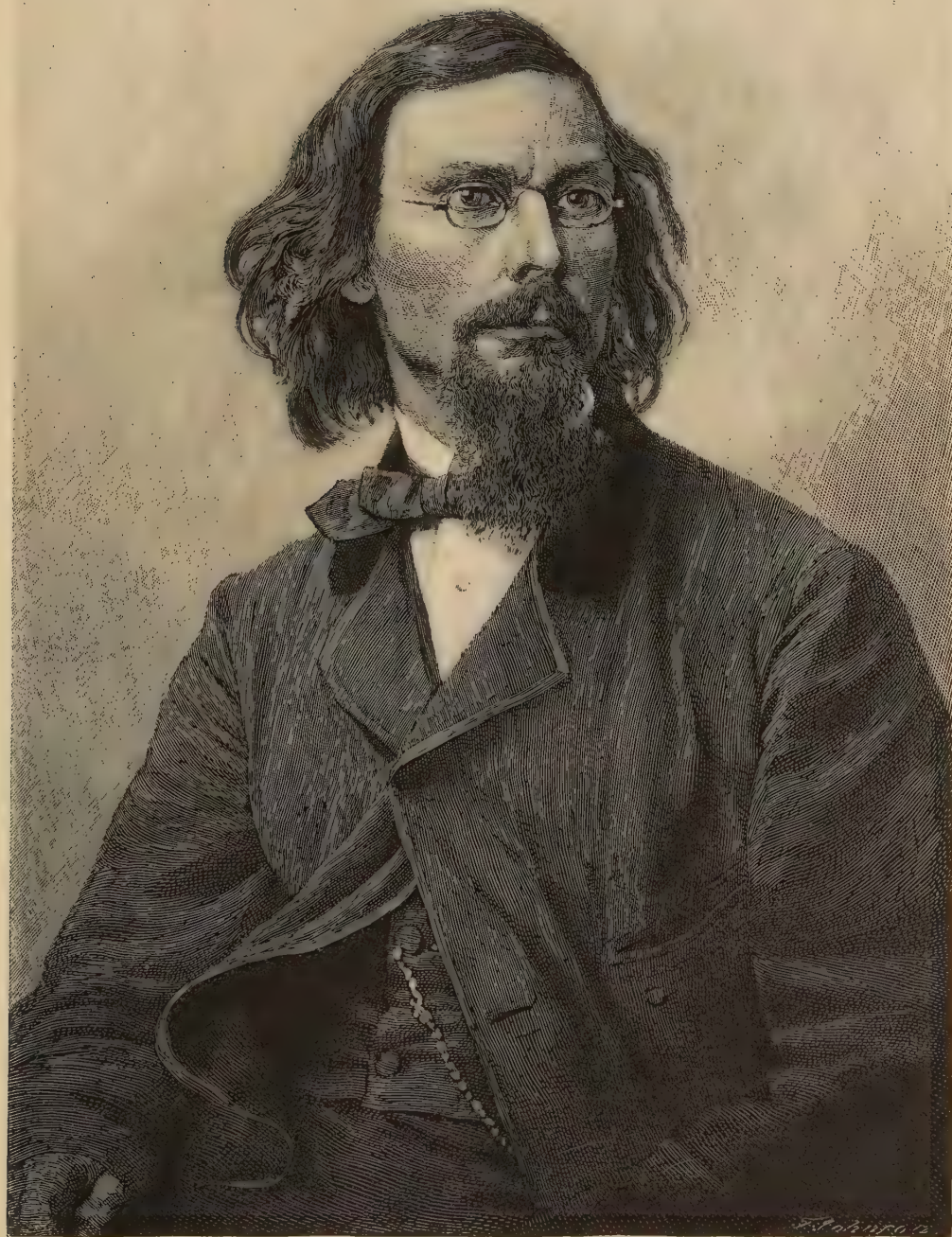
THAT George Inness most enjoyed, in his hours of ease, was talking and writing on metaphysical subjects like the Darwinian hypothesis of evolution, and the distinction between instinct and reason. He had neither the time nor the inclination to become well read in these matters, but he would wade through a treatise of Archbishop Whately's or John Stuart Mill's, and industriously record the more notable of his animadversions. Certain he was that man could not have descended from the ape, that a brute must always remain a brute, that no class or function could be merged in another class or function. For years he studied the science of numbers,—into which Swedenborg also made many incursions,—and in several of his manuscripts he demonstrated that the number one represents the infinite; the number two, conjunction; the number three, potency; the number four, substance; the number five, germination; the number six, material condition; and so on. And wherever these numbers occurred in the Bible, he was ready, in conversation or with his pen, to prove their symbolical significance. So fond was he of these speculations that, had he been rich, he said, he would have pursued them to the exclusion of painting. In reading a manuscript of Inness's it was not always easy to understand his meaning. His sentences were long and involved, and lucidity of expression suffered from haste and inexperience. The art of writing he had never mastered, principally because he never really cared that what he wrote should be read. The extracts from his manuscripts which I have contributed to various periodicals are sometimes obscure in spite of my efforts to get him to explain them. "I don't expect everybody to understand these things," he protested. On one occasion he showed me an essay, of perhaps five thousand words, on Zola's "*L'Assommoir*," in which he had endeavored to prove that this French novel was the greatest temperance tract ever published.

In his conversation, however, especially when answering questions on art matters, he was particularly concise, forcible, and clear; and if he had cared to be reported often enough by a competent person, the result might have been a treatise on painting more useful than Leonardo's. I never knew a man whose off-hand thoughts were so well worth preserving;

and I never took a stroll with him, or welcomed him at my house, or met him at his own, without wishing that some invisible scribe might make a stenographic report of his talk, and, after submitting it for editorial revision, print it for the benefit of art students.

"A work of art," he said, "is beautiful if the sentiment is beautiful; it is great if the sentiment is vital. Details are to be elaborated only enough to produce the sentiment desired. A picture in which the evident intention has been to reach the truth is the picture that the true artist loves. The sleek polish of lackadaisical sentiment, and the puerilities of impossible conditions, are never admirable. Here is a pencil sketch of my own—a young girl about to slip into a brook from the overhanging trunk of a tree. She is entirely disrobed. I made this sketch with the purest kind of motive, feeling that the subject was beautiful, and that in no other way could I convey the sentiment that I had chosen. I shall put it on canvas, keeping the background cool and sweet, and trying to idealize as much as possible. Such a subject, so treated, is as pure as any other. Moreover, I paint the girl at a distance of thirty or forty feet, which gives at once a subdued effect. The mind does not receive the full impression of an object looked at unless this object is viewed at a distance of three times its own length or height; and if it is in the midst of accessories, a proportionate distance should be allowed."

Swedenborgianism interested him as a metaphysical system, especially in its science of correspondences; but he never formulated for himself a theological creed, because, as he said, a man's creed changes with his states of mind, and the formulation made to-day becomes useless to-morrow. He never doubted the immortality of the soul, nor felt that other proof of it was necessary beyond the fact that men generally believe and have believed in immortality. "The consciousness of immortality," he declared, "is wrapped up in all the experiences of my life, and this to me is the end of the argument. Man's unhappiness arises from disobedience to the monitions within him. The principles that underlie art are spiritual principles—the principle of unity and the principle of harmony. Christ never uttered a word that forbade the creating or the enjoying of sensuous form. The fundamental necessity of the artist's life is the cultivation of his moral



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

GEORGE INNESS.

powers, and the loss of those powers is the loss of artistic power. The efforts of the Catholic Church to excite the imagination of worshippers are admirable, because the imagination is the life of the soul. Art is an essence as subtle as the humanity of God, and, like it, is personal only to love, a stranger to the worldly-minded, a myth to the mere intellect. I would not give a fig for art ideas except as they represent what I, in common with all men, need most — the good of our practice in the art of life. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, hillsides, sky, and clouds, all things that we see, will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of the truth."

Sometimes, when feeling a subject deeply, he expressed himself in verse as well as on canvas. A landscape called "Breaking Up," in which storm-clouds were dissolving over the crest of a mountain, an impression dashed off in four hours, suggested to him a poetical "Address of the Clouds to the Earth." Shelley's clouds wandered in thick flocks, shepherded by the unwilling wind. Inness's clouds were brothers, and benefactors of the earth, wooers of the wind that made groves and meadows ring with joyous laughter. In another landscape autumn leaves are falling into a river, and floating along toward the sea. Some lines of symbolism describe each leaf as "a little truth from off the tree of life," going to join other truths that had preceded it, and to report progress in the interest of the brotherhood of truths. Rhyme and meter do not count in Inness's poetry. He did not wish them to count.

The hero of a novel of Jane Austen's says: "I like a fine prospect. I do not like crooked, twisted, or blasted trees. I admire those that are tall, straight, and flourishing. I am not fond of nettles, or thistles, or heath-blossoms." One summer afternoon, when Inness and I were walking in Montclair, New Jersey, — his home and mine, — near the foot of its beautiful mountain, where the "prospect" was particularly fine, the subject that engaged his attention was the delightful gradation of grays in an old rail fence; and on another occasion, when driving down that mountain, from the green slopes of which the trees and cottages of Montclair appear so picturesquely grouped, he feasted his eyes on the rich, creamy tones produced by sunlight shining through the hairs of our gray horse's tail. No natural object was ugly to him. So beautiful was the meanest natural object that no other natural object seemed more beautiful than it. He fondly loved the gnarled writhings of old apple-trees, the affectionate drooping of their branches toward the earth that nourished them, the crooked, twisted olive-trees of Italy, which told stories of

man's relations with them. And the landscapes that he painted — civilized landscapes, not savage and untamed — pleased him the most when they most communicated the sentiment of humanity.

In his "Life of Turner," Mr. Hamerton quotes "the following opinion expressed by an intelligent and accomplished American artist, Mr. George Inness":

Turner's "Slave-ship" is the most infernal piece of claptrap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It has as much to do with human affections and thought as a ghost. It is not even a bouquet of color. The color is harsh, disagreeable, discordant.

"These views," says Mr. Hamerton, "while interesting for their frankness, are severe; and their severity is partly due to reaction against Mr. Ruskin's eloquent praises." I remember well the circumstances in which Inness spoke. The "Slave-ship," after having been sold by Mr. Ruskin, had just been removed from New York, where it was coolly received, to Boston, where it became a subject of hot newspaper controversy. I casually asked Inness what he thought of the picture. He expressed himself at once with indignant emphasis and in the most unqualified terms. "But has it no value as color?" I asked. "Not the least in the world," he replied. "Its color is harsh, disagreeable, discordant." Mr. Hamerton is mistaken in supposing that Inness's severity was even partly due to reaction against Ruskin's enthusiastic commendation. Inness was not interested in Ruskin, and nothing occupied him less than the lucubrations of art critics. When he discovered insincerity and falseness in what might have been a great picture, he became angry; he detested insincerity and falseness. Mr. Hamerton admits that the introduction into the canvas of the sharks, the manacles, and the human hand and leg, is so horrible as to revolt him, and that the color is crude.

I have dwelt upon the strength and activity of Inness's intellect because these qualities produced and explain the beauty of his landscapes. Art, like language, is a means of expressing ideas, and in the work of George Inness the ideas are great and noble. Most of the pictures in the dealer's collections could be described, he thought, by the phrase "intellectual dish-water." "My compositions," said Beethoven, "are not intended to excite the pretty little emotions of women: music ought to strike fire from the soul of a man." This is what Inness's best pictures do, and his recreations in theology, poetry, and metaphysics are less interesting in themselves than in the evidence they afford of his intellectual power.

His struggle was, while obtaining objective

force, not to lose sentiment. He sympathized with Corot, who had had the same struggle, and had confessed himself beaten. He admired Daubigny, because in the struggle Daubigny had been less unsuccessful. He deplored in Meissonier the wilful sacrifice of sentiment to objective force. He considered Millet chiefly as a painter of figures rather than of landscapes, and he thought him the greatest figure-painter that ever lived, because his figures best and most often expressed the tenderest and purest sentiments of labor and of home, with just enough objective force for perfect lucidity. He almost worshiped Rousseau, because, above all other landscape-painters, he preserved the local color of trees, of grass, and of sky, while maintaining the general tonality of his picture. He had no patience with Cabanel, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, Verboeckhoven, and scores of other painters, foreign and native, who, though sought by American collectors, seemed animated by the spirit of commercialism. He believed in objective force, and it was for their lack of it that he criticized the young painters who founded the Society of American Artists, and who had elected him a member of their organization. Speaking of one of their exhibitions, he said, "The poetic quality is not obtained by eschewing any truths or facts of nature which can be included in a harmonious representation"; but at the same time he insisted that men of artistic genius could often dash off an impression which would appeal to the cultivated spectator as more vital than the most laborious efforts of artists less generously endowed.

In his sympathies and his works Inness belonged to the school of Barbizon. As early as 1850 a few of its paintings had found their way to the United States, and Inness was the first American landscapist of distinction to welcome them. He soon went to France to study the methods of Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot. Millet, then in his thirty-fifth year,—Inness was ten years younger,—had just abandoned the painting of nude subjects, the sale for which was easy and rapid, and had started upon his unique career as the interpreter of French

peasant life. When Inness returned to France, sixteen years later, the Barbizon school was making itself felt. Had he been a Frenchman he would have been recognized as a member of it, with an individuality as distinct as that of Daubigny. At this time he fixed his method of painting, which was as follows: after staining the white canvas with Venetian red, but not enough to lose the sense of transparency, he drew, more or less carefully, with a piece of charcoal, the outlines of the coming picture, and confirmed them with a pencil, putting in a few of the prominent shadows with a little ivory-black on a brush. His principal pigments were white, Antwerp blue, Indian red, and lemon chrome. He began anywhere to paint, and worked in mass from generals to particulars, keeping his shadows thin and transparent, and allowing the red with which the canvas was stained to come through as a part of the color. When the pigments were sufficiently dry, he added to his palette cobalt, brown, and pink. The last steps were glazing, delicate touching, and scumbling.

George Inness had no jealousies and few amusements. He smoked some, and took long walks. Often he painted fifteen hours a day. On the dozen or more canvases in his studio he worked as the humor seized him, going from one to another with palette and maul-stick, and always standing when painting. He had two styles, one restrained, the other impetuous; and as he grew older the latter prevailed. Correctness of linear design was less important than color, atmosphere, and chiaroscuro; but first in importance was the resolve to convey distinctly the impressions of a personal, vital force. Believing that he obtained with oils all the delicacy of water-colors, and much strength in addition, he did not paint in water-colors. His sincerity, his faith, his earnestness,—all that which escapes like a perfume from his works,—increased with his years, and with the honorable fame and competence that he had earned. One of his landscapes is called "Light Triumphant"—a name that fitly describes them all.

George William Sheldon.

THE GOSPEL OF ART.

WORK thou for pleasure: paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.

Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.

Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

Kenyon Cox.

PEOPLE IN NEW YORK.



WITHIN one square mile on the island of Manhattan live three hundred thousand people. Within the titular limits of the city of New York live one million and eight hundred thousand, and more. And the outermost limits of this city, the full number of its sons and daughters, can hardly be fixed; for very wide regions — suburban, semi-urban, or urban under other names — daily send their swarms across the ferries and down the railroads, to mix indistinguishably with the resident islanders. There may well be four and a half million human beings who are nourished by the life-blood which pulses to and from the center of our town. Of course the tips of the fingers are as much a part of the body as the valves of the heart itself; and so a very wise and patient and loquacious pen

would be needed to describe, or even roughly to classify, the people of New York. But it is possible to glance quickly at people in New York for the sake, not of finished pictures, but of broad impressions, and yet to see things that are worth seeing, and cannot be seen elsewhere.

I.

OUR most conspicuous habits result from the narrow elongated shape of our island. As its places for making money, its places for spending money, and its places of residence, are successively grouped from south to north, its people are compelled to travel unanimously southward in the morning and northward again at evening; and between times there is a marked separation of the sexes.

Our down-town streets, in their busy hours,



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

ON THE ELEVATED.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

URBAN AND SUBURBAN.

show crowds that are unusually black, not only because they are very dense, but because black is the customary wear of men. This is the domain of the masculine New Yorker; and it is less freely invaded by women, I think, than the corresponding part of any other town, although, indeed, early and late, during the brief periods of transit, the approaches to the tall and crowded buildings are brightened by hundreds of girls named for their little clicking machines — as alert, as self-confident, as businesslike as the men among whom they labor.

But pass up town. After Canal street is crossed, petticoats become more and more numerous until, as you reach Fourteenth street, they dominate the general effect. And then, on cross-streets and avenues, you will find blocks and blocks, sometimes as packed as Wall street itself, where men take their turn at looking out of place. This is where our money is chiefly spent, and very motley is the composition of the spending throngs. Side by side

we see comfortable dowdiness (suggesting the suburban contingent), dismal shabbiness, and naïve attempts to copy the fashions cheaply; trim, simple neatness, rich, tasteful elegance, and an exaggerated, showy imitation of this last. As a whole, the effect is certainly not somber. Judged by any European standard, or by any sensible abstract standard, overdressing prevails; and it means colors too bright and *façons* too conspicuous as well as materials too costly for the sidewalk. No such overblown excess in street attire can be noticed in Boston, for example. But, on the other hand, one sees a much larger proportion of highly fashionable, yet impeccably appropriate, street costumes than in Boston or elsewhere in America; and they are not all on women whom one might expect to be exponents of good taste. Again, even when a garment is unsuitable, it is often admirable in itself; no matter what she wears, the back of a New York woman is usually a pleasure to look at, if we can appreciate artistic

niceties of cut and fit ; and on the whole we are almost tempted to condone the excessive gaiety of our street clothes for the sake of the brightness they add to the panorama of our up-town crowds.

Of course the varied elements which compose such crowds do not distribute themselves with geographical impartiality. They are most strikingly varied in front of the pretty and stately shops lining Broadway between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets. They are most demo-

ier, flashier elements display themselves along upper Broadway. Naturally the carriage-folk are more aristocratic in general effect than any groups of pedestrians, despite the fact that well-bred women walk more in New York than in European towns; and to see the rich of New York in all their gorgeousness one must visit Central Park of a pleasant afternoon.

I like to do this myself, in the finest carriage owned by any of my friends, and to pretend that nothing else could suit me quite so well.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

THE MORNING AFTER ELECTION.

cratic in front of the mammoth shops along the parallel stretch of Sixth Avenue, and the two great connecting cross-streets, Fourteenth and Twenty-third. Then the more aristocratic elements, which are least conspicuous here, increase in number on upper Fifth Avenue, and the show-

But I also like to drive down Fifth Avenue in a hansom-cab, just at the time when every one else is driving up, to contemplate its protean types of feminine dignity and charm, breeding and refinement, pride and ostentation, vulgarity and commonplaceness. And I like as



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

HER MARRIED SISTER.

well to walk for the same purpose where the shopping throngs are thickest, and even where they are most tawdry and ungenteel. Nor do I find it disagreeable at times to be still more plebeian, and stray far down the Bowery or far up the quieter but just as democratic regions of Third and Eighth avenues. Surely it is worth while to know the city one lives in, and surely it is a very shallow, uninformative, unhumanizing sort of knowledge which confines itself to the dominions of King Plutus and Dame Fashion.

II.

I SHOULD need a more flexible, versatile pen than I own to explain how the essence and the idiosyncrasies of New York gradually reveal themselves if one studies its humbler and cruder as well as its gayer and more polished sides;

how unlike one feels it is to any other city, and how interesting even when it is least attractive. Taking it bit by bit, and analyzing it in the faces, clothes, manners, actions, and habitations of its people, by turns one loves and hates, despises and admires, berates and ridicules it. It seldom pleases the eye for more than a few moments together. Often it grievously offends the senses which take account of slovenliness and dirt. And always it seems a reckless, immature, inconsequent, unreasonable creature. But it is so big and active, so variable and spontaneous, so well pleased with itself, and so willing that you should take your pleasure as you choose, that you get to feel toward it as toward an overgrown baby whose foolishness, awkwardness, and ugliness are largely excused by its promise of better looks and better behavior, and are offset by its

spasms of cleverness, its comicality, and good humor.

If we look at the worst aspects of New York in a serious spirit, it certainly does not exemplify the gospel of kindness, as, after a little, I shall try to explain. But looking at it superficially, or studying its population, not in the abstract aggregate, but in the myriad individuals one meets, up town and down town, in aristocratic or in extremely sordid precincts, good nature seems the "note" of the New Yorker, provided, of course, that you are good-natured yourself. What patience he has with municipal tyrannies and corporate inhumanities, and enlivened by what a salty touch of humor! One would not cite an elevated-railroad car or a ferry-slip, jammed full of tired and hungry New Yorkers, as a school of courtesy. Yet I think such a throng might easily be less courteous anywhere else—at least anywhere in northern Europe, if we can conceive of its existing there. And no woman with pleasant words on her own lips need shrink from asking help or guidance in the streets of New York: usually it will be given with a good many kindly trimmings, whether it be asked from the "dude" or the hurried business-man, the lawless street-boy or the Italian sweeper, or even the traditionally abused car-conductor. On the whole, a woman is more likely to meet with incivility from her own sex than from men of any class; and if, like too many New York women, she expects courtesy in return for brusqueness, of course she will be disappointed.

I have a friend who was born and who lives on an island in a far-off Southern sea, but who has had much European experience and is a keen observer. He chanced to be in New York during our last presidential election, and was shown its workings through many diligent hours. What impressed him most was, not the way in which order was kept, but the small necessity for keeping order—the extreme good temper of the people. At a big club-house where the losing side had been supported, the members, he said, as the returns came in, buttoned their coats like stoical Arabs, and silently, almost smilingly, stole away. And in the City Hall Park, in front of the big newspaper building where, as State after State reported its vote, effigies of the rival candidates correspondingly climbed up the tall façade on the numbered rungs of symbolical ladders, one might have thought, he declared, that every man in the enormous crowd had voted for the winning climber, and felt a kindly compassion for the climber who lagged behind. Yet we knew, and he could see, that a pretty strong—nay, a very passionate—interest was felt in that particular election.

Facts such as these tempt us to fancy what

a nice place New York may be to live in when oppression, extortion, and stupidity succeed in provoking us into collective bad temper for a long enough time to bring about conditions which will permit individual amiabilities to display themselves unhampered, unexasperated, unabused. Perhaps it may then seem almost as pleasant-tempered, polite, and kindly as did, one summer, the populous fair-grounds at Chicago.

III.

A FOREIGNER must be struck by the lack of certain types, social rather than physical, among the crowds of New York. One great peculiarity of our whole land reveals itself in the absence of soldiers from our streets and drawing-rooms; and the cosmopolitanism of our particular town shows just as clearly to an observant eye. We have plenty of cabmen, for instance, but no typical cabman, while Paris has one such type and London has two—one for her hansoms and one for her dismal "four-wheelers." The New York butler, the New York nursery-maid, cannot be put into caricature with the broad fidelity possible in England, nor can the New York policeman, despite his monotonous grandeur of size. In fact, all our servants, private and public, are drawn from many nationalities, and we have not yet smoothed or coerced them into a general correspondence with our own corporate manners and ideals.

Dudes we have, but not in such amusing numbers as London, nor nearly so large a proportion of those elder lilies-of-the-pavement whose scientific name is "men-about-town," all blooming precisely alike from the curve of their boot-tips to the minutest shaping of their collars and the tenor of their speech; and the beautifully attired, beautifully self-satisfied, beautifully vacuous-looking old gentlemen who decorate the club-windows and the parkways of London are present with us only in rare examples. Again, clerical types make default almost as wholly as do military types; and with all our variety in feminine types, the dowager hardly lives among us. To be a true dowager, not only age and social experience are needed, but social devoutness and an ingrained fine assumption of great social power; so for this type we shall have to wait until the generation now entering middle life sees its grandchildren growing into manhood.

Probably we shall get it then, for this generation now plays a much more important rôle than was formerly attempted by people of similar age. One can feel sure that nothing will ever quite break the scepter of the American girl. But, in New York at least, a rival scepter has recently been erected, held by her married



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"SHE LOOKS WELL AT A BALL."

sisters and her mother. Nay, the youthful matron has actually captured the girl's right to the first place in society, and she does not yield what she has achieved even when the adjective no longer fits her. Of course there is great gain in this, for social talent, like other gifts, must be developed as well as born; and a reflex part of the gain already shows in the improvement of the girl herself. Her manners have greatly bettered; she dresses more attractively than ever, because more appropriately; she thinks more about her mind and her intellectual tastes—indeed, just now, her ambition in this respect hardly takes enough account of the boundaries prescribed by her sex and age; and, as was not formerly the case, she continues to improve as she grows older. Married or unmarried, a well-bred New York woman is now apt to be more charming at thirty than at twenty, and not to have lost very much at forty; and this often applies to her looks as well as her mental characteristics. Of her chief physical characteristic do I need to speak? Other American towns may claim more beauty within their borders, but all will agree that the New York woman, individually and collectively, leads in that combination of the results of money, good taste, unaggressive self-content, and that highly finished physical bearing which, in the vernacular, is called “style.”

As a rule, I think, she is most attractive in her daytime clothes. She looks well at a ball and well in an opera-box, but better yet in her carriage, and especially in summer when outdoor plumage may be bright and light, beribboned, belaced, and very fluttering. Shall I venture to say that this is because she is a singularly pretty person rather than a beautiful person? Only true beauty of face and form shows at its best in ball-attire, and the statelier it is the better it then appears. But stateliness of manner and regularity of feature are not the characteristic merits of New York women: brilliancy of expression, rather, charm of eyes and mouth and color, vivacity, piquancy, and a flexuous grace of movement. And therefore when I say that daytime clothes become her best, I do not mean the kind which so singularly well becomes her sturdier English cousin. She is not at her bonniest when tailor-made. If she could wear her tea-gowns in public, the public would probably then admire her most. But failing this, it may very pleasurably contemplate her at the evening sessions of the horse-show. Almost a special type of costume has been devised for her for these particular occasions, more gay and ornate than any worn with bonnets at any other time in town. And when you see her thus arrayed, and multitudinously repeated, you feel that the horse-show must have been established less to display our steeds than to display our

young women in the most scientifically favorable light.

Going outdoors again, and looking at our down-town streets, the most conspicuous type is so ubiquitous that it may simply be called the New York business-man. We all know him—well featured, but hardly handsome; well rounded as to cheek and form, but not with the stodgy plumpness of John Bull; well dressed sometimes, and at other times showing that he has tried to be; looking prosperous even when he is not; affable to the point of familiarity; good-natured and generous almost to the point of weakness; and yet certainly not an altruist by profession or by practice. We all know him, and we also know our German business types in their purely Teutonic and their Hebraic varieties; and just as well, the dignified figure of the elder commercial or professional New Yorker—quiet and refined in face and manner, kindly and courteous in speech, yet with a curious shrewdness of eye and mind. But if I should try to fill out the catalogue of our masculine types, I should have to name almost all those of all America. Hardly more than one is missing. This is the traditional Brother Jonathan type—the “hayseed” type. The real country is much farther from Wall street than from the center of Boston or Chicago; even the most guileless suburban soon learns to assume a measure of our sophistication; and with the development of this the shambling gauntness of proverb and comedy seems to disappear.

It may be worth while to add that once when I said, “How unlike each other are our American faces, yet how quickly we recognize any one of them among European faces!—I wish I knew why,” a foreign friend replied that she could tell me why. “The typical American mouth,” she said, “is more sensitive than that of other races, and the chin is slenderer; but the main peculiarities are the shape and setting of the eyes, and especially the modeling of the cheek-bones. You have high cheek-bones, but they are narrow, while when they are high in other races they are broad and flat, as with the Japanese, or square, as with the Scandinavians.” I am afraid she thought that we all looked a little foxy; but a fox's face has beauty, and shows a keen sense of humor as well as its own sort of cleverness; and besides, every one knows that it is merely a mask.

IV.

Now, what do we see if we look at people in New York collectively again, but from the point of view of their social life?

First we see that “New York society” is not a single sovereign body—one and inseparable to-day as it was in olden days. Of course



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

AT THE HORSE SHOW.

there is one circle, one "set," more prominent, more self-exalting, more "highly fashionable," than any other, and it is often described as containing only a few hundred people. But these are merely such members of the best society in New York as tread the social mill with peculiar diligence and, apparently, with peculiar zest. Closely connected with them are a great many others who make less of a career of their pleasuring, but, an they would, might be as highly fashionable as any one else.

It is largely from among this latter class that are recruited certain circles which touch edges with the most conspicuous. They are formed in part of New Yorkers as well born and bred as the best, and in part of people,

once strange to New York, who have made themselves important within her gates. In these circles the brains and the humor and the wit, the progressive energy, and the higher cultivation, of New York are chiefly to be found; and it is to them that come accredited almost all the famous (which does not mean titled) foreigners who pass by Sandy Hook. Here there is excellent conversation as well as lively talk — excellent nutriment for mind and soul, although less sumptuous feasting for the mouth and eye than in the "smartest" circles. Here one learns about what is being thought and done in our town and in other parts of the world, and not merely about what is "going on." Here genuine reputations are made, the true



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

GOING HOME FROM THE THEATER.

critical, appreciative, and prophetic voice of New York is uplifted, and most of those things are said and planned which seriously redound to her credit; and our very fashionable folk might be surprised could they realize how rarely their ideals are deferred to here, or their verdicts quoted, and how seldom their own kind of prestige is considered enviable.

While no strict line separates these social circles from the most ultra-fashionable, and while some people pass constantly between them, yet I think it is not harder to enter the very "smartest" set in New York than, if you happen to belong to it, to find a welcome just outside it. Of course the reason for this fact is easily read. It merely means that few fashionable folk seem interesting, seem "worth while," to those who are helping to turn the wheels of the big, busy, thinking, experimenting world, because few of them know much about these wheels, or the goals toward which they tend.

A social body such as I am trying to define can never be as conspicuous as the "smart set" of New Yorkers, for its members have not so much time to give to amusement, nor so much money; and as yet it is not as thoroughly organized, as highly conscious of its own powers and resources, as determined to make the most of itself for its own entertainment, and, therefore, not to be over gracious to people who may have other claims upon respect, but who lack the social talent which alone is truly valuable in social life. But a generation ago such a body did not exist at all; year by year it is developing and crystalizing, and the next generation ought to see an intellectual and artistic society in New York, comparable in significance, variety, and interest to that which exists in London, likewise touching edges with ultra-fashionable circles, yet not to be confounded with these, and very far indeed from being jealous of them.

One reason why this society must rapidly increase in numbers and importance is because high intelligences are less often born under the mantle of Dame Fashion in New York than they seem to be in Boston, for example—or, at least, are less likely to be nourished there to full development; so when they do appear beneath this mantle, they are tempted to shake off its folds, and seek association with their kind elsewhere. And surely we may find another reason in the fact that to immigrants New York is more than the most hospitable, that she is the most affectionate, the most motherly, city in the world. She has little time to bestow upon strangers briefly tarrying within her doors, and therefore they sometimes fill the air with taunts of cold indifference as they depart, especially if they had arrived with an un-



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

GOING HOME FROM THE SHOP.

due sense of their personal importance, fostered by the attentions of smaller and less level-headed towns. But come to her claiming a home, and, if you have any importance at all, presto! she forgets that you were not born of her body. Say you intend to be a New Yorker, and you are one, if you have any charm or merit upon which to base your resolve. New York will make no difference between you and her veritable children; soon you will feel none yourself, and, after a little, the fact that you are not her veritable child will be forgotten, only to be recovered when your obituary is in type.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

IN THE WRONG SET.

In all of this, I may note, New York is the very opposite of Boston. Boston is found most gratifyingly gracious by her visitors, no matter how well they may think of themselves before they arrive. But she refuses really to adopt any children, or, at the best, she seems to them like a stepmother obliged by conscience, not by inclination, to be just and somewhat kind.

Even the most fashionable circles in New York open not unready to applicants supplied with such credentials as are valid there; and it is a pleasure to say that these credentials, if they do not often take the form of intellect or talent, are by no means to be confounded with the claims of mere birth, or of mere wealth and a willingness to spend it lavishly. They must be social diplomas of a better kind than this. They must mean first, of course, an interest in the things which interest society's present members — a similar point of view as regards the meaning of existence; and then, some measure of social talent: of training in the ways of what

is called the world, of agreeableness and adaptability, of gracious, cultivated manners, and of refinement in external things at least. Fashionable society is very conventional and inelastic, very narrow-visioned, and not a little timid in New York. But so it is almost everywhere on earth; and in New York it is less snobbish, and, at bottom, less influenced by the love of money than, for example, in London town.

Indeed, many of the faults and follies of our fashionable folk should be painted with a lighter tint than is sometimes employed, and they have done the community very good service in certain ways. Try as hard as they may, their imitation of the domestic pomp of European capitals does not nearly equal the undemocratic original thing. Their restless, excessive love for travel, and even for expatriation, cannot have a very bad effect upon any one but themselves; other people are too firmly bound at home by the ties of genuine local interests. And when the result of their lack of absorbing urban oc-

cupations takes the better form of a taste for country life and its wholesome pleasures, they are setting an example which has already profited our citizens of every class. Anglomani is not really very prevalent among them; they do not make or approve of mercenary marriages one-tenth part as frequently as our comic papers say; and even their international marriages are often instances of true love upon which the public sees fit to put a mask. In making athletics fashionable they have made them popular. They have done the same for the sensible physical education of girls. They have raised our standards as regards dainty housekeeping, good cooking, and the training of children in properly modest manners, and they have introduced that once un-American person, the chaperon, for whom our need develops in geometrical proportion to the increasing size of our towns. They often give a portion of their time as well as their money to works of beneficence. Of course they have led the way in refining the taste of America as regards, not attire and cookery alone, but other external material factors in life; and they have also been most prominent in buying works of art, although one cannot call them the best judges or most genuine lovers of art in the community. Artistic reputations they cannot make; but they do much good by patronizing those whom their less wealthy fellow-citizens can only admire and praise, and they will do more good in this way when they learn to believe what they are told with regard to American as well as foreign artists.

V.

BUT I have not yet got to the end of all the forms which social life takes in New York. What other town can show so many groups of foreign citizens as prosperous, united, and well organized for social life as ours? Look at the club-houses of our Germans, for instance; think of their musical societies, half artistic, half social in aim; read of their weddings and balls, where money is spent and diamonds are shown as profusely as on fashionable Fifth Avenue. And note the number of Teutonic or Hebrew-Teutonic faces in the finest carriages in Central Park. It will seem as though all of us Americans might be swept away and New York still exist, socially no less than industrially. Then, we have many well-to-do Italians who have a social existence of their own, and the same is true of our Spaniards and Spanish-Americans. Our French people and our Greeks are fewer, but they still remember that they are French and Greek when their social instincts awaken. It is only the Irish who grow less clannish as they take unto themselves of the dollars of New York.

A strange spectacle is presented by all these

nationalities, all these clear dividing lines; and it seems still stranger when we understand that, nevertheless, every one in New York soon feels himself a loyal New Yorker. Of course, taking these last words as a text, and trying to show what they mean and what they ought to mean, a fine little lecture might be preached, bristling with peculiar points (and very sharp ones), and strongly flushed with local color of a rather dismal tint. But it lies more in my path to note the fact that, despite all this social activity, thousands of men and women in New York have no social life at all.

I do not mean such rich people as willingly shut themselves into narrow domesticities; nor do I mean the really poor—these have their own cheerful ways of associating, as perhaps Mr. Harrigan's theater has shown you. I speak of people belonging by birth and circumstances to the intermediate ranks.

In no community of our race and tongue do the so-called middle classes show as much desire for social pleasures as they do in Continental lands—or perhaps I should write attitude instead of desire. But in New York their case is aggravated not only by our large proportion of strangers, needing time to settle and to throw out social roots, but, among strangers and natives alike, by the great cost of our soil. This means very high rents, and these mean boarding-house life for multitudes of families who elsewhere would have homes of their own: it is said that half the houses within two blocks of Fifth Avenue and between Thirty-fourth street and Central Park are boarding-houses of the better and more high-priced kinds. Then, by a natural reaction (or contamination), the easy-going pseudo-social life of the boarding-house and cheap hotel aids our profusion of public pleasures in keeping many people contentedly adrift after they might have homes and begin to form genuine social ties. These people, and many others with small incomes who do have homes of their own (but most often in cramped, inhospitable flats), find their amusement in theaters and restaurants and the motley pageants of the streets, or, if more soberly minded, in concert- and lecture-rooms and at church entertainments.

And thus, I think, we find a reason for much of that persistent love of shopping and spending with which the middle-class women of New York are so often reproached, and for the over-dressing in street and theater which is its chief result. Outside of home walls it is hard to train girls well in mind or spirit or manners, and it is hard for women to find sensible occupations. The idleness of shallow minds naturally finds relief in extravagance, and where there is no home to make lovely, extravagance finds its only outlet in amassing personal apparel, while

the same is true of that natural love for pretty things which assails even the least extravagant of my sex. Then, if social occasions do not exist for the display of fine clothes, it is small wonder that they are displayed where plain clothes would be better—that the great importance of appropriateness, as essential in costume as in art, should be entirely overlooked.

But the idle and selfish and mentally slipshod habits fostered by boarding-house life have worse results than these. The lack of thorough education, of domestic duties and pleasures, of steady standards in customs and behavior, of the refining power of true social enjoyments and restraints, shows—I need not explain just how—in the faces, the voices, the carriage, the demeanor of thousands of the overdressed young girls and wives who throng our streets and theaters. If one studies them a little, these seem wise words which I recently heard a New York woman speak: “I would far rather have my daughter a working-girl in New York than a girl like one of those who, from the vantage-ground of their fine clothes, their idle, unguarded hours, and their abundance of pocket-money, look down upon working-girls as immeasurably beneath them.”

But any one whosoever that looks down upon the working-girls of New York makes a sad mistake; and I speak as much of those who labor in a factory as of those who sell in a shop or “run” a typewriter. Bad girls there are among them, and foolish girls who easily may become bad. But the good ones, the wise ones, are very much more numerous, and they are good and wise amid temptations which make of mere respectability almost an heroic virtue, of mere common sense almost an inspiration. Any one who understands what these girls really are, and what they so easily might be, must respect and admire their character, whether he be amused or shocked by the saucy independence, the “flip” tone of good-fellowship with men, and the confessed familiarity with evil under which this character is often hidden. Moreover, if he inquires about their more intimate relationships with men, he will find them limited and controlled by rules of etiquette, different, indeed, from those which prevail in aristocratic circles, but quite as moral and quite as strictly obeyed; whereas, with what I may call the boarding-house classes, social rules too often mean no more than the dictates of untrained personal impulse.

VI.

WE have no true “leisure class” in New York, unless our wealthy women may by themselves be said to constitute such a class. Almost without exception even our wealthiest

men are busy workers. Nevertheless, the meaning of the extremes of riches and poverty is bitterly expressed by the contrast between what have been called Upper and Nether New York. Indeed, nowhere else except in London is this meaning so bitterly expressed upon so large a scale. As I now use the term, Upper New York does not indicate the up-town parts of the city. It typifies that central strip running from end to end of the island, and stretching into certain lateral quarters, which the well-to-do possess, while Nether New York implies all those shabby quarters of the East side and the West wherein the majority of the well-to-do never set a foot.

Walk through the brightest regions of Upper New York, in the early evening, as their places of amusement open, as the garlands of fire bloom out upon Diana’s tower, as the great hotels and restaurants and theaters blaze their invitations in streams of golden light across the sidewalks, as luxurious carriages and well-tended horses fill the street, as the doors of one mansion and another swing back with the promise of dainty dining, and through the chinks in the curtains of countless quiet homes come rays like those of Christmas stars: if this is the only New York you see, and if you do not peer below the surface of some of its most glittering or most innocent-appearing spots, it may well amuse and please you; you may well admire the progress, the material development of the last twenty years, and praise our taste and cultivation, our public spirit, our gaiety, hospitality, and kindness.

I do not intend to detail for you the picture on the reverse side of our civic shield. You might not like to go through the nethermost parts of Nether New York—through that square mile, for instance, where three hundred thousand people live, more closely packed together than people in any European town; and I should be loath to show you just how they live, or how and why they die—die in such ways and for such reasons that one tenth of all our funerals have at their end a pauper’s grave. You would not even realize what this fact means unless I could make you understand how much less important it seems to the very poorest that they should continue to live than that they should lie in paid-for graves. You might see dreadful things in the streets of this region, more dreadful things in its flaming bar-rooms and dance-halls, things most dreadful and pitiful beyond words in its damp and filthy cellars, in its naked attics, which are cold past sufferance in winter, and in summer pestilential with a tropic heat. And now you might hear the desperate cry, “Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die,” and again the still more desperate moan, “Help us to eat, drink, and

be warm, just for once—for we are dying today."

I am not wise enough to take you through these black hives where vice and crime are at once fostered and excused by ignorance, poverty, and pain; not wise enough, and not patient enough with the sins which lie back of the sins we should see there—back in the beliefs and customs and daily actions of each and every social class that helps to populate New York. But I can point you to a very wise and patient guide whom, in some serious hour, it should do you great good to follow. Read what Mr. Riis has to tell you about "How the Other Half Lives" in New York, and about "The Children of the Poor" of New York; and then judge our civilization by Christ's simple tests—*Thy neighbor as thyself*, and *The stranger by the wayside whom others have despoiled, he is thy neighbor*. Read these books carefully, and then see if you do not confess that back of all human evil lies ignorance, and that the burden of the ignorance in New York is shared between its rich and its poor.

Yes; and not in an equal measure. For example, those who have studied such matters attribute half the crime in New York to drunkenness, but they attribute at least half the drunkenness in New York to wastefulness and bad cooking in the homes of the poor. Can we blame the miserable sickly drudge, born and nurtured in such slums as ours, because she does not know how to spend her husband's scanty earnings to advantage, because she does not know how to cook his food so that he will not crave the supplement of drink? Can we blame for similar ignorance even the girls in better homes who are forced to go directly from the public school to the shop or factory, never having time to learn the little that their mothers may know?

But would our slums exist if we all knew about them and their fatal work—streets and acres of tenements in which decent living is impossible, which are as poisonous to the souls as to the bodies of their inmates? Would our present methods of manufacture and trade be permitted if we all grasped their deadly effects upon individuals, their deadly menace to the well-being of the community as a whole?

Do you know that among the 135,595 families—not persons—registered by the Charity Organization Society as asking for help during a recent period of eight years, more than fifty per cent. were honestly seeking work and finding none? Do you grasp the real meaning of "no work" in families where a day's wage can but pay for a day's hard fare, and leave no penny over? Can you appreciate the unspeakable danger, moral as well as physical, involved in the fact that among 150,000 women who,

in our town, earn their living, and often the living of men and children too, the average wage—not the lowest, but the average where some are paid pretty well—is only sixty cents a day? Have you tried to understand the tenor of lives like those of seamstresses who get from twenty to thirty-five cents a dozen for making flannel shirts, and a dollar and a half a dozen for calico wrappers? Or to fancy how it must feel to labor for such pittances in cold and semi-darkness from four in the morning until eleven at night? Or to estimate their purchasing power when coal must be bought by the bucket at the rate of twenty dollars a ton, and rent in the vilest purlieus must be paid at a higher ratio upon the invested capital than is asked on Fifth Avenue? If you and every other man and woman in New York could be brought to realize these things, and to ponder them a little, would they not cease to be? Surely it must be our ignorance, not our hard-heartedness, which permits them now. But is our ignorance—yours and mine and that of all the rich and the well-to-do—as readily excusable as that of the very poor themselves? Where lies the real responsibility for the wretchedness of Nether New York?

VII.

I SHOULD be unjust to the poorest people in New York, however, if I left you to believe that you would be only shocked and alarmed did you visit them in their homes. The whitest virtue, the most lovely merit, lives among them, as well as the darkest crime and sin. When they are not wicked it is sometimes through respect, of course, for the terrors of the law, and sometimes through the apathy of debilitated souls and bodies leading lives of hopeless struggle or forlorn surrender. But it is very often because of marvelous excellences in themselves—because of a self-respect, a patience, a fortitude, a resignation, a perennial hopefulness, a pathetic gratitude for small good-fortunes, a lack of the passions of envy and jealousy, which would surprise us did we find them among the richest, the most cultivated, the most pious people. No philosopher is surprised to find them more often among poor and suffering and sorely tempted people, for of course virtue can reach heroic heights only under stress and strain: the real marvel is that human nature should be able to compass such heights at all.

Sometimes, indeed, one is tempted to think that God will never let extreme poverty be uprooted lest the extremes of virtue be forgotten. Do you know that the tiny gifts in money and food which pass from almost empty to quite empty hands in this town of ours must exceed in their noble aggregate the lordly sums that our rich folk give in charity? Do you know

the ease with which virtue is propagated and the need for charity is removed once material conditions have been bettered? Do you know that among the eighty thousand waifs of our slums sent by the Children's Aid Society to country homes and followed by many times eighty thousand letters of inquiry, only four percent. are reported as having "gone wrong"? It is facts like these which should make it easy to approach the people of Nether New York in that spirit of fellow-feeling, of true and

brotherly love, through which alone real assistance may be given them — justice instead of charity, prevention instead of relief, better chances at the beginning of life instead of punishment at its end. It is facts like these which should make us look hopefully for the day, distant though it may be, when no such immeasurable difference will exist between the people of the two parts of our town, no such terrible, unchristian contrast between the pictures on the two sides of our civic shield.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

KATE NEGLEY'S LEADINGS.

By the Author of "The Floating Béthel."



RS. MELISSA ALLGOOD gathered the last handful of meal from the pan on her arm, and scattered it among the young guineas. "Them little guinea-fowl," she said, "can come about as near eatin' folks out of house and home as the next one. They ain't got the ambition to scratch for theirselves that young chickens has, or young turkeys, or goslin's; but seems like I like 'em all the more for it. It's same as babies — they got to have everything done for 'em; and so helpless and confidin' that folks can't keep from lovin' 'em even *when* they got drawbacks."

She settled herself comfortably on the smoke-house step, and pushed back the white sun-bonnet from her plump, rosy face and warm blue eyes.

"But I commenced tellin' you about Kate Negley and the doctor, and here I am plumb off on the guinea line. I never was much of a talker noways, and can't stick to what I want to tell. Ma she always says when I commence to tell anything, 'Now, M'liss, you shut up, and le' *me* tell that; you'll talk all day.' Well, as I was sayin', when Kate Negley takes anything, she takes it pretty hard. When she had the whoopin'-cough and chicken-pox and measles, she had 'em worse 'n anybody else; and when she fell in love with Dr. Negley, she had *that* awful bad. Them that run could read. So when she got sanctification, nobody was n't surprised when she taken that hard, too. She said she 'd never stop till she was as wholly sanctified as they make 'em. And she never got tired searchin' the Scriptures to find out somethin' you must n't do. Then she 'd get up next Sunday in meetin', and tell about such and such a text, and her havin' such and such a leadin', or experience, on that line, and feelin' called to tell it. Kate Negley she commenced

to get so terrible godly, all the rest of us jest felt like we was n't nowheres.

"One of her notions was that nobody could n't be sanctified and drink coffee. You know Solomon says, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin',' and Kate Negley say if coffee was n't strong drink she never seen any, and that anybody that 'u'd drink it was n't truly sanctified. That riled the Station folks consid'able. Of co'se we all thought it was wrong to drink liquor, and we had local option anyways in the Station; but most of us did n't set no store on its bein' wrong to drink coffee.

"The next notion she taken up was on the tobacco line. She got up and talked on that line when she knowed Brother Cheatham hisself, that was then preachin' for us, chewed tobacco and smoked. She said it was a mark of the beast. She said she was 'fraid a heap of church members would spend eternity in a awful hell.

"The Station folks had n't much more 'n got over that talk before one Sunday Kate Negley come in church with her hair hangin' down her back; and after preachin' she up and say she 'd had a bright experience on the hair line; that she been studyin' a long time about what Paul says about women folks adornin' theirselves with modest apparel, and not with braided hair or jewels or costly array. She say she done give up the jewels and costly array too long ago to talk about, but she never did quite understand about the braided hair. She say she always s'posed it meant platted, and she quit plattin' her hair when she first got the blessin'. But she say she never was jest easy about it, and she went up to town to see her cousin Mis' Simmons last week, and Mis' Simmons done got a new dictionary, and she think that 's a good chance to find out jest what 'braided' meant. So she found where it explain the word 'braided,' and she say it say 'braided' means

'to bend, to twist, to entwine, to plat'; and Kate Negley say if any woman can put up her hair without doin' one of them things, she'd like to see 'em do it. She say she think it 's violation of the word of God for women to put their hair up, and that she never expect to wear hern put up again; and she advise all them that want to be wholly sanctified never to wear *their* hair put up no more. Well, that jest more 'n stirred up the women folks, and some of 'em was right in for lettin' their hair hang down their backs like Kate Negley's. But the men folks they held a meetin', and passed resolutions that the first woman that turned her hair loose that a-way her husban'd up and leave her; and that settled 'em.

"Dr. Negley he did n't join in that meetin', and all the men folks was kind of 'fraid to ask him to join. Dr. Negley he 's a saint on earth, if I do say it, and him not sanctified. He 's jest the easiest, kindest, generousest man you ever see, and done spoilt Kate Negley to death 's what 's the matter with her now. He jest thinks Kate Negley can't be beat nowheres, and anything she do is all right. When she let her hair down, he jest say that 's all right, he think she look mighty pretty that a-way. And I don't say she did n't. Her hair it 's curly, and not very long, and ain't got a gray thread in it; and I always thought it *did* look real pretty. But laws! th'ain't a woman in a thousand could have done it and looked decent. But Kate she always was a real pretty woman, and before she got sanctification she used to know it, and used to be terrible stylish and fashionable, and put on more airs than ever was seen in these parts. Doctor he jest give her more 'n was good for any woman. The year after they was married he built her the nicest house in the Station—two stories, and seven rooms in it, and porches and windows all round. They never had no children, and the doctor he taken out all his spoilin' on Kate, and she used to it, and look for it. Of co'se when Kate got religion she natchully wanted to convert the doctor the first thing; but he kind of shake his head and laugh a little, and say he think she got enough religion to carry 'em both through, and for her to go 'long and do the prayin' and shoutin' while he make the livin'.

"Well, after Kate Negley let her hair down she kind of taken a back seat for a while. Seem like she sort of satisfied. And things would have moved along smooth enough if it had n't been for the doctor havin' took up with the Masons when he went to medical college at Louisville. He joined 'em then, and kept up a terrible hankerin' after 'em ever since, look like; and at last he give a' invite to the lodge in town to come out to the Station and get up a branch lodge out here. At first the men folks

kind of held back 'count of the initiation and ridin' the goat and that; but finally most of 'em got up their courage and joined—Brother Rolly McKittrick, and Brother Gilly Jones, and Brother Melton, and more of the sanctified, and of *co'se* all the sinners. And even Brother Cheatham hisself joined 'em and met with 'em. They hired 'em a room over Bundy's store, and commenced to meet two or three nights a week, and seemed to have consid'able fun. They 'd pass all kinds of signs and winks between 'em, and had a p'tic'lar hand-shake.

"Of co'se the women folks did n't like it none too well, and did n't thank the doctor for bringin' that lodge out here. But they never let on. But I knowed if Kate Negley had feelin's on the subject we 'd hear from her. Sure enough, about three weeks after that lodge got started to runnin' nice, Kate Negley she up one Sunday after preachin' and say she been a-warrin' with the spirit till she reach a point where she must move out and speak, or lose her own soul. She say she done refuse to take action till she pretty near lost the blessin', and got plumb desperate. She say the p'tic'lar line she felt called to speak on was secret societies and lodges. She say she had a big leadin' on that line, but she been a-querchin' the spirit, and pullin' back from the work. But she say when she seen them that ought to speak *would n't* speak, but was jest a-pacin' down the big road theirselves, she dass n't keep quiet no longer. She say the Bible say to lay aside every weight, and be not conformed to the world, and not to have fellowship with the workers of darkness. She say she reckon the lodges might get mad at bein' called workers of darkness; but she say, what else was they? She say who knows what 's goin' on inside that lodge-room? She say *nobody* knows, 'cause th'ain't no way in the world to get a peep into it. She say if they was n't workers of darkness, how come they bolt them doors and paint them lower window-panes? She say yea, it was like the Bible said, 'They loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds was evil.' She say yea, 'Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest.' She say if their doin's was righteous, why n't they get out in broad daylight an' do 'em? She say how come they act like they 'shamed of 'em? She say if they found any salvation in ridin' a goat, why n't they let the light shine? She say she was 'fraid on the great day there 'd be a division even amongst them that called theirselves sanctified. She say while some was settin' up on the *right* hand, she was 'fraid that others she could name, that had hankered after the company of sinners and

goats in *this* world, would be gettin' a bigger dose of it than they wanted *there*!

"Well, you ought to have seen them men folks while she was a-talkin'! You never see anything look as mad *in* your life. Brother Cheatham he was jest a-boilin', and he jump up right quick, like he goin' to answer her. But he seen she got Scripture on 'em, so he pulled hisself together, and give out a hymn. The doctor he was n't at church, 'cause he never did come; but Monday night, when the lodge met again, Brother Jones and them up and told the doctor what she said. The doctor he laughed real quiet, and told 'em he reckon what he had to stand every day in the week they could certainly stand for a little while on Sunday. He told 'em not to mind; that women was women, and it 'u'd all blow over after while.

"But it did n't blow over. Kate she never said no more in church, but she went around to see all the women folks, and talked to 'em, and expounded Scripture to 'em, and got 'em all stirred up; and they all commenced on their p'tic'lar husbands, and things commenced to run pretty high in the Station. The more the women talked, the more the men went to the lodge to get a little peace. At last Brother Jones and them told the doctor one night he 'd have to do somethin' to shut his wife's mouth, that life was gettin' to be a mighty ornery thing with all the women a-talkin' so much, and they really think something ought to be done. The doctor he 'greed with 'em, and say he think somethin' ought to be done, too. They kep' on discussin' of it till it got pretty late before they knowed it; and more 'n one of 'em felt kind o' trembly goin' home, 'cause they did n't know what their women *would* say this time. The doctor he fairly made tracks for home, and he thought he 'd let hisself in real easy, and not wake up Kate Negley. He turned the knob real quiet, not makin' no noise, and kind of give the door a shove. But the door would n't budge, and he found that door been locked on the inside. He tiptoed round to the kitchen door then, but he found that locked too. Then he tried the dining-room window, but he recollect all the windows got them patent fasteners on 'em to keep out the burglars. So he seen he 'd have to wake

up Kate Negley. He tiptoed round to the front door again, and hollered real soft, 'Open the door, Kate!' He waited a little, and then he hollered a little louder, 'I wisht you 'd please get up there and unlock this door!' Still he never got no answer. It was a cold night, too, and blowin' like everything. He rap on the door then, and holler again right loud, and shake the door: 'Hurry up and le' me in, will you? I 'm all but froze!' Then he heard a window goin' up, and Kate Negley poke her head out, right slow, and look at him. 'S'p'osin' you get in with your lodge key!' she says, mighty ca'm like. Then he heard her shut the window and get back into bed.

"The doctor he stood there a minute right still, and then he put out for the wood-house, and pretty soon come back with a' ax. Now, if there was anything in the world that Kate Negley would have set store by if she had n't been sanctified, it was that front door of hern. I don't say she *did* take pride in it, for of co'se them that 's got sanctification has the old Adam took out of 'em, and the carnal mind, and the pride of the eye and the flesh. But I *do* say if there was anything in the world she would have been proud of if she had n't been sanctified, it was that front door. The doctor he sent off somewheres after it; and there never was, or has been, anything like it in the Station. It was cherry wood, consid'ably carved, and had two long panes of whitish glass in it. He come up on the porch, and holler up, 'I 'm a-comin' in with my lodge key!' and with that he let fly at that front door, and before you could say Jack Robi'son he cut it in about a hundred pieces. The glass it made a terrible noise a-fallin', and Kate Negley she come down them stairs two at a time, in her night-clo'es. She wring her hands, and cry and holler. But it never fazed the doctor. He jest kep' a-choppin' till that door jest nice for kindlin'-wood. All he say was, 'You see, I 'm a-gettin' in with my lodge key!' And next day the doctor sent for Abe Timbles, that potters around consid'able at carpenterin', to come and take the measure for the plainest deal door he could make. And that 's the kind of front door Kate Negley's got in her house this day; and she still has her leadin's, but you jest bet she don't have no more on the lodge line."

Lucy S. Furman.



THE END OF THE GAME.



YOU really can't rouse me to much enthusiasm over the short story," she said. "I know all you would say of it,—subtile, perfect of form, and sonnet-like in finish,—‘yet I am well.’ Any man may wear its laurels, and I envy him not. But when it comes to the literature of correspondence, then I confess to coveting the crown. I would rather have written a series of fascinating letters than all the short stories of the decade."

"Do it," said he. "Put your next novel into epistolary form."

"I might—and fail more signally than ever in making my characters speak out what is in them. Letters, of all things, must be written from the heart. Fancy the tone Swift's would have taken if he had been told he must correct the proofs on some day of reckoning!"

"The heart is a fiction in literature. We all know what powerful work has been done with the avowed purpose of making money, and by men who would n't have touched pen to paper without that ignoble spur."

"You are a pagan!"

"You are a sentimentalist—shall that be my retort? No; you are simply ‘pure womanly.’ You can't imagine desires fulfilled without esthetic cringings and moral winces."

"Nothing of the sort; but I do acknowledge the concrete fact that I could n't play dummy in a series of letters."

"Then—collaborate."

"With whom? Some gifted ghost? Prosper Mérimée's?"

"With me. We say good-by to-morrow, after a charming summer acquaintance of six weeks. You leave this hotel, and go back to your Bohemian Boston attic. I return to New York and journalism. Now, let us assume a situation. I am madly in love with you. Don't start! How undramatic you are! You—there my invention halts, though it is easy to see there would be no story without an obstacle. What shall it be, your engagement or mine?"

"You give me a choice of fetters! That's generous. But I won't take the hackneyed obstacle of ‘another,’ thank you! Somebody always has to descend to bathos or perfidy in order to extricate himself. No; let's pretend that we are conscious of a mutual attraction, but don't in the least satisfy each other's ideals of what a man and woman should be."

"Do forgive me for saying how truly Bostonese and priggish!"

"Shall I endeavor to be suburban and flip-pant? Well, there are dozens of possible situations. Take your choice. Disgrace—my great-uncle has cheated the widow and orphan, and then shot himself."

"No drawback at all, unless you get up some sort of moral scruple about returning the spoils; and that would bore me to such an extent that I should reply only by postal cards."

"Hereditary feud—though in that case we should have to join hands in the regulation manner, and satisfy tradition. My imagination is quite at sea; you propose something."

"Consumption and insanity have been done to death. You might be devoted to a cause, and refuse to give it up for devotion to one man."

"Hundreds of women have fought, bled, and died over that, from ‘The Princess’ down. Best of all, why not begin the correspondence, and let it determine its own course?"

"Excellent! We will merely draw a heavy line under the fact that I am in love with you. Remember to write only on one side of the paper, won't you? It will save us a deal of copying."

"Yes; and suppose we send the letters flat in large envelopes? Then we need only number them, lay them aside, and they are ready for the printer. But I predict a bar to our perfect satisfaction in the completed work. Did you ever yet write a clever thing without having some great-aunt or second cousin accuse you of lending it from your personal experience?"

"Never; and I anticipate what you are going to say. No matter how much the all-knowing public clamors for ‘author’ of our immortal work, we will lie low and confess nothing. But if it actually does find us out, we will deny it the satisfaction of declaring that our own hearts have been laid bare; for I will claim the woman's part, and you shall have the man's!"

"Clever, indeed; but bold to a ‘bragian’ extent! Well, say what you like. I will at least deny nothing. How often shall we write?"

"Every day, by all means. I have some important work coming on in December, and I should like to finish this episode of the heart before then. By the way, remember to make no allusion in the letters to the fact that we are playing a game. Let us dress for the part, de-

ceive ourselves into all possible earnestness, and see what swagger-things we can do."

IN a month the correspondence was in full swing, and, omitting the letters which served as prologue, thus it ran:

HE.

YOUR yesterday's letter probed my armor at a hundred points. I have loved other women, you say; what, more or less, does it mean when I declare I love you? It is true, I have had my dreams and passions, though I should decidedly object to posing as that species of hero who is not only beautifully Byronic, but truly unwholesome. I am the average man, with a sense of the ideal and a poetic imagination. Therefore have I idealized woman, and to idealize is to love. I loved my cousin May. She grew up and away from me, and married somebody else. She was a bonnie bride,—God bless her!—and meeting her to-day is as commonplace as reading the weather probabilities. Two years after, I wrote sonnets to a woman who never guessed them to be from what I am pleased to call my soul; and this summer, when you met me, I was engaged. You have not seen her, but you have heard of her—a gentle, domestic creature, who would have made me half happy and supremely comfortable. She guessed at my having fled from you because I dared not trust myself to stay, and gave me my freedom. She is no less tranquil, and I am her everlasting debtor. What then? "If these things be so," you say, "what can love mean? What do you give me more than the others? How do I know whether the jewel is mine own, not only to have, but to hold?" You speak like one born yesterday, or as a child forlornly strayed out of Arcadia into these solid streets. Have you yet to learn that a relation must be judged, not by its length, but by its perfection? When I sat with you those moon-fed nights, while the sea washed the rocks at our feet, and we had no need of talking because our thoughts ran together like heavenly horses of the sun, what then? Do you think such communion is often duplicated? Does one find a diamond more than once in a lifetime, or see the perfect arch of the rainbow twice in a summer? Why will you so fatally pull open the petals of this heart-flower, to count the stamens, and determine whether it conforms to this or that system of classification? You know me—the average man. Such as I am, I am yours. If you challenge me to the clearest truth I know how to utter, I confess that I know nothing about eternity, and care less. I ask you to walk step and step with me through this troublous world; and if, some fair morning, I should wake and see your face beside me in that other land which theologians and poets

seem to know all about, why, then, I'll give you merry greeting! But as to swearing that I shall love you eternally, how do I know? I would have sworn it had we met ten years ago. Now the days, inexorable "daughters of time," have brought me wisdom, and I see that our affections are indeed "tents of a night." But passing fair they are, and I prithee, sweet mistress, let me rest in mine undisturbed. You women expect of men a fantastic and impossible loyalty—a loyalty consecrated to keeping a niche vacant for you until you come, and making life forever sterile after you go. God knows your scheme might be a happy and heroic one for some unknown world, made on a different plan, but not in this—not in this! We are growing and changing creatures, like our brothers, the trees. Year by year we put forth shining buds, and renew ourselves in the sun and cherishing air. There *were* birds in last year's nests, I tell you plainly; but now they are gone. Shall my leaves whisper above the poor little brown dwellings with no desire to see them warm again with downy life? Perish the thought!—since change is life, and standstill means decay and death. You are the choice of my prime. Why deny us both our happiness because you cling too long and closely to the dreams of youth?

SHE.

WHEN I read a letter like your last I almost hate you. Fortunately—or the reverse, according as you value my toleration—you do not fall into the Goethean platitudes which would force me to remove myself forever from the risk of hearing them. You are not absolutely blasphemous. You do not say, in so many words, that love is a succession of fancies and phases; and so I am sorry for you without actually despising you. For, believe me, my friend, it is true that though men do not die of love, they should think it possible.

Though, if I deny you, in a year you will have loved again, you should be swearing to me and to yourself that, without me, in your own proper person, you die. And I should know you would not die, and you would know I knew it, because we are neither of us at the morning of life, when one believes that wishing brings the boon; but we should be a little nearer heaven than we are now. For I, alas! doubt you, and you can analyze yourself and me. So, farewell,—nay, rather, honest, plain good-by. May all the gods be with you, for I will not! You need them, and you do not need me more than another.

HE.

Now, by all the powers that rule this curious modern world of analysis and cross-analysis,

or occupy their Olympic leisure in bringing about the madness of our day, it shall not be good-by! The gods shall be with me, but only to fight on my side, not to console me for a victory lost. Poor child! you can't help your temperament, can you? No more can I mine. But yours is the greater curse. You are stung by the gadfly of the ideal, and you are fated to rage through life in search of the perfect love, a perfect lover. Diogenes himself, that prince of visionaries, might have held himself moderate in comparison. You should have lived in a day when I could have claimed your hand through battle with a hundred knights; when your favor would have had baptism of blood, and I could at last have come begging home from Holy Land to die at your feet. You would have canonized me then, in your maiden calendar, with the same single-mindedness and fervor which had inspired you when you buckled on my armor, and sat at prayer and tapestry while I fought the heathen host. And since you are denied that narrow and musty path, you would fain invent wild beasts and paynims of the mind for me to conquer. I must play with you a poetic drama of love, overleap obstacles, and dissect my heart and your own, to note whether the tissues are homogeneous. And I would do it if there were no other way of winning you. I am but a man, an actor in this merry game of life, and I could well play such a pretty interlude, if needs must. But I should do it only under protest, as one might snatch a glove from the arena. Realities far better serve my mood, and I'd rather sit down with you to one of those flashing hours of lightning speech than rhyme you "love" and "dove" by the ream, and pretend I had not slept since I saw you last. Heaven save us! it's an easy part to play. Listen; this is how Strephon would woo you—Strephon who has never loved before, and never will gaze on woman's face again while you and he shall live; nay, who shall be constant beyond the stars!

"Last night I could not sleep. The minutes whispered of you, the hours struck your name." (Poor metaphor; but Strephon's metaphors *would* be poor. You find such romantic bathos only in combination with intellectual poverty.) "At midnight I rose, and looked at the moon sailing her sea of blue. Immeasurably far" (or do they know her distance?), "she was yet nearer than you; for no intelligence of the night would bring me news of you. Were you wakeful, and did your thoughts turn burningly to me, as mine to you; or did you wander lonely in dreams whither I could not follow? O most dear, jewel of the earth and desire of all the winds of heaven that dare to touch your cheek, one word from you or I die!"

Do you like it? The style is fatiguing, and

the subject-matter, feeble as it is, a tax on the imagination; but I can turn out such stuff by the quarto volume, and perhaps I could even talk it on a rainy day, when you had lighted my pipe, and I was disposed, like a kindly lord and master, to humor you. Dost like it, I say, and wilt have more to-morrow? But whatever thou wilt have, be assured that I will have thee from henceforth and—nay, I cannot say forever, for that would be pure folly, and an arrogance at which fate smiles.

SHE.

Why do I answer a letter like that—not even earnest, but jeering at me and the holiest of my dreams? I do not know, except that I seem to myself so hopelessly under your influence that I cannot cut this knot at one stroke, as a more heroic woman might. And that brings me to another reason why I should not be to you what we both have hoped. I have accused you of not loving me. I come now to the doubt whether I in the least love you. That you attract me, I grant you, and that the attraction is so strong I can hardly withstand even your written words, I allow with shame; but that I love you—no, I am not sure of it. What have we in common? I am trying to stumble into the path of the ideal, and you are contenting yourself with a daily carnival of intellectual pastimes, with flashing lights and glowing flowers. I want to bind my hopes to emotions that are imperishable, and relations that are infinite; you are content to take the joy of the flying hour, and pledge yourself to no more arduous task than that of making it your own. You disappoint me at every turn, and yet you fascinate me. As I write, the ring of your voice, the remembrance of that radiant look you threw me when you rode away,—for your eyes could laugh because the sky was blue and the air soft, and mine were heavy with tears since I must lose you,—the very thought of your presence so sweeps over me at times that I whisper the air to carry you the message, "I am yours!" But, after all, I am not. An inner self—a dissenting, stern, and resolute self—says "No"; and I cannot yield. Oh, if you but guessed it, I had been easily won before I knew you so well! Had you been less honest,—less insolent, I might write,—had you paid me the compliment of lying to me, you might, I say, have won me; but I suppose I shall some day thank heaven that you did not choose. That you could stop in the midst of a letter to the woman you profess to love, and interpolate a travesty of honest emotion—oh, it sickens me! Let us write no more. What have we to say? For you there are a thousand pleasure-paths, since, as you own, you have an idealizing and poetic

nature, and there are thousands of women for you to idealize. I have been but a throbbing line in your spectrum of life. As for me, perhaps I can some day be wholly thankful that I did, though with breaking heart, choose the highest. Do you remember Guinevere's self-despairing cry :

"I should have loved the highest" ?

Do you remember how Maggie Tulliver turned from Stephen, not alone because he was bound to her cousin, but because the nobler part of her nature never responded to his call ? I do not court martyrdom with these ; but I stretch out my hands to them for help in this stress and trouble of my life, that their memory may give me strength. Do not answer this. Why should we spar with words ? To you it may be intellectually amusing ; to me it is agony.

HE.

My child, you never gave me so much joy in your life. You say I am fascinating to you. I make my lowest bow, and respond that you are infinitely charming to me. What more do we ask ? Love is but a subtle attraction, and there is scarcely one chance in a million that either of us finds in another the mysterious soul-likeness or soul-difference which draws us now together. I consider myself, so to speak, a saturated solution. (Did David Copperfield say that before me ?) I can conceive that I might adore some other order of being more than I adore you ; but it is not within the remotest possibility that I shall meet such a being during the next fifty years, and at the end of that time I expect to be dust. Therefore we are quite safe, and let us haste to the wedding. By the way, I met Aunt Elizabeth to-day, and told her we are to be married in the spring, and she proposed having some jewels set for you. I could give you dozens of toothsome little items like this, if you did n't keep me so busy writing about the state of my soul, or wildly defending myself from the charge of having one. But I implore you, as a friend,—nay, as a lover, whose peace of mind should be precious to you,—not to mix our affairs with those of bogies out of books like Guinevere and the Tullivers. Why should they be dragged forth to daunt me ? I shudder when you tacitly command me to put on buskins and copy some hero of tragic story. Much as I delight in your letters, I tell you frankly they make me nervous. I feel as if I must respond in blank verse, and my muse has been halt and blind this many a year. You have criticized me tremendously, my lady, for the last three weeks. I am going to retaliate, and enlarge upon your greatest

fault. Neither wince nor fear me ; 't is not that you are not fairest, virtuouslest of your sex, but that you have no sense of humor. If you had, you would appreciate that neat little bit about Strephon in my last. I consider it a clever interpolation ; but you, being, as I say, destitute of humor, count it a blasphemy against the Unknown Eros. (And let me tell you that Eros, in his best estate, does a precious deal of laughing. He is nut-brown and rosy, and I should n't wonder if he were fed on strong ale and meat, instead of sweets and syllabub.) Think not, though, that I love thee less for thy foolish seriousness, for in that thou art the more feminine. No woman yet ever had a man's sense of humor without losing some essence of fineness, some aroma of her sex, priceless beyond jewels. And so I do not accuse you because I would have you other than you are, but that you may say to yourself, when you do not approve me, "It is because, being a man, he sees the strange, jagged edges of events, and the way they fit into each other—the awful incongruousness of life ; he smiles over the grim irony of the game, and smiles where I should pray." You will keep on striving for the impossible, seeking the gold at the end of the rainbow ; and I shall pore over the pebbles at my feet, in search of some more shining than the rest, to build into our garden wall. We will still be different, but alike in that we love each other.

HE.

(*Telegram.*) Are you ill ? Why do you not write ?

SHE.

(*Telegram.*) I am quite well. Letter follows.

SHE.

MY FRIEND : My last letter tells you my reason for not writing. How could you have misread it or forgotten ? I said then that we have nothing in common, and that we must part. What could I add ? There was no need of further valedictory. Yet if there be need, let me say now that I wish you all good, all happiness and peace. I am your friend . . .

HE.

THE strikes are making dramas at every street corner. I am out all day, and writing leaders at night. It's a tremendous chance to do splendid work, but I shall throw it up and go to you if I don't hear by the next mail. What right have you to withdraw from your faith—your bond ? You are mine, I tell you ! I can't stop to argue, with socialism pulling at one sleeve and love at the other ; but—come ! stand up

like a man, and tell me you love me. I challenge you!

SHE.

Do not think of coming to me when you can march in the van of a movement like this, and throw one influencing note into the uproar of voices. I think of you as Taillefer before Hastings; and the struggle of class to-day is no less tremendous than that between races eight centuries ago. Oh, that I too were wise enough to influence the scale by a hair! But I am not, and therefore I joy in knowing that I have a friend in the field, and that he will fight for me. Of course I shall write to you. There is no bar to friendship between us, but with that line we stop. We have been foolish in attempting to cross it; and having seen our mistake, we remain henceforth in the level meadows on the hither side of prudence. Beyond were mountain-tops of exaltation (so we thought) and valleys of despair, as one of us found; but here there is peace. Let us talk no more of our futile dreams, but, if we do write, speak only of the problems of this great day—so dark, yet so sure to burn away its clouds. I read eagerly everything that you send me. Your last article seemed to me perfect, broadly humanitarian, and yet full of the keenest common sense. Your sarcastic mirroring of the pure philanthropist, "the merely good, who constantly needs the supervision of the truly wise," may be—must be—true. I acquiesce, because you are a student and I am not; but at each word I shrink for fear the next will prove you mere scoffer and cynic. But it does not. I can believe that you are standing the test of sentimentalist and statistician, and—emptiest and most delusive of honors!—are making a name. But to me it is far more that you fill a place in the surging ranks of this ill-trained army of men, and I send you God-speed.

HE.

I HAVE mailed you a bundle of papers. They will show you what I have been about; for my arm is so tired of writing facts, and my brain of matching them, that I shrink from going over the story again, even in a letter. There is, as you will see, a lull. The social caldron is not seething over just at this minute, though the dregs are still agitated. Last night I took my first breath of real rest and relaxation: on my way home, dead tired and too excited to sleep, I saw a light in Mary Wilbur's windows. To speak tersely, as becomes one who has written facts and figures for the last week, she is the woman who broke her engagement with me a few months ago. I rang the bell, and was admitted. She and her mother keep house, in an exquisite fashion, in a little apartment.

They were there by the fire—two gentlewomen who, it seemed to me, having no workaday men to wait for, should have been in bed hours before. But "we were talking," said the mother, and the younger woman only smiled a welcome, and busied herself, in a gracious way, in serving a little supper for me. Well, the repose of it all! This, it seemed to me, was the true meaning of the *ewig weibliche*—grace, beauty, poise, without anxiety for the way the battle of life is turning, without undue stress over anything; simple bloom and delight in blooming, like that of the rose in mid-wilderness. Sometimes, when I have been fighting a grimy world-battle, like that of last week (wherein I am afraid I was not so much inspirer and leader as you think), some phase of the esthetic side of life strikes me with such power that I faint and sicken under my longing for it; the reproachful clarion-cry of pure beauty comes across the murky, mob-peopled wilderness of life like a silver trumpet-call. Then nothing seems of value but peace—the peace born of innocence, and not of battles fought or dreams outgrown; and I long for a new life, a new land, unpolluted by utilitarian desires. And all this because two women stayed me with flagons, and talked musically and slow, with fine cadences, of a struggle that seemed to them, as then to me, afar and vain!

I ought to be able to describe Mary Wilbur to you, but I cannot so subtly that you would not think her commonplace. Her eyes are deep, not bright; her hair is an honest brown; her walk would never enslave the eye, though every movement is fine. But she is so finished, so harmonious! You know good breeding is sometimes a matter of inheritance, and again of imitation and constant self-counsel. Well, with her, I believe fine manners to be but the index of her finer soul. It is not even necessary to know her well in order to swear that she never had a thought which would not be pure and beautiful as a flower if it suddenly bloomed into speech. You will say my head is light to-night from wakefulness and weariness, and perhaps you will be right. Yet my soul speaketh as it speaks seldom to any one, and I dare tell you exactly how the beauty and harmony of things have stirred me, and made me long for joy, contentment, peace.

Good-night! Tell me you understand this side of me as well as the hard-headed one that writes leaders and compels in you an admiration for which I don't care a pin. Tell me you understand the real ego, who is himself of the private opinion that he is a bubble, iridescent here and there as he reflects the sun, and speedily to be resolved into nothingness by some wind of fate.

SHE.

No, I do not understand that side of you ; but why should I ? One hardly expects understanding of the emotional nature from a woman who is in the stress and storm of life, and would not be elsewhere. I am not harmonious, nor am I full of repose, nor do such graces appeal to me when they are the mere results of ignorance and youth, and not of peace attained through strength and wisdom. Yet now I remember you did not ask me to admire this glittering broidery of life, but only to sympathize with you for being dazzled by it. At least I am glad you find such perfect understanding, and I hope you will see Miss Wilbur often. One can easily read your need of relaxation after so severe a strain.

HE.

O femina ! — I will not complete the quotation, since it would be manifestly inapplicable. It is your vice, methinks, that you are not more fickle and changing, and one that brings you much discomfort. For if, instead of marching with head erect in the van of your army of ideas (and just and right they usually are), you could take little side excursions with me into the foolish realms of fancy, you would be far happier. But, to return to the apostrophe, abstract of all mystery, with which I began this letter : let me go on from there, and charge you with the most egregious inconsistency ever perpetrated by your sex. For, not many days ago, you did accuse me of lacking ideality and pure sentiment ; and now, when I kick up my heels and prance about the pastures of No Man's Land, you do coldly inform me that I am incomprehensible. Prithee, tell me why ? Though to-day I am no such man, and can smile at the mood I was in that night. Throughout the last twelve hours I have behaved as becomes a good citizen, and one who might be alderman an the fickle mob would elect him. First, I held a knock-down battle with an apostle of the single tax (I will not say who was worsted) ; then I talked with some boys (nay, children ; for they were but twenty-one) who are going to reform the world, and bring out a political magazine, and told them how futile and fond all such nonsense is, and that, if they would not have their lives wasted, they should spend them on some form of art, ending with a rhetorical burst,

"The bust outlasts the throne ;
The coin, Tiberius."

Then I lunched royally at the club, as one may who has earned much by telling his unwashed

brother how to live cleanly and godly ; took a middle-aged nap ; met Mary Wilbur by chance, and walked with her, soothed anew by her violets' fragrance, and the sweet seriousness of her smile ; and dined out — by the way, taking her in to dinner.

Now, listen to me ; this letter-writing is only fit for Tantalus. Of course I own it preferable to nothing at all ; but time is flying faster than it was in old Herrick's leisurely day, and I am impatient. When will you marry me ?

SHE.

When will I marry you ? *Never !* I have told you so before ; but I tell you so now in a passion of rage at myself for giving you a chance to ask me again, even in so perfunctory a way, and at you for daring to insult me by doing it. You fill your letters with references to the beauty and grace of a woman you professed to love only a few months ago, and then, almost in the same breath, you ask me to marry you ! Never — never ! Yet perhaps I need not deny you thus passionately. It may be that you feel yourself tacitly bound to me, and ask in order that I may give you a welcome release. I wish you well. Good-by.

HE.

HERE is an end of trifling for you and for me. You profess to treat life more seriously than I, and yet you dare juggle with it. Stand up before the bar of truth and your own soul, and answer me. Do you love me ? Yes or no ! Not with any sophistical quibblings as to whether I am stable or fickle, good or bad, Philistine or poet. Do you love me — *me* — the me whom you would walk with and talk with, smile at and weep over, if you were my wife ? Then, having answered that question as your own honor will have it, ask yourself what it is, in the face of a great fact, a great life-tide like this, if I do tell you a woman is pretty, is sweet, is pleasant. You are you, and I am I ; and I call upon you to swear yourself mine. Love is not love that concerns itself with sophistry and shamblings. If you think me weak, why, love me all the more. If I am fickle, wait — if you believe so strongly in eternal passion — till, even after a thousand deflections of fancy, I return to you, though on some other star. *If*, I say ; but I pledge you my fealty with the breath of a man, and not a dastard. Therefore, do you now gird your soul with virgin armor, lay your hand in mine, and meet these imps and goblins of life at my side. You would have faced the wild beasts of the forest with me if we had lived in knightly days ; but you do fear the unsubstantial psychological spirits

that go with a complex civilization. Are you jealous of Mary Wilbur? She is a sweet woman, but she is not for me, nor am I for her. One question, one answer, settle the status of our little world. Do you love me? For if you do I shall go down to see you to-morrow night; and when I can once look into your eyes, I defy you to tell me anything but the truth.

SHE.

Then, come!

HER answer! It found him standing at the hall door, his mouth set in hard lines, impatience burning in his eyes. He was ready, even to his greatcoat and gloves, for going into the country at the summons of another wo-

man, the one to whom he had been engaged for five years, and whom he had not seen for more than a twelvemonth. He was waiting only for this final letter, and when it came he tore it open, read the two words, and crushed the paper in his hand. He stood there a moment, undecided, immovable. At length—

"God help us all!" he said under his breath. "Does she mean it, or is it a part of the game?"

The clock struck. Still he waited, deep in wretched thought. Now the hands of the time-piece pointed to a moment so late that, whichever way his decision might lead him, it must be followed in haste. He thrust the crumpled note into his pocket, seized his bag, and ran.

Alice Brown.



NOTTINGHAM HUNT.

(AUGUST 22, 1642.)

OH, the dawn is all about us and the dew is in our faces,
Dashed from off the rushing branches as we ride and, riding, sing:
"Yoiks! The hunt is up, the hounds are out, the beaters in their places;
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the King!"

Hi! the chase is well-nigh over, for the game has broken cover,
Scudding out into the open, while the moors and meadows ring
With the yell of horns, the bay of hounds, the shout of lord and lover:
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the King.

Count the rascals as they scamper! If there 's one, there 's one-and-twenty;
There 's the gray old fox Noll Cromwell, crafty Pym, and coward Byng,
Hampden, Hollis, Vane, and Essex—Lord! there 's sport enough in plenty;
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the King.

Now, for God, for Charles, for England! as we close upon the vermin;
The dogs shall tear the many, save old Cromwell; he shall swing.
Aye, we 'll hang him high as Haman, give him hempen rope to squirm in;
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the King.

Soon the sun will be behind us, and the night wind in our faces,
Blowing gaily from the uplands as we ride and, riding, sing:
"Oh, the hunt is done, the horsemen home, the trail has left no traces,
And we ride to lay the brushes at the feet of Charles the King."

Ralph Adams Cram.

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XIII.



WITH slow steps, and pressing her clasped hands to her bodice, the girl reached the door of her father's house at dusk. She knew that he was away, and that as she had not come home earlier her mother would be in the lower rooms preparing Dalrymple's supper. The door which gave access to the staircase from the street was still open, and she was almost sure of being able to reach her own room unobserved, unless she chanced to come upon Dalrymple himself on the stairs. Just then she would rather have met him than her mother. She was in great pain, and it would have been hard to explain to Sora Nanna that she believed herself to have been deliberately poisoned.

She crept noiselessly up the stairs, which were almost dark, and came to Dalrymple's door, which faced the first landing. She paused and hesitated, leaning against the wall. He was a wise man, in her opinion, and would of course understand her symptoms at once. But then, as she was poisoned, he could do nothing for her. If that were true, her next thought told her that Sor Tommaso must have poisoned himself. He would not do that. She had never heard of antidotes; for, though poisoning was traditionally familiar to her and the people of her class, it was very uncommon. Yet her sharpened wit told her that if Sor Tommaso had swallowed the stuff, as he had done, with a smile, he had means at his disposal for counteracting it—some medicine which he had doubtless taken as soon as she had left him. But if he had medicine to save from poison, Dalrymple, who was a far wiser man, must have such medicines too, and even better ones. This reflection decided her. She was close to his door. It was probable that he would be in his room at that hour. She was in fear of her life, and she knocked.

But Dalrymple had not come back. He had gone for a long walk alone in the hills, had climbed higher as the sun sank lower, and was belated in steep paths along which even his mountain-trained feet trod with some caution. He was too familiar with the country to lose his way, but he by no means found the shortest

way there was, nor was he especially anxious to do so. The hours would pass sooner in walking than in sitting over his books under the flaring little flames of the three brass beaks.

Annetta saw that there was no light in the room, for the hole through which the latch-string hung was worn wide with use. She felt dizzy, too, and the knife-like pain ran through her so that she bent herself. She knew that Dalrymple kept his medicines locked up in the laboratory, and that she could not get at them, though she would have had little hesitation in swallowing anything she found, in the simple certainty that all his medicines must be good in themselves, and therefore life-saving and good for her. But he was out, and she was sure that there could be nothing in the bedroom. She had herself too often looked into every corner when she watered and swept the brick floor each morning, and put things in order according to her primitive ideas.

She then and there lost her hold upon life. She was poisoned, and must die. She was assured of it as the Chinaman who has seen an eagle, and who, recognizing that his hour is come, calmly lies down and breathes his last by the mere suspension of volition. In old countries the lower orders, as a rule, have but a low vitality. It may be truer to say that the vital volition is weak. Let the learned settle the definition. The fact is easily accounted for. During generations upon generations the majority of European agricultural populations live upon vegetable food, like the majority of Eastern Asiatics, and with the same result. Hard labor produces hard muscles, but vegetable food yields a low vital tension, so to say. Soldiers know it well enough. The pale-faced city clerk who eats meat twice a day will outfight and outlast and outstarve the burly laborer whose big thews and sinews are mostly compounded of potatoes, corn, and water.

The girl crept up the stairs stealthily to her lonely little room, and lay down to die upon her bed, as though that were the only thing to be done under the circumstances. It never occurred to her to go to her mother and tell her what had happened and what she suspected, any more than it had suggested itself to Sor Tommaso to lay information against her for having stabbed him. If her father had been

at home, she might perhaps have gone to him and told him with her dying breath that the doctor had killed her, and that Stefanone must avenge her. But he was away. She was stronger than her mother, and had always dominated her. She knew, also, that if she complained, Sora Nanna would raise such a scream as would bring half Subiaco running to the house. The girl's animal instinct was to die alone, and quietly. So she made no sound, and lay upon her bed, writhing in pain and holding her sides with all her might, but with close-set teeth and silent lips.

Looked at from the point of view of fact, it was all ridiculous enough. The girl had been all day in the hot autumn sun, had eaten a quantity of overripe figs and grapes, which might have upset the digestion of an ostrich, had tired even her strong limbs with the final walk home, and had then, at Sor Tommaso's house, swallowed nearly a quart of ice-cold water. It was not surprising that she should be very ill. It was not even strange that the theory of poison should suggest itself. To her it was tragedy, and meant nothing less than death, when she lay down upon her bed.

Between the spasms all sorts of things passed through her mind, when her head lay still upon the pillow. But chiefly and particularly her thoughts were filled with hatred of Sor Tommaso, and a sort of doglike longing to see Dalrymple's face before she died. She was still fascinated by the vision of his red hair and bright blue eyes, which came back to her vividly, with the careless smile his hard face had for her half-childish, half-malicious sayings. And with the thought of him came also jealousy of Maria Addolorata, and another hatred which was deeper and stronger and more vengeful than any she owed Sor Tommaso. She felt, rather than understood, that Dalrymple loved the nun with all his heart. She had spoken of her to him and had watched his face, and had seen the quick, savage glare of his eyes, though his voice had expressed only his annoyance. As the vision of him rose before her, she saw him as he had been when the angry blush had overspread his face to the roots of his hair.

The image fixed itself. In the dim shadow behind it she saw the face of Maria Addolorata, like a death-mask, and those strange, deep eyes of the nun looking scornfully at her over the man's shoulder, though she forgot him in the woman's deadly fascination. She stared, unable to close her lids, as it seemed to her, though she longed to shut out the sight. Then a dull noise seemed to be in her ears, a noise that was not a sound, but the stunning effect on her brain of a sound not heard but imagined. There were great circles of light around the nun's head, which cut through Dalrymple's

face and then hid it. They were like glories, like the halos about the heads of saints. Annetta was angry with them, for she was sure that Maria Addolorata was bad, and sinned in her throat.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" cried the angry peasant girl, in a low voice.

"Death!" She could not tell whence the echo came back to her, in a tone strange to her ears—for it was her own, perhaps.

She was startled. The vision vanished, and she sat up on her bed with a quick movement, suddenly wide awake. The pain must have passed. No—it came again, but with far less keenness. She felt her face with her hands, and laughed softly, for she knew that she was alive. It was night, and she must have lain some time there all alone, for there was a silvery, misty something through the darkness, the white dawn of moonrise, which is not like the dawn of day, nor like the departing twilight. As she sat up she saw the outline of the hills, jagged against the crosses of the lead-joined panes in the window. There was the moon-dawn sending up its soft radiance to the sky. A little longer she watched, and a single bright point sent one level ray straight into her face. A moment more and the room was flooded with light so that she could see the smallest objects distinctly.

"But I am alive!" she exclaimed in a soft, glad tone. "The brigand only did me a spite. He was afraid to kill me."

The pain seized her again, less sharp than before, but keen enough to stir her anger. She still sat up, but bent forward, clasping her bodice. In the moonlight she could see her heavy shoes on her feet sticking up before her. Realizing that it was a disgraceful thing to lie down with them on, she sprang off the bed, and began to dust the coverlet with her hand. The pain passed.

After all, she reflected, she had swallowed a quantity of cold water at Sor Tommaso's, whether the first glass had contained any poison or not. She had not forgotten, either, that the same thing had once happened to her before, and that Dalrymple had made it pass with a spoonful of something that had stung her mouth and throat, but which had afterward warmed her and cured her. She felt chilly now, and she wished that she had some of that same stinging, warming stuff.

Something moved, somewhere in the house. The girl listened intently for a moment. Probably Dalrymple had come back and was moving about in his room, washing his hands, as he always did before supper, and taking off his heavy boots. His room was immediately under hers, facing in the same direction. She went toward the door, intending to go down

at once and ask him for some of his medicine. By this time she was persuaded that she was not in any danger, and her common sense told her that she had merely made herself momentarily ill with too many grapes, too much cold water, and too long exposure to the sun. She did not care to let her mother know anything about it, for Sora Nanna would scold her. It would be a simple matter to catch the Scotchman at his door, to get what she wanted from him with an easily given promise of secrecy, and then to go down-stairs as though nothing had happened.

Annetta hesitated only a moment, and then went out into the dark staircase, and crept down as she had crept up, feeling her way at the turnings by the wall. She reached the door, and was surprised to see that there was no light within—none of that yellow light which a lamp makes, but only the gray glimmer of the moonlight through the shadow, creeping out by the hole of the latch-string. Her ears had deceived her, and Dalrymple was not there. Nevertheless she believed that he was. The moonlight would be in his room as it was in hers, just overhead, and he might not have taken the trouble to light his lamp. It was very probable. She tapped softly, but there was no answer. She was afraid that her mother might come up the stairs and hear her speaking through the door, as though by stealth. She put her lips close to the hole of the latch and whistled softly. Her whistle was broken by her own smile as she fancied that Dalrymple might start at the unexpected sound.

But there was no response. Growing bolder, she called him gently.

"Signore! Are you there?"

There was no answer. Just then, as she stooped, the pain ran through her once more. She was so sure that she had heard him that she was convinced he must be within, very probably in his little laboratory beyond the bedroom. The pain hurt her, and he had the medicine. Very naturally she pulled the string and pushed the door open.

He was not there. The moonlight flooded everything, and the whitewashed walls reflected it, so that the place was as bright as day. The first object that met her eyes was a small bottle standing near the edge of the table in the middle of the room, where Dalrymple had carelessly set it down in the afternoon when Sora Nanna had called him to read her letter. It was directly in the line of the moon's rays, and the stopper gleamed like a little star.

Annetta started with joy as she saw it. It was the very bottle from which he had given her the camphor less than a month ago—the same in size, in its transparent contents, in its label. It might have deceived a keener eye than hers.

The door of the laboratory stood open, as he had left it, being at the time preoccupied and careless. She stopped only a moment to assure herself that the bottle was the right one, reflecting that he had perhaps felt ill, and had taken some of it himself. She went on and looked into the little room.

"Signore!" she called softly. But there was no answer.

It was clear that Dalrymple was either still out, or was down-stairs at his supper with her mother. He might be out, however. It was quite possible, on such a fine evening, for he was irregular in his hours. He would not like it if he came in suddenly and found her meddling with his belongings. She crossed the room again and softly shut the door. At least, if he came, she would not be found with the bottle in her hand. She could give an excuse.

It was all so natural. It was the same bottle. She knew the right quantity, for she had the peasant's memory for such detail. There was a glass and a decanter of water on a white plate on the table. She had no spoon, but that did not matter. She took out the stopper with her strong fingers, though it stuck a little. The pain ran through her again as she poured some of the contents into the tumbler, and it made her hand shake so that she poured out a little more than necessary. But it did not matter. She filled it up with water, held the glass up to the moonlight, and drank it at a draught, and set the empty tumbler upon the table again.

Instantly her features changed. She felt as though she were struck through head and heart and body with red-hot steel. Maria Addolorata's death-mask rose before her in the moonlight.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" she tried to say.

But the words were not out of her mouth before she shivered, caught herself by the table, sank down, and lay stone dead upon the brick floor.

There was no noise. Dying, she thought she screamed, but only the faintest moan had passed her lips.

The door was shut, and the quiet moonlight floated in and silvered her dark, dead face.

XIV.

AT moonrise on that evening, Maria Addolorata was standing at the open door of her cell, watching the dark clouds in the west, as they caught the light, one by one, edge by edge. The black shadow of the convent covered all the garden still, and one passing could hardly have seen her as she stood there. Her veil was raised, and the cold mountain breeze chilled her cheeks. But she did not feel it, for she had

been long by the abbess's bedside, and then long, again, in the close choir of the church, and her head was hot and aching.

To her, as she looked toward the western mountains and watched the piling clouds, and felt the cool, damp wind, it seemed as though there were something strangely tragic in the air that night. The wind whistled now and then through the cracks of the convent windows, and over the crenelations of the old walls, as Death's scythe might whistle if he were mowing down men with a right good will, heaps upon heaps of slain. The old bell struck the hour, sullenly, with a dead thud in the air after each stroke, as a bell tolls for a burial. The very clouds were black and silver in the sky, like a funeral pall.

Maria Addolorata leaned against the doorpost and looked out, her hand white in the shadow against the dark wood, her face whiter still. But on her hands there were two marks, visible even in the dimness. They would have been red in the day, and the place hurt her from time to time, for she had bitten it savagely. It was her pledge, and the pain of it reminded her of what she had promised to do.

She needed the reminder; for, now that he was not near her, the enormous crime stood out, black and lofty as death itself. It was different when Dalrymple was at her side. His violent vitality dragged hers into action; dragged, drove it, and goaded it, as unwilling soldiers have been driven into battle in barbarous armies. Then the fatality seemed irresistible, then the dangers seemed small, and the burning red shame was pale and weak. Those bony young hands of his had strength in them for two, his gleaming eyes burned out the resistance in hers, and lighted them with their own glow. The hearty recklessness of his unbelief drove through and through her composite faith, and riddled it with loopholes for her soul's escape. Then the reality of her passion made her nobler love mad to be free, and to break through the solid walls in which it had been born and had grown too strong. When his love was there, hers matched itself with his, to smite fortune in the face, to dare and outdare heaven and hell for love's sake; with him, the bursting blood made iron of her hand, tingling to buffet coward fate's pale mouth. Then she was strong above woman; then she was brave as brave men; then, having promised, to keep was but the natural hold of will—to die was but to dare one little adversary more.

But she was alone now, and thinking, as she looked out into the tragic night, and watched the blackness of the monumental clouds. She did not return to her former self, as some women do when the goad leaves the heart in peace for a moment. She did not say to herself that

she would order the convent gate to be shut on Angus Dalrymple forever, and herself go back to the close choir, to sit in her seat amongst the rest, and sing holy songs with the others, restfully unhappy as many of them were. She knew far too well how strongly her heart could beat and how icy cold her hands could grow when love was near her. Yet she shuddered with horror at what she had promised to do. She would struggle to the last, but she must yield when she heard his voice, and felt his hand, at the very last moment, when they should be at the garden gate, he drawing her on, she looking back.

It was perjury and sacrilege, and earthly shame, and eternal damnation. Nothing less. And the words had full and deadly meaning for her. It mattered little that he should think differently, being of another faith, or rather of no faith at all. It was all true to her. It was not risk; it was certainty. What forgiveness had earth or heaven for a faithless nun? He talked of marriage, and he would marry her according to a rite that had a meaning in his eyes. Heaven would not divorce the sworn and plighted spouse of Christ to be the earthly wife of Angus Dalrymple.

Visions of eternal torment rose in her mind, a tangible searing hell alive with flame and devils, a sea of liquid fire, an ocean of boiling pitch, Satan commanding in the midst, and a myriad of fiends working his tormenting will.

Her pale lips curled scornfully in the dark. Those were not the terrors that frightened her, nor the horrors from which she shrank. There was a question that was not to be answered by her own soul in damnation or salvation, but by the lips of men hereafter—the question of the honor of her name. The traditions of the good old barons were not dead in that day, nor are they all dead yet. Many a Braccio had done evil deeds in his or her day, and one, at least, had evil deeds to do after Maria Addolorata had been laid in her grave. But sin was one thing, and dishonor was quite another, even in the eyes of the nun of Subiaco. For her sins she could and must answer with the weal or woe of her own soul. But her dishonor would be upon her father and her mother, and upon all her race. Nor was there any dishonor deeper, more deadly, or more lasting than that brought upon a stainless name by a faithless nun. Maria Braccio hesitated at disgrace, while Maria Addolorata smiled at perdition. It was not the first time that honor had taken God's part against the devil in the history of her family.

That was the great obstacle of all, and she knew it now. She was able to face all consequences but that, terrible as they might be. The barrier was there, the traditional old belief in

honor as first and above every consideration. They had played upon that very belief when, at the last, she had hesitated to take the veil. She had gone so far, they had told her, that it would be cowardly and dishonorable to turn back at the last minute. The same argument existed now. Then, she would at least have had human right and ecclesiastical law on her side, if she had refused to become a nun. Now, all was against her. Then she would have had to face but the condemning opinion of a few who spoke of implied obligation. Now, she must stand up and be ashamed before the whole world. There would be a horrible publicity about it. She was too high-born not to feel that all the world in which she should ever move was as one great family. Dalrymple might promise her honor and respect, and the affection of his own father and mother for the love of her parents, a home, respected wifehood, and all the rest. With his strength, he might impose her upon his family, and they might treat her as he should dictate, for he was a strong and dominant man. But in their hearts, Protestants, English people, foreigners as they were to her race, even they could not tell themselves honestly that it was not a shameful thing to break such vows as hers, shameful and nothing less. And if, for a moment, he were not there to hold them in his check, she should see it in their faces, and she must hang her head, for she could have nothing to answer. For him she must not only sacrifice her soul, wrench out her faith, break her promise to God, and her vows to the Church; she must give herself to public, earthly shame for his sake.

It was too much. She could bear anything but that. Rather than endure that, it was better to die.

The black clouds rose higher in the west, and the gloomy air blew upon her face. Her head was no longer hot, for a chilly horror had come upon her, like the shadow of something unspeakably awful, close at hand. Suddenly she was afraid to be alone. A bat, lured by the second twilight of the moon's rising, whirled down from above, with softly flapping wings, and almost brushed her face. She drew back quickly into the doorway. It was a very tragic night, she thought. She shut the door, and groped her way out beyond her cell to the corridor dimly illuminated by a single light hanging from the vault by a running cord. She entered the abbess's apartment. One of the sisters had taken her place, but Maria Addolorata sent her away by a gesture, and sat down by the bedside.

The old lady was either asleep or did not notice her niece's coming. Her face was gray as ashes, and upturned in the shadow. Upon the stone floor stood the primitive Italian night-

light, a wick supported in a triangular bit of tin by three little corks in oil floating on water in a tumbler. The light was very clear and steady, though there was little of it, and to Maria, who had been long in comparative darkness, the room seemed bright enough. There was little furniture besides the plain bed, a little table, a couple of chairs, and a tall, dark wardrobe. A grim crucifix hung above the abbess's head, on the white wall, the work of an age in which horror was familiar to the eye, and needed exaggeration to teach hardened humanity.

Maria was too much occupied with her own thoughts to notice the sick woman's condition at once. Besides, during the last two days there had been no return of the syncope, and the abbess had seemed to be improving steadily. She breathed rather heavily and seemed to be asleep.

Gradually, however, as the nun sat motionless beside her and as the storm of thought subsided, she became aware that all was not right. Her aunt's face was unnaturally gray, the breathing was unusually slow and heavy. When the breath was drawn in, the thin nostrils flattened themselves strangely on each side, and the features had a peaked look. Maria rose and felt the pulse. It was fluttering, and not always perceptible.

At first Maria's attention to these facts was only mechanical. Then, with a sudden sinking at her own heart, she realized what they might mean—another crisis like the one in which the abbess had so narrowly escaped death. It was true that on that occasion she had called for help more than once, showing that she had felt herself to be sinking. At present she seemed to be unconscious, which, if anything, was a worse feature.

Maria drew a long breath and held it, biting her lips, as people do in moments of suspense, doubt, and anxiety. It was as though fate had thrust the great decision onward at the last moment. The life that hung in the balance before her eyes meant the possibility of waiting, with the feeble consolation of being yet undecided.

She stood as still as a statue, her face like a mask, her hand on the unconscious woman's wrist. The stimulant which Dalrymple had shown her how to use was at hand—the glass with which to administer it. It would prolong life. It might save it.

Should she give it? The seconds ran to minutes, and the dreadful question was unanswered. If the abbess died, as die she almost certainly must within half an hour if the medicine were not given to her—if she died, Maria would call the sisters, the portress would be instructed, and when Dalrymple came on the morrow he would be told all was over, and that he was no longer needed. Nothing could be more sure. He might

do his utmost. He could not enter the convent again.

In a quick vision, as she stood stone still, Maria saw herself alone in the chapel by night, prostrate, repentant, washing the altar-steps with tears, forgiven of God,—since God could still forgive her,—honored on earth as before, since none but the silent confessor could ever know what she had done, still less what she had meant to do. Her sorrow would be real, overwhelming, able to move Heaven to mercy; her penance true-hearted and severe as she deserved. Her name would be unspotted and unblemished.

It would be so easy, if she had not to see him again. How could she resist him, if he could so much as touch her hand? But if she were defended from him, she could bury his love and pray for him in the memory of the thing dead. All that, if she but let that heavy breathing go on a little longer, if she did not raise her hand and set a glass to those gray, parted lips.

They were parted now. The labored breath was drawn though the teeth. The eyelids were a little raised, and showed but the white of the upturned eyes.

Maria stared fixedly into the pinched face, and a new horror came upon her.

It was murder she was doing. Nothing less. The power to save was there, and she would not use it. No—it could not be murder—it was not possible that she could do murder.

Still with wide eyes she stared. Surely the heavy breath had come more quickly a moment ago. It seemed an age between each rise and fall of the coverlet. There was a ghastly whistling sound of it between the teeth.

It was slower still. The eyelids were gradually opening—the blind white was horrible to see. Each breath was a convulsion that shook the frail body.

It was murder. Her hand shot out like lightning and seized the small bottle. Let anything come—love, shame, heaven, damnation; it should not be murder.

She forced the unstoppered bottle into the dying woman's mouth with a desperate hand. The next breath was drawn with a choking effort. The whole body stirred. The thin hand appeared, grasped the coverlet with distorting energy, and then lay almost still, twitching convulsively second by second. Still Maria tried wildly to pour more of the stimulant between the set teeth. When they parted, no breath came, and the fingers moved only once more, for the very last time.

It was not murder, but it was death. The wasted old woman had outlived by two or three hours the strong young peasant girl, and fate had laid her hand heavily upon the life of Maria Addolorata.

xv.

WHEN Dalrymple came home that evening, he found his supper already on the table and half cold. Sora Nanna was busier than her daughter, and less patient of the Scotchman's irregularities. If he could not come home at a reasonable hour, he must not expect her to keep everything waiting for him.

He sat down to the table without even going up-stairs as usual to wash his hands, simply because the cooked meat would be cold and greasy if he let it stand five minutes longer. Being once seated in his place, he did not move for a long time. Sora Nanna came in more than once. She was very much preoccupied about the load of wine which her husband had ordered to be sent, and which, if possible, she meant to send off before morning, for she did not wish him to be absent in Rome with money in his pocket a day longer than necessary.

Gloomy and preoccupied, without even a book before him, Dalrymple sat with his back to the wall, drinking his wine in silence, and staring at the lamp. Sora Nanna asked him whether he had seen Annetta. He shook his head without speaking. The woman observed that the girls were quite capable of spending a second night at Civitella to prolong the festivities. Dalrymple nodded, not caring at all.

Annetta being absent, Gippetto had not thought it necessary to put in an appearance. But Sora Nanna wished to see him again about the wine. With a grin, she asked Dalrymple whether he would keep house if she went out for half an hour. Again he nodded in silence. He heard her lock from the inside the door which opened from the staircase upon the street, for it was already late. Then she came through the common room again, with her overskirt over her head, went out, and left the door ajar. Dalrymple was alone in the house, unaware that Annetta was lying dead on the floor of his room up-stairs.

Sora Nanna had not been gone a quarter of an hour when a boy came in from the street. Dalrymple knew him, for he was the son of the convent gardener.

The lad said that Dalrymple was wanted immediately, as the abbess was very ill. That was all he knew. He was rather a dull boy, and he repeated mechanically what he had been told. The Scotchman started, and was about to speak, when he checked himself. He asked the boy two or three questions, in the hope of getting more accurate information, but could elicit only a repetition of the message. He was wanted immediately, as the abbess was very ill.

He covered his eyes with his hand for a few seconds. In a flash he saw that if he were ever to carry off Maria Addolorata, it must be to-

night. The chances were a hundred to one that if there were another crisis, the abbess would be dead before he could reach the convent. Once dead, there was no knowing what might happen in the confusion that would ensue, and during the elaborate funeral ceremonies. The man had that daring temper that rises at obstacles as an eagle at a crag, without the slightest hesitation. When he dropped his hand upon the table, he had made up his mind.

It was generally easy to get a good mule at any hour of the night in Subiaco. The mules were in their stables then. In the daytime it would have been very doubtful, when most of them were away in the vineyards, or carrying loads to the neighboring towns. The convent gardener, who was well-to-do in the world, had a very good mule, as Dalrymple knew, and its stable was half-way up the ascent. The boy could saddle it with the pack-saddle without any difficulty, and meet him anywhere he chose. Dalrymple's reputation was excellent as a liberal foreigner who paid well, and the gardener would not blame the boy for saddling the mule without leave.

In a few words Dalrymple explained what he wanted, and to help the lad's understanding he gave him some coppers, which filled the little fellow with energy and delight. The boy was to be at the top of the mule-path leading down from above the convent to the valley, in half an hour. Dalrymple told him that he wished to go to Tivoli, and that the boy could go with him if he chose, after the visit to the abbess was over. The boy ran away to saddle the mule.

Dalrymple rose quickly, and shut the street door, in order to take the lamp with him to his room, and not to leave the house open with no light in it. The case was urgent. He went up-stairs, carrying the lamp, and opened the door of his quarters. Instantly he recognized the faint, sickly odor of hydrocyanide of potassium, and remembered that he had left the bottle with the solution on his table that afternoon, in his hurry. Then he looked down and saw a white face upon the floor, and the flowered bodice and smart skirt of the peasant girl.

He had solid nerves, and possessed that perfect indifference to death as a phenomenon which most medical men acquire in the dissecting-room. But he was shocked when, bending down and setting the lamp upon the floor, he saw in a few seconds that Annetta had been dead some time. He even shook his head a little, very slowly, which meant a great deal for his hard nature. Glancing at the unstoppered bottle and at the empty glass, side by side on the table, he understood at once that the girl, intentionally or by mistake, had swallowed

enough of the poison to kill half a dozen strong men. He remembered instantly how he had once given her spirits of camphor when she had felt ill, and he understood all the circumstances in a moment, almost as though he had seen them.

Scarcely thinking of what he was doing, though with an effort which any one who has attempted to lift a dead body from the ground will understand, he took up the lifeless girl, stiff and stark as she was, and laid her upon his own bed. It was a mere instinct of humanity. Then he went back and took the lamp and held it near her face, and shook his head again, thoughtfully. A word of pity escaped his lips, spoken very low.

He set the lamp down on the floor by the bedside, for there was no small table near. There never is, in peasants' houses. He began to walk up and down the room, thinking over the situation, which was grave enough.

Suddenly he smelled the acrid odor of burning cotton. He turned quickly, and saw that he had placed the three-beaked lamp so near to the bed that the overhanging coverlet was directly above one of the flames, and was already smoldering. He smothered it with the stuff itself between his hands, brought the lamp into the laboratory, and set it upon the table.

Then, realizing that his own case was urgent, he began to make his preparations. He took a clean bottle and poured thirty-five drops of laudanum into it, put in the stopper, and thrust it into his pocket. Unlocking another box, he took out some papers and a canvas bag of gold, such as bankers used to give travelers in those times when it was necessary to take a large supply of cash for a journey. He threw on his cloak, took his plaid over one arm, and went back into his bedroom, carrying the lamp in the other hand. Then he hesitated, sniffing the air and the smell of the burnt cotton. Suddenly an idea seemed to cross his mind, for he put down the lamp and dropped his plaid upon a chair. He stood still a moment longer, looking at the dead girl as she lay on the bed, biting his lip thoughtfully, and nodding his head once or twice. He made a step toward the bed, hesitated once more, and then made up his mind.

He went back to the bedside, and, stooping a little, lifted the body on his arms as though judging of its weight and of his power to carry it. His first instinct had been to lock the door of the room behind him, and to go up to the convent, leaving the dead girl where she was, whether he were destined to come back that night, or never. A moment's reflection had told him that if he did so, he must certainly be accused of having poisoned her. He meant, if it were possible, to take Maria Addolorata

on board of the English man-of-war at Civita Vecchia within twenty-four hours. So far as the carrying off of a nun was concerned, he would be safe on the ship; but if he were accused of murder, no matter how falsely, the captain would have a right to refuse his protection, even though he was Dalrymple's friend. A little chain of circumstances had led him to form a plan, in a flash, which, if successfully carried out, would account both for the disappearance of Annetta herself, and of Maria Addolorata as well.

His eyelids contracted slightly, and his great jaw set itself with a determination to overcome all obstacles. In a few seconds he had divested the dead girl of her heavy bodice and skirt and carpet apron and heavy shoes. He rolled the things into a bundle, tossed them into the laboratory, locked the door of the latter, and stuck the key into his pocket. He carefully stopped the bottle containing the remainder of the prussiate of potassium, and took that also. Then he rolled the body up carefully in his great plaid, mummy-like, and tied the ends of the shawl with shoe-laces which he had among his things. He drew his soft hat firmly down upon his forehead, and threw his cloak over his left shoulder. He lifted the body off the bed. It was so stark that it stood upright beside him. With his right arm round its waist, he raised it so high that he could walk freely, and drew his wide cloak over it as well as he could, and freed his left hand. He grasped the lamp as he passed the table, listened at the door, though he knew that the house was locked below, and cautiously and with difficulty descended the stairs.

Just inside the street door of the staircase there was a niche, as there is in almost all old Italian houses. He set the body in it, and went into the common room with the lamp. Taking the bottle with the laudanum in it from his pocket, he filled it more than half full of aniseed cordial, of which a decanter stood with other liquors upon a sideboard, as usual in such places. He returned it to his pocket, and listened again. Then he assured himself that he had all he needed — the bottle, money, his cloak, and a short, broad knife which he always took with him on his walks, more for the sake of cutting a loaf of bread if he stopped for refreshment than for any other purpose. His passport he had taken with his few other valuable papers from the box.

He left the lamp on the table, and unlocked the street door, though he did not pull it open. Brave as he was, his heart beat fast, for it was the first decisive moment. If Sora Nanna should come home within the next sixty seconds, there would be trouble. But there was no sound.

In the dark he went back to the door of the

staircase, unlocked it, and opened it wide, looking out. The heavy clouds had so darkened the moonlight that he could hardly see. But the street was quiet, for it was late, and there were no watchmen in Subiaco at that time. A moment later, the door was closed behind him, and he was disappearing round the dark corner with Annetta's body in his arms, wrapped with himself in his great cloak.

It was a long and terrible climb. A weaker man would have fainted or given it up long before Dalrymple set his foot firmly upon the narrow beaten path which ran along between the garden wall at the back of the convent, and the precipitous descent on his left. The sweat ran down over his hard, pale face in the dark, as he shook off his cloak and laid down his ghastly burden under the deep shadow of the low postern. He shook his big shoulders and wiped his brow, and stretched out his long arms, doubling them and stretching them again, for they were benumbed and asleep with the protracted effort. But so far it was done, and no one had met him. There had been little chance of that, but he was glad all the same. And if, down at the house, any one went to his room, nothing would be found. He had the key of the little laboratory in his pocket. It would be long before they broke down the door and found Annetta's skirt and bodice and shoes wrapped together in a corner.

He went on up the ascent five minutes farther, walking as though on air now that he carried no weight in his arms. At the top of the mule-path the lad was already waiting for him with the mule. He told the little fellow that he might have to wait half an hour longer, as he must go into the convent to see the abbess before starting for Tivoli. He bade him tie the mule by the halter to the low branch of an overhanging fig-tree, and sit down to wait.

"It is a cool night," said Dalrymple, though he was hot enough himself. "Drink this, my boy."

He gave him the little bottle of aniseed, opening it as he did so. The boy smelled it and knew that it was good, for it is a common drink in the mountains. He drank half of it, pouring it into his mouth with a gurgling sound.

"Drink it all," said Dalrymple. "I brought it for you."

The boy did not hesitate, but drained it to the last drop, and handed the bottle back without a word. Dalrymple made him sit down near the mule's head, well aside from the path, in case any one should pass. He knew that between the unaccustomed dose of spirits and the thirty-five drops of opium, the lad would be sound asleep before long. For the rest, there was nothing to be done but to trust to luck. He had done the impossible already, so far as physi-

cal effort was concerned, but Fortune must not thwart him at the end. If she did, he had in his other pocket enough left of what had killed Annetta to settle his own affairs forever, and he might need it. At that moment he was absolutely desperate. It would be ill for any one who crossed his path that night.

XVI.

DALRYMPLE wrapped his cloak about him once more, as he turned away, and retraced his steps by the garden wall. He glanced at the long dark thing that lay in the shadow of the postern, as he went by. It was not probable that it would be noticed even if any one should pass that way, which was unlikely, between ten o'clock at night and three in the morning. He went on without stopping, and in three or four minutes had gone round the convent to the main entrance, next to the church. He rang the bell. The portress was expecting him, and he was admitted without a word.

He found Maria Addolorata in the ante-chamber of the abbess's apartment, veiled, and standing with folded hands in the middle of the little room. She must have heard the distant clang of the bell, for she was evidently waiting for him.

"Am I in time?" he asked in a tone of anxiety.

She shook her head slowly.

"Is she dead?"

"She was dead before I sent for you," answered Maria Addolorata, in a low and almost solemn tone. "No one knows it yet."

"I feared so," said Dalrymple.

He made a step toward the door of the parlor, naturally expecting that Maria would speak with him there as usual. But she stepped back and placed herself in his way.

"No," she said briefly.

"Why not?" he asked in quick surprise.

She raised her finger to her veiled lips, and then pointed to the other door, to warn him that the portress was there and was almost within hearing. With quick suspicion he understood that she was keeping him in the ante-chamber to defend herself; that she had not been able to resist the desire to see him once more, and that she intended this to be their last meeting.

"Maria," he began; but he pronounced only her name and stopped short, for a great fear took him by the throat.

"Yes," she answered, in her calm, low voice. "I have made up my mind. I will not go. God will perhaps forgive me what I have done. I will pray for forgiveness. But I will not do more evil. I will not bring shame upon my father's house, even for love of you."

Her voice trembled a little at the last words. Even veiled as she was, the vital magnetism of the man was creeping upon her already. She had resolved that she would see him once more, that she would tell him the plain truth, that she would bid him farewell, and promise to pray for him, as she must pray for herself. But she had sworn to herself that she would not speak of love. Yet with the first words she spoke, the word and the vibration of love had come too. Her hands disappeared in her sleeves, and her nails pressed the flesh in the determination to be strong. She little guessed the tremendous argument he had in store.

"It is hard to speak here," he said. "Let us go into the parlor."

She shook her head, and again moved backward a step, so that her shoulders were almost against the door.

"You must say what you have to say here," she answered after a moment's pause, and she felt strong again. "For my part, I have spoken. May God forget me in my utmost need if I go with you!"

Dalrymple seemed little moved by the solemn invocation. It meant little enough to him.

"I must tell you a short story," he replied quietly. "Unless I tell you, you cannot understand. I have set my life upon your love, and I have gone so far that I cannot save my life except by you — my life and my honor. Will you listen to me?"

She nodded, and he heard her draw a quick breath. Then he began his story, putting it together clearly, from the facts he knew, in very few words. He told her how Annetta must have mistaken the bottle on his table for camphor, and how he had found her dead. Nothing would save him from the accusation of having murdered the girl but the absolute disappearance of her body. Maria shuddered and turned her head quickly when he told her that the body was lying under the postern arch behind the garden wall. He told her, too, that the boy was by this time asleep beside the mule on the path beyond. Then he told her of his plan, which was short, desperate, and masterly.

"You must tell no one that the abbess is dead," he said. "Go out through your cell into the garden, as soon as I am gone, and when I tap at the postern open the door. Leave a lamp in your cell. I will do the rest."

"What will you do?" asked Maria, in a low and wondering tone.

"You must lock the door of your cell on the inside and leave the lamp there," said Dalrymple. "You will wait for me in the garden, by the gate. I will carry the poor girl's body in and lay it in your bed. Then I will set fire to the bed itself. Of course there is an under-mattress of

maize-leaves — there always is. I will leave the lamp standing on the floor by the bedside. I will shut the door and come out to you, and I can manage to slip the bolt of the garden-gate from the outside by propping up the spring from within. You shall see."

"It is horrible!" gasped Maria. "And I do not see —"

"It is simple, and nothing else can save my life. Your cell is of course a mere stone vault, and the fire cannot spread. The sisters are asleep, except the portress, who will be far away. Long before they break down your door, the body will be charred by the fire beyond all recognition. They will see the lamp standing close by, and will suppose that you lay down to rest, leaving the lamp close to you — too close; that the abbess died while you were asleep, and that you had caught fire before you waked; that you were burned to death, in fact. The body will be buried as yours, and you will be legally dead. Consequently there will not be the slightest suspicion upon your good name. As for me, it will be supposed that I have procured other clothes for Annetta, thrown hers into the laboratory, and carried her off. In due time I will send her father a large sum of money without comment. If you refuse, I must either be arrested, convicted, and sentenced to death for the murder of a girl who killed herself without my knowledge, or, as is probable, I shall go out now, sit down in a quiet place, and be found dead in the morning. It is certain death to me in either case. It would be absolutely impossible for me to get rid of the dead body without arousing suspicion. If it is wrong to save one's self by burning a dead body, it is not a great wrong, and I take it upon myself. It is the only wrong in the matter, unless it is wrong to love you, and to be willing to die for you. Do you understand me?"

Leaning back against the door of the parlor, Maria Addolorata had almost unconsciously lifted her veil and was gazing into his eyes. The plan was horrible, but she could not help admiring the man's strength and daring. In his voice, even when he told her that he loved her, there was that quiet courage which imposes itself upon men and women alike. The whole situation was as clear as day to her in a moment, for all his calculations were absolutely correct, — the fire-proof vault of the cell, the certainty that the body would be taken for hers, above all, the assurance of her own supposed death, with the utter freedom from suspicion which it would mean for her ever afterward. Was she not to be buried with Christian burial, mourned as dead, and freed in one hour from all the consequences of her life? It was masterly, though there was a horror in it.

She loved him more than her own soul. It

was the fear of bringing shame upon her father and mother that had held her, far more than any spiritual dread. It was not strange that she should waver again when he had unfolded his scheme.

She turned, opened the door, and led him into the parlor, where the silver lamp was burning brightly.

"You must tell it all again," she said, still standing. "I must be quite sure that I understand."

He knew well enough that she had finally yielded, since she went so far. In his mind he quickly ran over the details of the plan once more, and mentally settled what still remained to be decided. But since she wished it, he went over all he had said already. Being able to speak in his natural voice without fear of being overheard by the portress, and feeling sure of the result, he spoke far more easily and more eloquently. Before he had finished he was holding her hand in his, and she was gazing intently into his eyes.

"It is life or death for me," he said, when he had told her everything. "Which shall it be?"

She was silent for a moment. Then her strong mouth smiled strangely.

"It shall be life for you, if I lose my soul for it," she said.

She felt the quick thrill and pressure of his hand, and all the man's tremendous energy was alive again.

"Then let us do it quickly," he answered. "I will go out with the portress. Go to your cell before we reach the end of the corridor, and shut the door with some noise. She will remember it afterward. Wait at the garden gate till I tap softly, and leave the rest to me. There is no danger. Do not be afraid."

"Afraid!" she exclaimed proudly. "How little you know me! It never was fear that held me. Besides — with you!"

The last two words told him more than all she had ever said before, and for the first time he wholly trusted her. Besides, it was to be only for a few minutes, while he went out by the front gate and walked round to the back of the convent. The plan was so well conceived that it could not fail when put into execution.

They shook hands, as two people who have agreed to do a desperate deed, each for the other's sake. Then, as their grasp loosened, Dalrymple turned toward the door, but turned again almost instantly and took her in his arms, and kissed her as men kiss women they love when their lives are in the balance. Then he went out, passed through the antechamber, and found the portress waiting for him as usual. She took up her little lamp, and led the way in silence. A moment later he heard Maria come

out and enter her cell, closing the door loudly behind her.

"Her most reverend excellency is in no danger now," he said to the portress, with Scotch veracity.

"Sister Maria Addolorata may then rest a little," answered the lay sister, who rarely spoke.

"Precisely so," said Dalrymple, dryly.

Five minutes later he was at the garden gate, tapping softly. Immediately the door yielded to his gentle pressure, for Maria had already unfastened the lock within.

"Stand aside a little," said Dalrymple, in a whisper. "You need not see—it is not a pretty sight. Keep the door shut till I come back. Where is your cell?"

She pointed to a door that was open above the level of the garden. A little light came out. With womanly caution she had set the lamp in the corner behind the door when she had opened it, so as to show as little as possible from without.

She turned her head away as he passed her with his heavy burden, treading softly upon the hard, dry ground. But he was not half across the garden before she looked after him. She could not help it. The dark thing he carried in his arms attracted her, and a shudder ran through her. She closed the gate, and stood with her hand on the lock.

It seemed to her that he was gone an interminable time. Though the moon was now high, the clouds were so black that the garden was almost quite dark. Suddenly she heard his step, and he was nearer than she thought.

"It is burning well," he said, with grim brevity.

He stooped and looked closely in the dimness at the old-fashioned lock. It was made as he supposed and could be easily slipped from without. He found a pebble under his foot, raised the spring, and placed the small stone under it, after examining the position of the cracks in the wood, which were many.

"There is plenty of time now," he said, and gently pushed her out upon the narrow walk, drawing the door after him.

With his big knife, working through the widest crack, he teased the bolt into the socket. Then with his shoulder he softly shook the whole door; he heard the spring fall into its place as the pebble dropped upon the dry ground.

"No human being can suspect that the door has been opened," he said.

He wrapped her in his long cloak, standing beside her under the wall. Very gently he pushed the veil and bands away from her golden

hair. She helped him, and he kissed the soft locks. Then about her head he laid his plaid in folds and drew it forward over her shoulders. She let him do it, not realizing what service the shawl had but lately done.

They walked forward. The boy was fast asleep and did not move. The mule stamped a little as they came up. Dalrymple lifted Maria upon the pack-saddle, sideways, and stretched the packing-cords behind her back.

"Hold on," he said. "I will lead the mule."

So it was all over, and the deed was done, for good or evil. But it was for evil, for it was a bad deed.

To the last, fortune favored Dalrymple and Maria, and everything took place after their flight just as the strong man had anticipated. Not a trace of the truth was left behind. Early in the morning the abbess was found dead, and in the little cell near by, upon the still smoldering remains of the mattress, lay the charred and burned form of a woman. In Stefanone's house, the little bundle of clothes in the locked laboratory was all that was left of Annetta. All Subiaco said that the Englishman had carried off the peasant girl to his own country.

Up at the convent the nuns buried the abbess in great state, with catafalque and canopy, with hundreds of wax candles and endless funeral singing. They buried also another body with less magnificence, but with more pomp than would have been bestowed upon any of the other sisters; and not long afterward a marble tablet in the wall of the church set forth, in short, good Latin sentences, how the Sister Maria Addolorata, of many virtues, had been burned to death in her bed, on the eve of the feast of Saint Luke the Evangelist, and all good Christians were enjoined to pray for her soul—which indeed was in need of their prayers.

Stefanone returned from Rome, but it was a sad home-coming when he found that his daughter was gone; and unconsciously he repeated the very words she had last spoken when she was dying in Dalrymple's room all alone.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" he said, shaking his fist at the door of the room.

And Stefanone swore within himself solemnly that the Englishman should pay the price. And he and his paid it in full, and more also, after years had passed, even to generations then unborn.

This is the first act, as it were, of all the story; and between this one and the beginning of the next a few years must pass quickly, if not altogether in silence.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

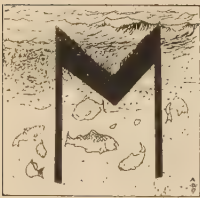
ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

“‘AN EVIL DEATH ON YOU.’”



ERICSSON AÉRIAL SUBAQUATIC PROJECTILE IN FLIGHT.

NEW WEAPONS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.



UCH has been written of late relative to the regeneration which has been taking place in the navy, of which we are justly proud; but scarcely anything has been said of the strides that have been

taken by the army in offensive and defensive implements and engines of war, covering almost everything from the huge guns of 12-inch caliber for sea-coast defense down to the infantry rifle, the bore of which now measures but three-tenths of an inch. The muzzle-loading cast-iron smooth-bore guns and mortars have been superseded by the breech-loading rifled steel guns and mortars, which are marvels of power, endurance, and accuracy; the single-loading infantry rifle has been succeeded by a magazine small-arm of smaller bore, giving higher velocity and consequently greater range and penetration; powders producing dense clouds of smoke are shortly to be supplanted entirely by the smokeless variety of superior ballistics; the untrustworthy method of guessing ranges is soon to give way to delicate and accurate devices for locating the exact position of the enemy on land or sea; machine-guns have been improved until they are capable of delivering 1800 shots per minute by electrical power; rapid-fire guns have been developed; a high explosive has been discovered which can be safely fired from powder-guns,—in fact, the changes that have been wrought in the *matériel* of war since the Civil War, and especially during the last decade, have been as revolutionizing in their effect as

they are marvelous in their conception. As in other nations, the system of artillery in the United States has only just emerged from the experimental state. But the most gratifying part of these experiments and tests lies in the fact that the United States has not only provided her army with material that is equal to any produced abroad, but in almost every instance has outstripped the older European countries in the most improved engines of modern warfare.

Guns may be divided into two general classes; those using fixed or metallic ammunition, wherein the projectile and powder-charge are simultaneously loaded, and those in which the shell and charge are loaded separately.

Under the first subdivision may be included the infantry rifle, the carbine and revolver, and machine, rapid-fire, and mountain guns; and under the second, field, siege, and heavy cannon (guns, howitzers, and mortars). They are described by their weight, their caliber, and the weight of the projectile, or by all three. Thus, we speak of the 110-ton guns (the English high-power cannon of 16.25 inches caliber, which proved such failures), the 3.2-inch gun, the 8-inch gun, or the 12-inch mortar; the 3-pounder (1.85 inches caliber) or the 6-pounder (2.244 inches); or we may say the 12-centimeter, 45-pounder quick-fire gun.

THE NEW INFANTRY RIFLE.

THE old small-arm now in the hands of the army (the Springfield rifle) is .45 of an inch in caliber, and is a "single-loader"—that is, is

capable of firing but one round without reloading. We have been very much behind other countries in taking the necessary steps leading to the adoption of a modern infantry rifle; in fact, almost every foreign army had adopted a small-caliber, high-velocity magazine-arm before this country began the serious consideration of that all-important subject; and to within a very recent period the same statement applies with equal force to the other modern munitions of war.

The new rifle selected for the army is of smaller caliber than that now in use, being only .30 of an inch; and is what is termed a "magazine-gun," or a rifle in which the magazine can be charged and then held in reserve while single fire is delivered, magazine fire being, however, available at any moment. The magazine has a capacity for five additional rounds.

On December 16, 1890, a board of army officers, consisting of men who were known to be experts in their knowledge of small-arms, was convened for the purpose of testing all small-arms of either American or foreign invention with a view to the selection of the best for our service. This board sat for nearly two years, and tested during that time fifty-three guns, including, besides the product of different private inventions both American and foreign, the small-arms adopted for the armies of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Egypt, Portugal, Russia,

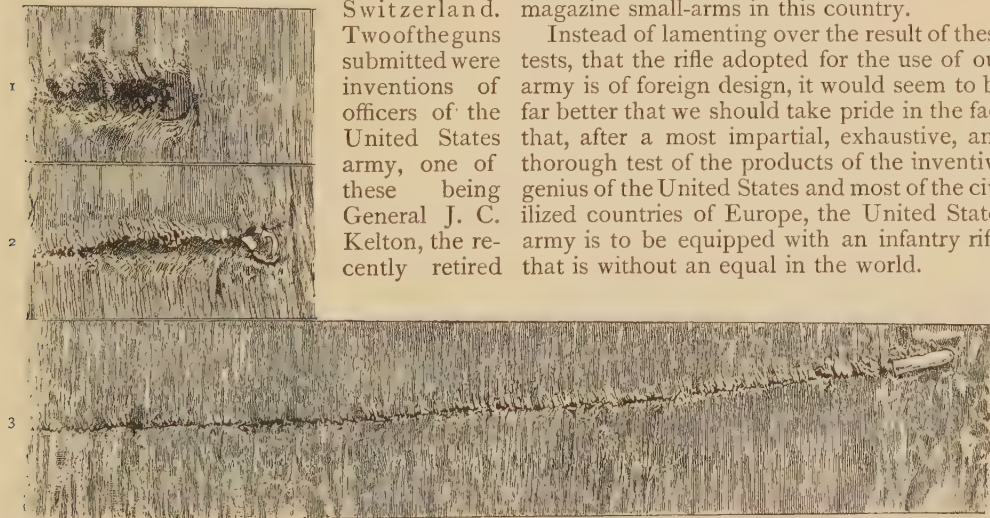
Roumania, and Switzerland. Two of the guns submitted were inventions of officers of the United States army, one of these being General J. C. Kelton, the recently retired

Krag-Jorgensen gun as being the most suitable for the United States army. As soon as the announcement was made that a weapon of foreign invention had been selected, an outcry was raised by the inventors of this country that a fair trial had not been given them, and that there had not been sufficient opportunity for all to compete.

In order, therefore, to satisfy American inventors, Congress in January, 1893, deferred for six months the time for the final selection of an infantry rifle, and directed that another board of army officers be appointed to test during this period all small-arms of American invention which might be presented to it. This board tested nineteen different guns, but found none fulfilling the conditions deemed necessary for the requirements of our military service, and the decision of the first board therefore remained unchanged, which was that the Krag-Jorgensen rifle "was vastly superior for use in the United States service to any weapon adapted to single fire only."

The gun, as its name indicates, is the joint invention of Captain O. Krag, director of the Royal Manufactory of Arms, Kongsberg, Norway, and Mr. E. Jorgensen of the same country. The Krag-Jorgensen rifle of .315-inch caliber is that adopted by the Danish government; but the weapon of this name selected for the United States army differs in many particulars from the one in use in Denmark, having been modified in important details to meet the objections found by the board on magazine small-arms in this country.

Instead of lamenting over the result of these tests, that the rifle adopted for the use of our army is of foreign design, it would seem to be far better that we should take pride in the fact that, after a most impartial, exhaustive, and thorough test of the products of the inventive genius of the United States and most of the civilized countries of Europe, the United States army is to be equipped with an infantry rifle that is without an equal in the world.



1. PENETRATION IN OAK (3.3 INCHES) OF THE .45-CALIBER LEAD BULLET. 2. PENETRATION IN OAK (5.3 INCHES) OF THE .45-CALIBER GERMAN-SILVERED BULLET. 3. PENETRATION IN OAK (24.2 INCHES) OF THE .30-CALIBER BULLET WITH NICKEL-STEEL JACKET.

adjutant-general. After a most thorough, exhaustive, and impartial test of all the devices presented to it, the board recommended the

The following table gives the names and calibers of modern guns which have been adopted for the services of European countries and

Japan, all of which were tested in competition with the Krag-Jorgensen:

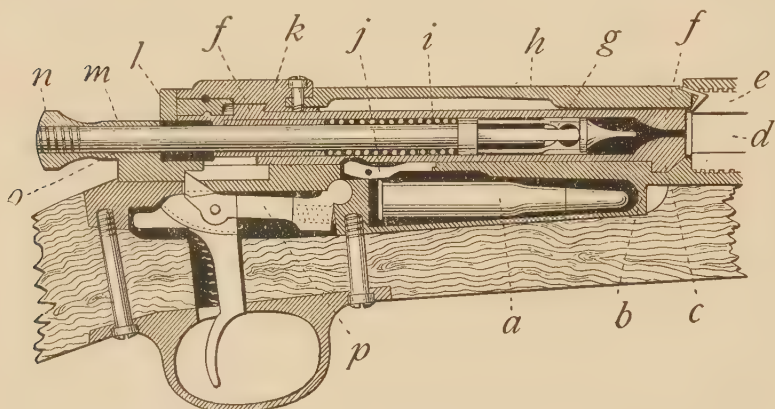
COUNTRY.	NAME OF GUN.	CALIBER.
		Inch.
England	Lee-Speed	.303
Denmark	Krag-Jorgensen	.315
Austria	Mannlicher	.315
Belgium	Mausier	.301
Germany	Mark V, Model 1888,	.311
Portugal	Kropatschek	.315
Japan	Murata	.315
Switzerland ...	Schmidt	.295
Roumania	Mannlicher	.256
France	Berthier (Cavalry) ..	.30

This universal reduction in the caliber of small-arms is due to the fact that the smaller bullet gives greater velocity, and consequently

The drawing on page 571, taken from the report of the chief of ordnance, United States army, 1893, illustrates the relative penetration in oak of the .30- and .45-caliber bullets. The former was propelled by 37 grains of Wetterin smokeless powder, and consisted of a lead core with cupro-nickel steel jacket, and gave a penetration in dry, well-seasoned oak of 24.2 inches; whereas the latter all-lead bullet, propelled by 69 grains of black powder, gave but 3.3 inches penetration in oak not well seasoned, and 5.3 inches penetration when the bullet was covered with a German-silver jacket. The .45-caliber bullets were in both instances badly deformed, while the .30-caliber was recovered undeformed.

In addition to the changes which have taken place in the small-arm proper, the old form of triangular rod-bayonet has been superseded by the knife-bayonet of the general design used in all the European services. The carbine has been changed to the same mechanism as the rifle, and differs from the latter only in being 22 instead of 30 inches long.

The only important modification which has taken place in reference to the army revolver has been the reduction of the bore to .38 of an inch. The reason for this unequal reduction in caliber between the



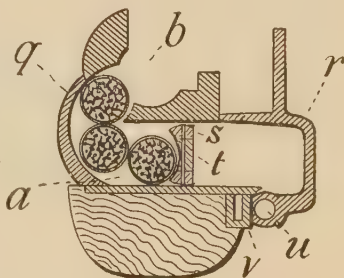
U. S. MAGAZINE-RIFLE, MODEL 1892. BREACH MECHANISM IN LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

a—magazine; b—receiver; c—locking lug; d—chamber; e—barrel; f—bolt; g—striker; h—extractor; i—mainspring; j—ejector; k—sleeve; l—safety lock; m—cocking-piece; n—thumb-piece; o—firing-pin; p—sear.

is liable to disable more men. While it is undoubtedly true that the nature of the wounds caused by the smaller-caliber guns is not so severe at the ordinary ranges as with the large .45-inch caliber, the reduced cartridge accomplishes its object in a more humane manner, in that it disables the soldier equally well for the time being without shattering in an unnecessary and brutal manner the bone which it may happen to strike. It answers every purpose if the man struck is compelled to leave the line of battle, and nothing is gained by excessive maiming.

Outside of this humane consideration is the fact, above mentioned, of the greater penetrating power of the smaller caliber, which is capable of disabling two, three, or even more men instead of one; and also, as both the gun and cartridge are lighter than the old, the soldier is now able to carry 175 rounds of ammunition instead of only 100 as heretofore.

rifle and the revolver is that as the latter will invariably be employed at shorter ranges (from 50 to 100 yards), the shock produced upon the soldier struck must be greater in order to prevent his reaching the line of attack. Some of our officers are of opinion that even this diameter (.38 of an inch) is not large enough for that purpose. The army revolver adopted for our military service is the Colt double-acting six-shooter.



U. S. MAGAZINE-RIFLE, MODEL 1892. THE MAGAZINE IN CROSS-SECTION.

a—magazine; b—receiver; c—side-plate; d—gate; e—follower; f—carrier; g—hinge-bar; h—magazine-spring.

MACHINE-GUNS.

CLOSELY allied to the infantry rifle, and used in connection with it, is the machine-gun or mitrailleuse. Machine-guns are those guns using metallic ammunition which are loaded by the action of the mechanism, the gun being automatically fed by means of belt, hopper, or otherwise. The pioneer in the development of this important and destructive weapon was Dr. R. J. Gatling, an American, whose name has become a household word throughout the world. His original inventions were presented to this government during the early part of the War of the Rebellion, but were at that time too crude and undeveloped to warrant their use. The first practical attempt to use a machine-gun in the field was made with the French mitrailleuse during the French-Prussian war. France expected great results from this weapon, but was doomed to bitter disappointment. The gun had a number of fixed barrels, and could fire from 30 to 50 rounds per barrel a minute, but was poorly constructed and possessed the serious fault of employing paper cartridges.

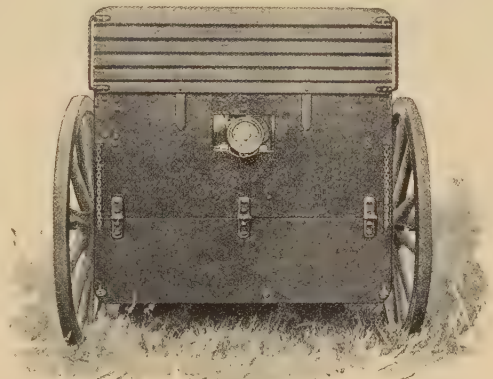
Following close upon the Gatling and the French mitrailleuse came the inventions of Gardner, Nordenfelt, and Maxim, the latter, an American by birth and parentage but English by adoption, being the designer of the famous Maxim automatic machine-gun, a one-barreled gun which, after the first discharge, is entirely automatic, the energy of recoil being so utilized as to eject the fired cartridge, insert a new one in its place, raise the hammer, and fire again, with an average rapidity of about 650 shots per minute.

The greatest objection which has heretofore been made to the Gatling gun is that the mechanism is dependent upon gravity entirely for its supply of ammunition. This was a serious fault, especially at great angles of depression or elevation. The difficulty has now been satisfactorily overcome in a new "positive feed" which supplies the cartridges by means of a belt. The Gatling 10-barrel .30-caliber gun, adapted for either positive or gravity feed, in use in the United States military service, is designed also to be operated by an electric motor, by means of which a rapidity of fire is secured that "would seem to have no limit but the endurance of the parts," being capable of delivering no less than 1800 shots per minute.

RAPID-FIRE GUNS FOR COAST DEFENSE.

ONE of the latest additions to modern engines of warfare, and at the same time one of the most important, has been the introduction of the so-called rapid-fire or quick-fire guns. Rapid-fire guns are those guns employing me-

tallic cartridges which are loaded by hand for each round, and are used solely in the military service as auxiliary agents in sea-coast defense. (Rapid-fire field-guns are not, therefore, here included.) Experimentation with guns of this class was begun as late as 1880, when Hotchkiss, at the request of the French government, constructed a single-barreled 47-millimeter-caliber continuous-fire gun, throwing a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -pound shell; although Nordenfelt claims to have been the pioneer in producing rapid-fire guns, having introduced in 1877 a 1-pounder, worked with



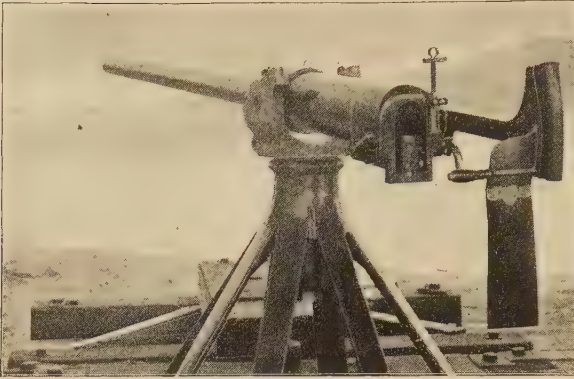
GATLING 10-BARREL GUN READY FOR ACTION.

breech mechanism and lever, capable of firing 216 rounds per minute, which was to be employed as an "antidote to torpedo-boats."

The particular object for which the first guns of this class were built was to stop the new torpedo-boats of that time,—the requirements being mobility both as regards laying the gun — *i. e.*, aiming — and fire, coupled with accuracy, the heavier guns mounted on shipboard being too cumbersome to cope instantly and effectually with the attack of torpedo-boats. From their use on shipboard has grown the demand for their employment on land.

These guns are termed "quick-fire" abroad and "rapid-fire" in this country, but there appears to have been a tendency of late, especially in the United States, to apply these terms separately to two different types of this general class, the term "rapid-fire" being given to those auxiliary sea-coast defense guns, not exceeding 6-pounders (caliber 2.244 inches), which will be used for the general and local flanking of the approaches to batteries. They are adapted to simultaneous loading, and mobility is their essential characteristic. All other guns of this class (exclusive, of course, of rapid-fire field-cannon) exceeding 6-pounders may be termed "quick-fire." They are devised for a different purpose which is explained further on.

The tests with rapid-fire guns with a view to the selection of a type for the United States



DRIGGS-SCHROEDER RAPID-FIRE GUN. 2.244 INCHES CALIBER, 6-POUNDER.

military service has been in progress at the ordnance-proving ground at Sandy Hook during the past summer, and designs of 6-pounders have been submitted by the leading manufacturers of these guns in the United States and Europe, including the Hotchkiss, Skoda, Seabury, Driggs-Schroeder, and Sponsel.

Some very remarkable results (38 rounds per minute from one gun) have been obtained; and so excellent indeed have been the types submitted that an eminent officer who was present at the test was overheard to say that "any one of them could be selected for our army with safety."

Quick-fire guns (those using metallic ammunition exceeding 6-pounders), while possessing greater range, have less rapidity of fire, and are designed for a different purpose. "They are to be used for the protection of the mine fields, and coöperation with the smaller guns (machine and rapid-fire) in repelling parties approaching the land; and will contend against small unarmored boats, or against boats protected with light armor, engaged perhaps at considerable distances, by night or by day." The term "mine field" is applied to a water area in which are anchored submarine torpedoes for the defense of the approaches to rivers and harbors. These mines are operated by means of electrical connections with the shore, under the control of an officer, and form a necessary part of the protection of our seaports, and our inland cities on navigable rivers.

The caliber of quick-fire guns which are now undergoing test at Sandy Hook is 4.724 inches (12-centimeter). In the navy, however, guns as high as 6 inches in caliber are also included under the head of "quick-fire guns," being designed for metallic ammunition. The types of quick-fire guns which are being tested are those submitted by Armstrong, Hotchkiss, Canet, Schneider (Creusot), and the Seabury Gun Company. The rapidity of aimed fire of these guns is about 10 rounds per minute, and their weight of projectile is 45 pounds.

MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY.

THE conditions governing fighting in mountainous and rough country districts render the use of field-pieces and horse artillery impracticable. Absence of roads and precipitous footpaths have necessitated the devising of special guns the primary feature of which is lightness; but it is a general rule of military science that the most powerful gun that can be transported should be used, and for mountainous districts weights not exceeding those that can be carried by pack-mules have to be employed. Guns of this class are termed "mountain artillery."

The mountain artillery of the United States consists, in addition to machine-guns, of the 1.65-inch (2-pounder) and 3-inch (12-pounder) Hotchkiss guns. The weight of the former is a little over 100 pounds, with a carriage of about twice that weight. The gun and the carriage are transported separately by mules, as is also the ammunition. The 2-pounder and the 12-pounder Hotchkiss mountain guns are designed to fire metallic ammunition, the latter being also adapted to fire shrapnel.

FIELD ARTILLERY.

FIELD artillery may be divided into horse artillery, light artillery, and heavy field artillery. The gun employed for horse artillery is very light in order to accompany cavalry, the cannoneers being mounted; and the cannon adopted for this purpose in the United States is the new 3.2-inch steel breech-loading field-gun, weighing 829 pounds, and firing a projectile of 13½ pounds with a charge of 3½ pounds.

The function of light field artillery is to accompany infantry, and the field-piece adopted for this purpose is the steel 3.6-inch cannon weighing 1181 pounds. Its charge is 4 pounds 8 ounces with a 20-pound projectile.

These two guns are also termed "rapid-fire field-guns," from the fact that an attempt is now being made to adapt them to fire metallic cartridges. In order, therefore, that they may be rapid-fire field-guns it has become necessary to devise carriages which shall not permit any recoil upon the ground. For this purpose the rapid-fire field-carriages are now being fitted with recoil cylinders attached to and forming part of the top carriage, the lower carriage being checked by wheel-brakes.

Heavy field artillery is intended to form batteries for engaging at long ranges, and delivering vertical fire against troops sheltered by temporary defenses. For this purpose the 3.6-

inch steel rifled field-mortar is used, weighing 244 pounds, and firing the same weight of projectile as the 3.6-inch field-gun (20 pounds), with a charge of one pound. Its range is about two miles, and in the test of the type of its class it has demonstrated its superiority to any similar piece in use by foreign services.

In addition to the artillery in use for mountain, field, and siege purposes (the latter being briefly touched upon below), should be mentioned the Hotchkiss 1.5-inch-caliber revolving cannon. It may be regarded as being midway between the machine and rapid-fire gun types, and is used principally in defending caponieres. The gun is not without its place also in the field in defending ditches, and in service of a like nature where the character of the fire is rapid, continuous, and powerful.

SIEGE-GUNS.

SIEGE-CANNON are intended for attacking and defending inland fortifications and the land fronts of sea-coast fortifications. The term "siege" is usually applied to pieces which, although too heavy for field operations, are yet light enough to be transported over common roads upon the carriage from which they are fired.

The siege artillery of the United States consists of the 5-inch siege-gun, the 7-inch siege-howitzer, and the 7-inch siege-mortar. The difference between howitzers and mortars, it should be remarked, is very slight. Howitzers are short cannon possessing the caliber of the mortar and yet approaching the accuracy of the gun. Mortars, on the other hand, may be defined simply as "very short cannon," and are used chiefly for high-angle firing. Howit-

zers are employed for the demolition of earthworks, and field-mortars for the destruction of life behind earthworks. The range of the service 7-inch howitzer with a 100-pound shell is about three miles, and its rapidity of fire is nearly at the rate of one round per minute.

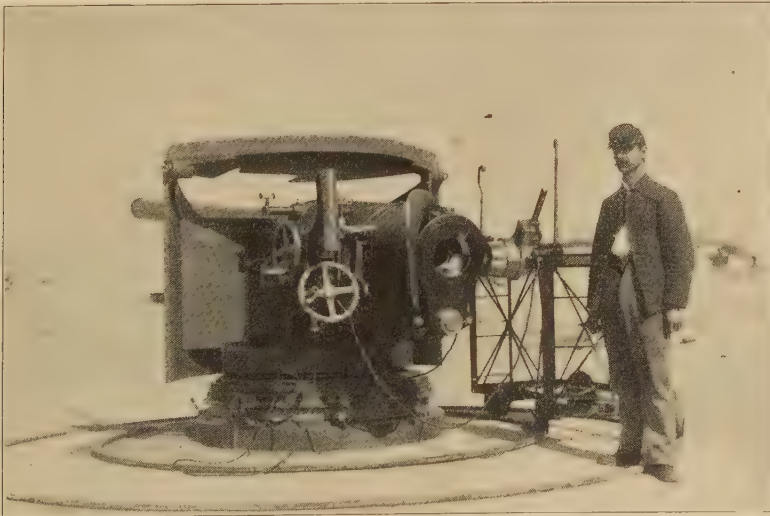
HEAVY GUNS FOR COAST DEFENSE.

THE sea-coast guns of the Civil War were cast-iron smooth-bore muzzle-loaders made in a single piece. The present sea-coast cannon of the United States and Europe are composed entirely of steel, and are constructed on what is termed the "built-up" system, which in general may be said to consist "of a series of concentric simple cylinders or layers in which the principle of initial tension is secured by the method of assemblage, whether by shrinkage as applied in the use of cylinders of a determinate size, or by tension of winding, as in the wire-wound gun."¹

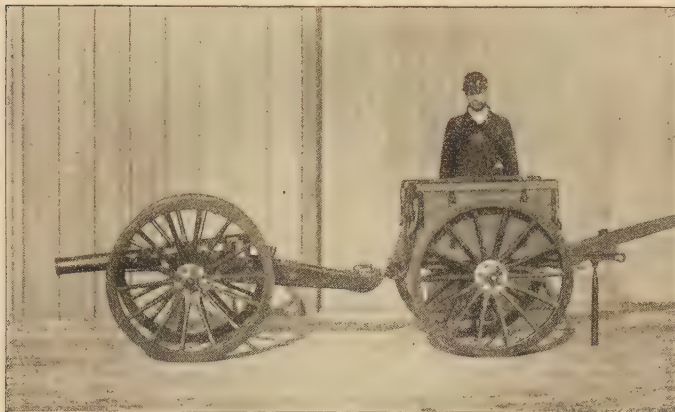
To Krupp of Germany belongs the credit of first making steel in large masses (1854), but Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. of England were the pioneers in the method of building up guns. The attempt to forge steel in sufficient masses for high-power sea-coast guns was not made in this country until within the last five years.

The sea-coast artillery employed in the United States for the armament of our fortifications consists of the 8-, 10-, and 12-inch breech-loading steel rifles, and the two types of 12-inch breech-loading mortars—the cast-iron steel-hooped and the all-steel mortars. Too much credit cannot be given to the ordnance department of the army for the development of our

¹ Captain R. Birnie, "Modern Gun Construction."



4.724-INCH ARMSTRONG QUICK-FIRE GUN AND MOUNTING. LOADING POSITION.



3-INCH HOTCHKISS MOUNTAIN GUN AND LIMBER.

modern high-power sea-coast guns. These cannon have been constructed in accordance with the plans of that department, and the tests of the type 8-, 10-, and 12-inch guns have demonstrated their marked superiority in accuracy, endurance, power, and symmetry over any other guns of like caliber and weight the world has ever seen.

A fair conception of the size and cost of these massive pieces of ordnance may best be realized when it is stated that the 12-inch breech-loading rifle weighs 127,680 pounds; that the cost of its forgings before machining and assembling is about \$42,000; and that the expense of machining is about \$10,000,—making a total cost of about \$52,000 for a gun which, it is estimated, can be fired only about 300 rounds before an additional expense is necessitated by the insertion of a new liner. (In England the estimated life of their 12-inch gun, which weighs over ten tons more than that of like caliber in this country, is but 105 rounds.) So carefully constructed are these modern high-power cannon that a variation from the prescribed diameter of more than $\frac{3}{1000}$ of an inch in the bore or the shrinkage surfaces cannot be allowed. In fact, they are more accurately and delicately constructed than a watch.

The charge of the 12-inch breech-loading rifle is 450 pounds of powder and a projectile of 1000 pounds; the required muzzle velocity is 2100 feet per second; and the penetration in Creusot steel is 25 inches at the muzzle, and 21 inches at 3500 yards (two miles). With 20 degrees elevation the range is a little less than 8 miles, and the cost of a full service charge is about \$400. With such ponderous weights and huge charges of powder, the question naturally arises, What is the accuracy? The answer is best given by quoting the following table and

comment of the chief of ordnance as expressed in his annual report for 1892, page 14 (referring to the 8-inch gun, which has been fully tested):

Range.....	mile	1
Mean vertical deviation from center of impact.....	foot	.56
Mean horizontal deviation from center of impact.....	foot	.56
Range.....	yards	3,000
Mean vertical deviation from center of impact.....	foot	1
Mean horizontal deviation from center of impact.....	feet	1.75

“This extreme accuracy of fire is better illustrated by the statement that in a target of five shots, at a range of one mile, *four out of the five shots struck within an area of 20 by 21 inches*; and in a target of eight shots, at a range of 3000 yards (about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles), six shots struck within an area of $1\frac{1}{2}$ by 4 feet. The targets with the 10-inch breech-loading rifle have shown about the same degree of accuracy.”

So far as I am aware, no other guns in the world of this class have exhibited such a high coefficient of accuracy under similar conditions.

SEA-COAST MORTARS.

NOT less important in the defense of the United States nor less successful in the results obtained are the modern high-power sea-coast 12-inch breech-loading mortars. Sea-coast mortars are used for the destruction of ships of war threatening our coasts, and fire projectiles designed to strike the deck—the most vulnerable part of a ship. These missiles are termed “deck-piercing shell.”

One of the most interesting series of experiments that have been in progress during the past few years has been the keen competition be-



3.6-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE FOR LIGHT FIELD ARTILLERY.

tween the armor-piercing shells and armor-plate. While the army has devoted its energies to the fabrication of a projectile which shall pierce any plate, the navy has aspired to produce an armor which shall withstand any projectile. No sooner does the navy manufacture what is thought to be an impenetrable plate, than the army brings forth a projectile that shatters it. The projectile at present undoubtedly has the advantage, which it is likely to maintain.

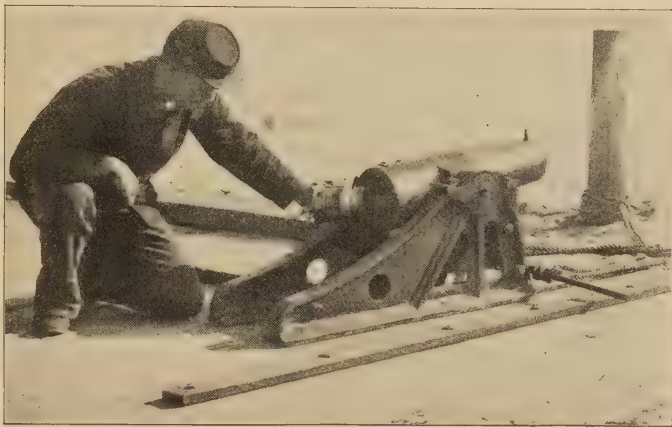
There are two kinds of 12-inch breech-loading mortars in the United States service—the cast-iron steel-hooped and the all-steel. But cast-iron as a material for guns has been weighed in the balance of military experience, and found wanting. The numerous casualties of the Civil War, and the bursting at Sandy Hook in 1889 of the 12-inch cast-iron breech-loading mortar constructed by the South Boston Iron Works, after the firing of only 20 rounds, have caused it to be looked upon as unsuitable for guns in any form. For this reason, therefore, although primarily a cheaper method of construction, the adoption of the cast-iron steel-hooped mortar is not necessarily regarded as final. In addition to the element of danger in the employment of cast-iron, the 12-inch cast-iron breech-loading mortar has shown itself to be inferior in velocity and range and power to the all-steel mortar of like caliber, and it is believed that its inferiority in endurance will prove to be equally great.

For the defense of our coast sixteen mortars capable of simultaneous fire will be grouped in sunken batteries or pits united under the control of one officer. By means of delicate instruments for ascertaining the range and position of the enemy with reference to the battery (which devices will be located on the parapet of the mortar-pits), the commanding officer will be enabled to give directions for the proper laying (aiming) of the mortars. They will be fired in volley, or otherwise.

The knowledge of the extreme accuracy of fire of which these new mortars are capable will render it very hazardous indeed for a vessel to approach within range (six miles), especially when it is known that the shells are designed to carry not less than one hundred pounds of high explosive, as will be the case in time of war.

WIRE-WOUND AND MULTICHARGE GUNS.

Of the many experimental guns that have been tested in this country might be mentioned the so-called wire-wound and the multicharge guns. Dr. W. E. Woodbridge, an American, was the pioneer in wire-wound gun construction; and although all of the cannon built in accordance with his methods have proved failures, it is said that England has adopted for her service wire-wound guns which are being constructed after the system proposed by Mr. J. A. Longridge of that country. Other

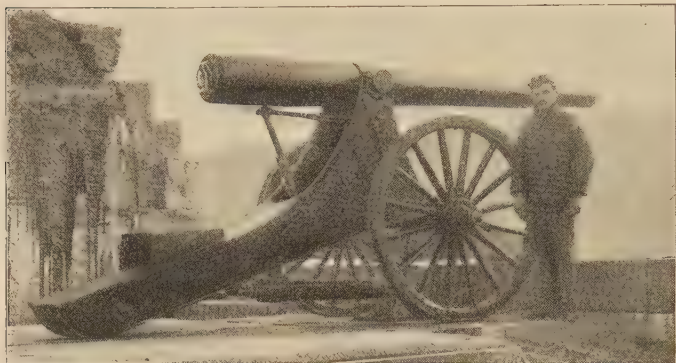


3.6-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED MORTAR FOR HEAVY FIELD ARTILLERY.

types of wire-wound guns constructed in this country are those of Mr. J. H. Brown, and of Captain William Crozier of the ordnance department. So far, the latter's design is the only successful type tested. The essential feature of artillery of this class consists in winding wire under great tension around a tube of steel which is either in a single piece or composed of segments. The Brown 5-inch segmental wire gun failed after the firing of 192 rounds, but withstood some abnormally high pressures during its test.

On the whole, it may be said that the method of wire-wound gun construction does not give promise of producing as good results as the built-up system; the former, however, possesses one very important advantage over the latter, and that is as regards cost: the wire-wound method requires a much less expenditure of both time and money than the built-up system.

The Haskell multicharge gun (experimental) is probably the most unique piece of ordnance ever constructed. The object of this invention is to secure the greatest velocities with a minimum of pressure, and to accomplish this purpose a series of powder-chambers are so arranged that each adds to the velocity of the projectile as it passes along the bore. The



5-INCH SIEGE BREECH-LOADING RIFLE AND CARRIAGE.

picture on page 580 illustrates the original design, dubbed the "old sow," which was constructed of cast-iron. It was unsuccessful. This gun, like the second one of similar design, is of 8-inch caliber.

The second Haskell gun, made of steel, has a reduction in the number of its additional powder-chambers, and was constructed, as was also the first one, by direction of Congress.

It is hardly probable that any further guns of this type will be built, for the reason that the same results are obtained, by means of the new slow-burning smokeless powders, in a more efficient manner from the high-power steel breech-loading rifles; and, moreover, the weight of the Haskell 8-inch multicharge gun exceeds that of the 10-inch built-up gun, and its cost is nearly twice as great.

THE PNEUMATIC GUN.

ANOTHER type of experimental guns which has attracted no little attention at home and abroad is the pneumatic dynamite gun invented by Mr. D. M. Mefford, and modified by Captain E. L. Zalinski, U. S. A. These guns are especially designed for firing high explosives, the propelling charge being compressed air. Three pneumatic dynamite guns—one 8-inch and two 15-inch—have been constructed and tested during the past summer at the Sandy Hook proving-ground. They were designed at a time when it had not been demonstrated that high explosives could be safely fired from powder-guns. The maximum range with 50 pounds of explosive gelatin is but 3 miles, and only 1 mile with the greatest charge (500 pounds).

As the object for which these guns were designed can be accomplished in a far more effectual manner by the high-power sea-coast guns, their place in the armament of our fortifi-

cations is of doubtful value. Then again, the flight of the projectile from the pneumatic guns is so slow that it can be traced with the unaided eye throughout its entire trajectory; and it is not improbable that a torpedo-boat could dodge the large projectiles by simply watching the course of their flight.

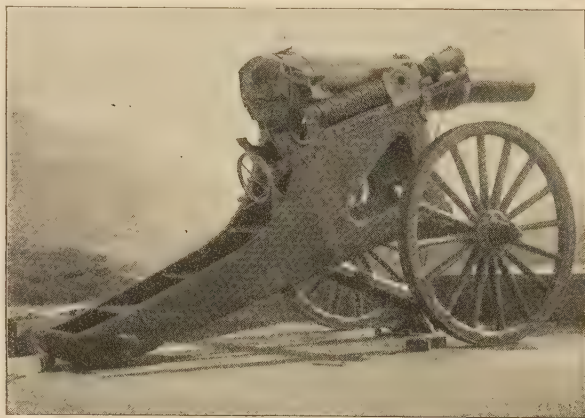
METHOD OF MOUNTING SEA-COAST GUNS.

A QUESTION of paramount importance, and one to which the best talent of European countries has been devoted without a satisfactory solution ever since the arrival of the modern high-power sea-coast cannon, is that of securing suitable carriages for them.

The 8-, 10-, and 12-inch guns weigh respectively 32,480, 67,200, and 127,680 pounds, and it must necessarily be an extremely strong device which can support these ponderous weights when fired, and allow of easy and speedy manipulation of the cannon. And the question is not only one of properly supporting and manœvering the gun, but involves the more important problem of so mounting it as to afford a maximum protection with a minimum cost.

Three methods are in vogue for mounting modern high-power sea-coast guns: mounting *en barbette* behind earthworks; protecting the gun by heavy armored turrets or cupolas; and mounting on disappearing carriages. The first is adapted only to certain localities where the natural conditions of the coast afford high elevation, and the second is extremely expensive. The last-named method has received the most favor in this country.

The system of disappearing carriages has



7-INCH SIEGE BREECH-LOADING HOWITZER AND CARRIAGE.

for its object the cover of the gun when loading, and exposure only when firing,—the gun being loaded out of sight behind the parapet, and then, by means of compressed air, electricity, or counterweights, raised above the parapet, the muzzle of the gun elevated to the proper angle required for covering the desired distance, and also traversed to the proper azimuth angle. The shock of recoil on firing is enormous, and this terrible blow must be absorbed by some suitable means, such as hydraulic and pneumatic cylinders, or counterweights. In addition to taking up this force of recoil in such a manner as will not shatter the carriage and everything connected with it, the desideratum has been so to store the energy of recoil as to make it available for manipulating the gun—that is, raising it into battery again for the next round, traversing, etc.

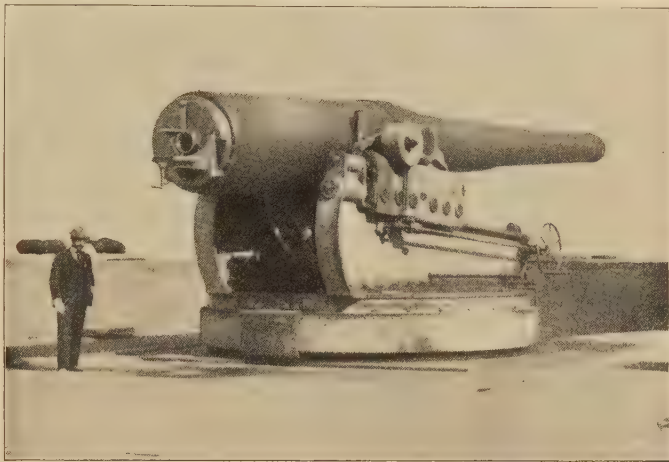
A properly constructed disappearing carriage, therefore, does not expose the gun for a longer period than is required to lay the piece (about twenty seconds is the maximum time); and if smokeless powder is employed it will be impossible for a hostile vessel to locate the gun. The moral effect, therefore, of a hidden attack is very apparent, and no vessel could attempt the silencing of an unseen battery.

A series of extremely interesting experiments was conducted in England a few years ago for the purpose of ascertaining the ability of a vessel to hit a gun mounted in this manner. A model gun was mounted on a disappearing carriage sunk in a pit, and arranged to rise every two minutes, remain exposed for twenty seconds, and then disappear again. A puff of smoke from powder fired just as the gun disappeared made the conditions for the ship's practice exactly similar to what they would have been had the gun been a real one. Hundreds of rounds were fired from machine-guns, rapid-fire guns, and heavy guns (10-inch), but not a bullet fell within the pit, not a shot struck the model. It should be remarked, however, that all the conditions worked to the disadvantage of the ship—high winds, strong tides, thick weather; but the commanding officer admitted that even had all the circumstances been favorable, the results would have been the same.

The only carriage of the disappearing type which seems to have been tested with any suc-

cess abroad is the English Moncrief, or Elswick, hydropneumatic disappearing carriage, as it is called; and according to the standard United States service requirements of what a carriage of this type should be, the results obtained cannot be considered at all satisfactory.

Three distinctive types of disappearing carriage, all of American design and manufacture, have been purchased by the government, and are now under test at the Sandy Hook proving-ground. They are the pneumatic disappearing gun-carriage, the Gordon counter-



MODERN 12-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. CREUSOT CARRIAGE AND GUN-LIFT.

poise carriage, and the Crozier-Buffington disappearing carriage,—all being adapted to the 10-inch breech-loading rifle.

The pneumatic carriage resembles in many features the English Elswick hydropneumatic carriage, while the Gordon carriage is the most novel of the three types, and affords the greatest amount of cover to the gun and its crew,—a projectile, to enter the carriage-pit, requiring an angle of fall of not less than 13 degrees with the horizon. None of these carriages has been tested to completion; but in the trials for rapidity of action conducted with the Crozier-Buffington 10-inch carriage during the past summer, the unprecedented record of 10 rounds in 14 minutes and 42 seconds was obtained, the carriage being maneuvered throughout the trials entirely by hand.

The Crozier-Buffington is exclusively a hand-power carriage,—its maneuvering (elevating, depressing, traversing) being performed by hand, while the elevation into battery is of course accomplished by means of the counterweights, in which sufficient energy for this purpose is stored by the recoil.

The Gordon carriage is capable of being operated either by hand or by electric power. The second Gordon carriage, operated *entirely by*



SERVICE CHARGES AND PROJECTILES. THE LARGEST CHARGE IS FOR A 10-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

hand-power, was tested for rapidity December 3, 1894, and proved to be a phenomenal success, thirty-two rounds being fired within an hour.

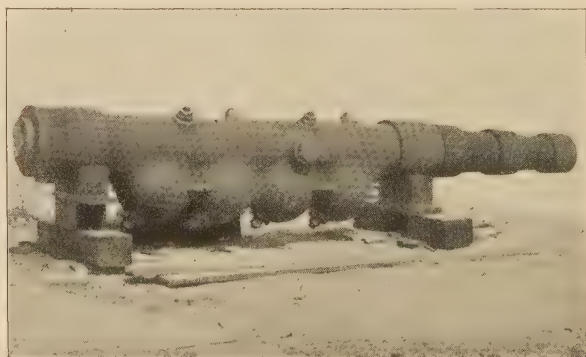
The tests thus far conducted with the Gordon and the Crozier-Buffington disappearing gun-carriages have been very satisfactory and extremely gratifying, for these tests have proved these carriages to be far superior to any type of sea-coast carriage constructed in Europe; and the importance of these results cannot be overestimated. These experimental carriages cost between \$40,000 and \$60,000 apiece, including the platform. In addition to the cost of purchase must be added about \$20,000 for the test of each carriage.

EXPERIMENTS WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

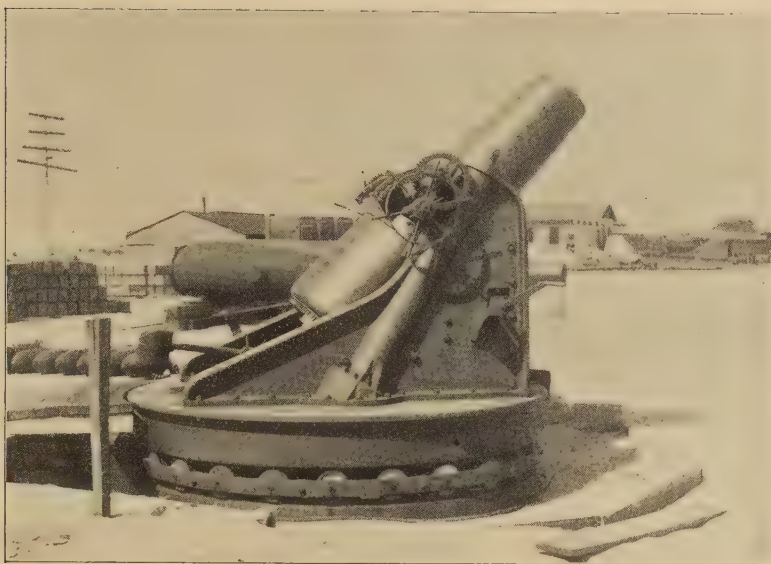
PROBABLY one of the most important series of experiments conducted by the government during the past few years has been that with high explosives. Lieutenant William R. Hamilton, in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for October, 1888, says: "As is well known, many attempts in years past have been made to throw shells charged with dynamite from guns fired with gunpowder; but, due to the terrific shock of discharge, the shells generally burst in the guns, and were more dangerous to those firing than to those fired at"; but although not much more than six years have elapsed since the publication of this statement, a high explosive has been developed, almost

as powerful as dynamite, which is capable of being safely fired from large-caliber cannon giving a velocity of not exceeding 1400 feet per second.

At the Sandy Hook proving-ground very extensive and instructive experiments have been conducted with the different explosives furnished by the inventors of this country and abroad, and the results of these interesting investigations have already reached a point justifying conclusions of no small importance. The knowledge has already been given to the public that there can be safely fired from mortars of as large a caliber as 12 inches, 100 pounds of Emmensite and of wet guncotton; and, as stated in the annual report of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification, United States Army, for 1892 (page 29), which conducted these tests, "it is quite certain that 100 pounds of Emmensite exploded in the interior of a war-



HASKELL 8-INCH CAST-IRON MULTICHARGE GUN. (THE "OLD SOW.")



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING HOOPED MORTAR. SPRING RETURN CARRIAGE. FIRING POSITION.

ship, whether entering through the deck or unarmored side, would be decisive; and mortar-shells carrying this charge are easily and cheaply provided. Moreover, so long as the propelling charge in the 8-inch, 10-inch, and 12-inch high-power guns is restricted to give initial velocities not exceeding 1000 feet per second, charges up to this limit may be safely fired from them."

The importance of these statements is better appreciated when it is borne in mind that the simple knowledge of the fact that we can fire 100 pounds of high explosive from these modern high-power mortars, with the extreme accuracy of which they are capable at ranges of five and six miles, amounts almost to a protection in itself of our harbors where these modern mortar-batteries are mounted, rendering an approach thereto an undertaking so hazardous that very few vessels would be willing to risk it.

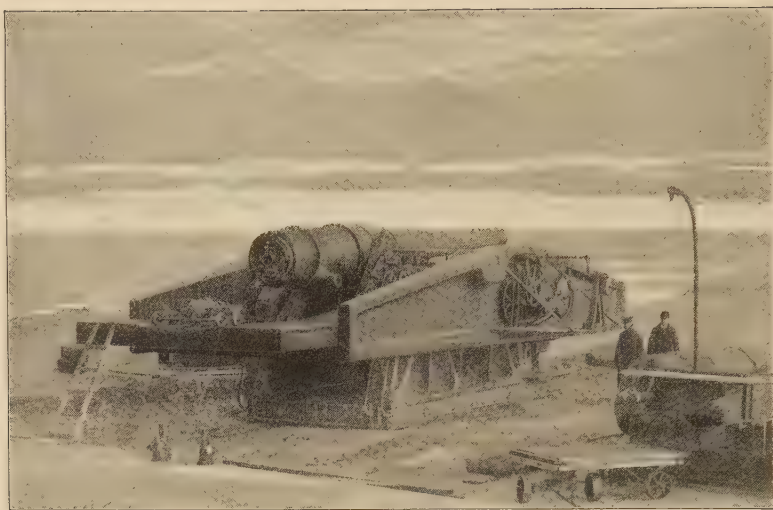
THE NEW POWDERS.

POWDER, as a propelling charge for cannon, has been in use for over 300 years. The development, however, of the high-power steel breech-loading guns has rendered necessary the employment of a different-sized grain for each caliber; and in order to secure the highest ballistics it has not only been found desirable to devise a grain of different size for the different guns, but also of particular form. The best results from brown powders in our modern guns have been obtained with those grains of prismatic or hexagonal shape having a hollow core running longitudinally. The

grains are so arranged as to have the hole in each next that immediately in front and behind, so that when ignited the combustion begins in the interior, producing a steadily increasing volume of gas as the exterior and larger surface of the grain is reached.

No invention of the present century relating to military matters has aroused keener interest or given promise of producing as far-reaching results as that of smokeless powder. Mr. Alfred Nobel, of Stockholm, the inventor of dynamite, succeeded in 1863 in producing in large quantities nitroglycerin (formed by the addition of glycerin to a mixture of concentrated nitric and sulphuric acids). But it was not until 1885 that he was able to produce his firing-powder by dissolving collodion cotton in an equal part of nitroglycerin. Since his discoveries there have been many inventions in smokeless powder, most of which have nitroglycerin or guncotton for a base. The peculiar and distinguishing characteristics of these powders is that, as the product of their combustion is almost entirely gaseous, they burn without the production of any smoke, and leave no solid residue; and as they are slow-burning, give a steadily increasing pressure on the base of the projectile. Physically they differ materially from the old forms of black powder, being manufactured either in thin sheets or small tubes, and range in color from a straw-yellow to a red-brown. They are rarely black.

The government has now under test, with a view to selection for the military service, types of smokeless powders submitted by various inventors and manufacturers of this coun-



10-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. GORDON DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE. LOADING POSITION.

try and Europe. These powders, which will unquestionably be adopted for every piece of ordnance in the United States military service, from the infantry rifle to the high-power sea-coast guns, in addition to possessing the extremely desirable quality of not hiding the field of fire, and of not indicating to the enemy the location of the firing-piece, possess a higher coefficient of strength than the black or brown powders; and owing to the fact, above mentioned, that the resulting product of their ignition is almost entirely gaseous, there is very little fouling of the piece.

The greatest difficulties that have thus far been experienced with smokeless powders are their liability to deterioration during storage, and the widely different ballistic results which the same lot of powder may produce without apparent cause. These, however, are difficulties which experience in manufacture and use will undoubtedly soon overcome.

Almost all the foreign governments have adopted for their military services smokeless powders, the composition and method of production being kept secret. The United States navy has used to the greatest extent the so-called "navy smokeless" designed by Professor Charles E. Munroe, late chief chemist of the naval torpedo station at Newport, and now professor of chemistry in the Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

The most promising smokeless powders of domestic manufacture, and which are unquestionably equal, if not superior, to any produced thus far abroad, are the Peyton and the Leonard smokeless. The keeping qualities of the Leonard have not yet been determined, but the experiments thus far show it to be a highly promising powder, since it has given a muzzle

velocity of 2875 feet per second, with a pressure of but 46,800 pounds per square inch, from the 5-inch Brown segmental wire gun.

RANGE- AND POSITION-FINDERS.

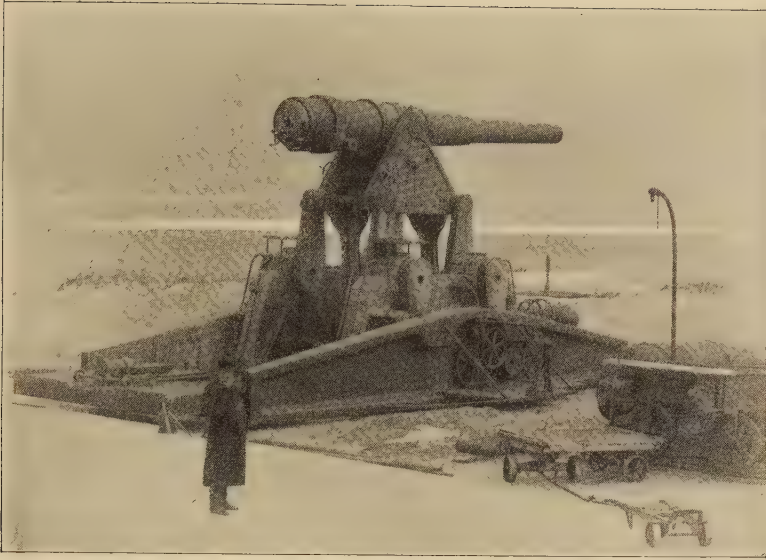
ONE of the greatest difficulties that have always existed in connection with good shooting is the measurement of the range, and this difficulty has been augmented by the increased range and cost of practise-firing with modern high-power guns. It has been found necessary, therefore, to devise special instruments for locating accurately and speedily distant objects. They are based upon the well-known trigonometrical principle of solving a triangle at the apex of which is the object, a permanent base-line being given; and after the two angles thereat are ascertained by the observer, a close approximation to the true range is rapidly secured.

These instruments are termed range- and position-finders, and designs of the most improved types have been submitted by inventors of both the United States and Europe, including the Fiske, the Lewis, and the Zalinski range- and position-finders.

They will undoubtedly form a necessary part of the armament of every fortification where high-power guns are mounted, and it is not improbable that they will also be extensively used in the field.

APPROPRIATIONS NEEDED FROM CONGRESS.

THE far-reaching and all-important changes which have been taking place during the past few years in almost every kind of *matériel* of war in the different branches of our military service, were inaugurated by the Fortification



10-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. GORDON DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE. FIRING POSITION.

Appropriation Act approved September 22, 1888, prior to which time it was not unjustly charged that the United States was utterly without any means of protection for her sea-coast, and that the munitions of war in the hands of the army were obsolete and ill fitted to cope with the improved weapons adopted by other nations; and yet within the short period of six years this task of selecting types of modern equipment throughout every branch of our military service has been undertaken with that energetic spirit and intelligent consideration which is the characteristic of our race. And the results obtained are as highly gratifying as they are extremely satisfactory.

The army has performed its part. It now rests with Congress whether, after the expenditure of so much time, so much energy, and so much money, the proper encouragement shall be extended to our officers and to American inventors, and the proper protection given to our country, by providing the requisite number of guns, mortars, carriages, etc., for sea-coast defense, and by issuing to our military service.

It is absolutely certain that the practice, which has existed in this country, of waiting for a declaration of hostilities before inaugurating defensive and offensive preparations, can no longer be followed. "We defeated England twice, and we can do it again," is an oft-repeated boast that creates a pleasant tinkle in our ears, and lulls us into an overestimated feeling of security—a boast that the United States, with all her vast resources, would

find it extremely difficult to carry out unless provided with the proper armament to do so. And the reasons for this are apparent. At the time of our conflicts with Great Britain in 1776 and 1812, the means of war at the disposal of the British army were not superior to those in the hands of our own. But the discovery of steam, and the invention of the telegraph and the improved methods of treating steel, have wrought a change in military matters but little short of miraculous; and other nations have not been as slow as we have been up to within a very recent period in taking advantage of these inventions as applied to the methods of warfare. Within ten days from a declaration of war England could land on the borders of this country many thousands of men,—the fast transports at her disposal, and the numerous supply-stations which have been established by that government, and which now almost completely surround us, facilitating this to a degree but very little appreciated. The trite truism of Washington—"to be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace"—that has been so often repeated, applies now with added force. The fact that we are prepared to fight is the surest guarantee that we shall not have to fight.

With a superior magazine small-arm, with high-power sea-coast- and field-guns inferior to none, and with the development of other types of implements and engines of war of unequaled excellence, the necessary appropriations to supply these weapons for our national defense should not be withheld.

Victor Louis Mason.



THE PASSING OF MUHAMMAD O PROPHET OF ARABIA O

A DRAMATIC SKETCH BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

The scene is the house of Ayesha,— Muhammad's favorite wife,— at Medina; the date being the month of June, A. D. 632. Muhammad is lying on his bed, sick unto death, his wives and certain Arab women attending him.

AYESHA —

Allah! we never looked that he should lie
This way, like others: weak and lean and cold,
Moaning with mortal pain — whom we did know
The Prophet of the Lord.

Maimuna! drive

The gray fly from his brow! Dost thou recall,
O Salma's sister! what a brow it was,
How lordly, with the blue vein swollen big
When he was wroth, or unbelievers irked?
What eyes these sealed eyes were, so keen and stern,
That day, the eighth of Dzul Hijj, when we went
The pilgrimage to Mecca — we his wives,
And five score victims for the sacrifice;
He in the front of all, by Bital led,
Riding Al Kaswa, that good beast which found
The desert well, and knelt at Kaaba —
Dropped in the season when he wedded thee?
Was it not like to locust-swarms the folk
Hung round Muhassir, and on Arafat,
Glad eager masses, while he stood aloft,—
As 't were the Angel of the Seal, methought,—
In Mina, saying loud: "I have fulfilled

The message! I have left amidst ye here
 A plain command, the Book of Allah! This,
 If ye hold fast, shall guide aright your feet."
 And, lifting up his gaze, he spake aloud:
 "O Lord! I have delivered all thy will;
 Witness thou for me!" Then, what thunder rolled
 Of forty thousand score of tongues which cried:
 "Aye! of a truth thou hast!" Did we not deem
 He clomb too near to Heaven in those great hours
 Ever to fall, like this, to us and death?
 By Allah! did ye think it could be so?

MAIMUNA — Nay; and how bright with life this wan cheek was
 When he came back from Mecca, all his heart
 Full of God's peace, the seven due circuits done,
 The Zemzem water quaffed, and each thing set
 In just ensample for the days to be
 When men shall wend to Mecca! Ayesha!
 Thou wert on Arafat that dawn he spake
 The sunrise prayer — and afterward the verse
 From the fifth Sura: "This day have I made
 Truth finished for ye; this day have fulfilled
 My mercy toward ye; this day do appoint
 Islam your faith forever." On that night
 I did not dare caress him when he came
 Into my tent; I let the date-water
 Spill from the leathern bowl, afeard to speak,
 He was so rapt. I chafed his feet, and dropped
 My eyes — ashamed of his far-seeing eyes.

ASMA (*sister to MAIMUNA*)—

For me, I held him most majestic,
 Surest of years, that day when Zeïd's son
 Osâma took command for Syria.
 How like a conqueror did our Lord unroll
 The banner of black wool, and bind the sword
 Which flashed at Beder on Osâma's thigh,
 Saying: "Fight thou with this under my flag,
 In Allah's name for Allah's truth, and smite
 And break the unbelievers!" Then, indeed,
 Who would have dreamed our Master nigh to this?

AYESHA — Yet he fell sick next night. Oh, had we marked,
 There lacked not signs. Fatma! hast thou in mind
 How Abu Bekr met him two moons back
 In the mosque gate, and, noting that his beard
 Grizzled amid its flowing ebon, spake
 Full sorrowfully in a sudden grief:
 "Thou — who than father or than mother art
 More dear to all — alack! I see gray hairs
 Are hastening in upon thee!" and his eyes
 Brimmed with quick tear-drops when the Prophet raised
 With both thin hands his beard, gazing thereon,
 And answering, "Yea! 't is travail of the Word
 Hath wrought its sign upon me: night and day
 The saying of the 'Suras Terrible'—
 'Hud,' and 'The Striking,' and 'The Inevitable'—
 Has burned my strength to ashes."

FATMA — Aye! 't was so;
 Yet sought we ever what might bring him rest:
 His uncle Abbas, seeing how the folk
 Thronged round him in the mosque, said: "If we build
 A lofty seat for thee, they shall not throng."
 But sweet reply our Lord gave: "Kinsman kind!
 I will not cease from moving in their midst,
 Dragging my abbas through the press of them,
 And covered with their dust, till Allah's call
 Bring me my time of peace."

AYESHA — Ah, Fatma! moist
 His lips with honey, for I think they move,
 And peradventure 't will be Allah's will
 This weakness shall go by. Yet latterly
 Ofttimes he did recite, as if 't were due,
 That Sura which doth say: "When God's help comes,
 And victory, and thou shalt see all tribes
 Entering by troops the gateways of the Faith,
 Then celebrate the praises of thy Lord,
 And seek his mercy who is merciful."

FATMA — Aunt! When that same great Sura was writ down,
 He called me; spake to me with quiet eyes:
 "My daughter! it is opened I shall die."
 At which hard word mine eyes broke into floods
 Like rain on Yemen in the sowing-time.
 But he said softly: "Nay, Khadija's child!
 Weep not; be comforted! since, verily,
 Thou shalt first join with me in Paradise."
 Thereat no more I wept, but in my heart
 Joy gleamed like sun-breaks when the rain is done.

MAIMUNA — Most happy Fatma! if it were to me
 He had spoke so, this sorrow would not lie
 Crushing my soul, as when her too great load
 Keeps bent the camel's knee. I too recall
 How — when it was my night, and naught he loved
 Soothed him, not date-cakes, nor the rabab's string,
 Nor perfumes of the myrrh and ambergris,
 Nor kisses,— and ye women wot he liked
 Women and scents and sweets — he rose from me,
 Wrapped his striped izar-cloth about his head,
 And, lifting up the inner curtain, passed
 Into the jeweled stillness of the night.
 With fearful steps I dared to follow him,—
 Ah, sisters! not to spy,— solicitous
 Lest wandering beast or sinful robber hurt
 The Prophet of the Lord. But he came straight,
 Quick-striding, resolute, to where our dead
 Sleep by the city wall. There, 'mid the tombs,
 Long leaned he on his cedar staff, intent,
 Deep-meditating, silent. At the end
 A jackal barked: whereon, as if the cry
 Roused him, I heard him in most gentle tones
 Speak to the dead: "Verily, ye and I
 Have found fulfilment of what Allah pledged:
 Blessèd are ye, and blessèd is your lot
 Beyond the lot of those left in the world!
 Sleep well, till God's great daybreak wakens you.
 O Lord! shew mercy to these slumberers,

And grant thy grace to me!" At that he turned
And hastened back with such assurèd strides
Scarce I had space to outrun him, and to quench
The kindled lamp, and cast my sandals by,
And seem to slumber, when he came again,
Chilled, to my side, and whispered: "This good night
Allah hath proffered me which thing I would,—
Long life, or else to meet my Lord betimes,—
And I have chosen very soon to die."

AYESHA — That was the week my brows ached; and I moaned,
"My head! my head!" not wotting he was near.
Then entered he, his own brow knit with pain,
And lightly spake: "'T is I might cry, 'My head!'
So bitter is this heat that scorcheth me!
But thou, Omm Raman's child!—were it not sweet
If Allah willed thou didst die first: so I
That loved thee best, might speak the prayers for thee,
And wrap thee in thy grave-cloth, Ayesha,
And lay thee safe till I came too, Gazelle?"
"Now, God forbid!" quoth I—as who would turn
A heaviness to merriment. "Thy wish,
I fear me, Prophet, is to find some eyes
Brighter than Ayesha's when she is gone,
Giving the love that hath been mine to her."
But wistfully he smiled, and silent went.

MAIMUNA — Yea, yea! we know he loved you best. You came
New to him from the goat's milk and the games.
But I, and Haphsa, Zeinab, and the rest,
Dwelled in the outer garden of his love.
It was his will: we grudge thee not; 't is meet
He lie now in thy chamber, Ayesha,
Since — save Khadija — thou in all these years
Held most his heart. But oh, have heed to him —
He strives to speak!

(MUHAMMAD awakens.)

MUHAMMAD — Ayesha! Ayesha!
Hath yet Osâma marched?

AYESHA — My Lord! sweet Lord!
He stands without, waiting to speak farewell.

MUHAMMAD — Cover your faces, then, and bid him come.

(OSÂMA enters, and, kneeling by the couch, kisses the sick man's face.)

OSÂMA — Prophet! how fierce a fever burneth thee!

MUHAMMAD — I swear by Him in whose hand lies my life,
There suffereth no believer but his woes
Cause sins to shed away, as the hot wind
Strips dead leaves off, that new green leaves may grow.
I, here consuming, cheat my fever's flame
Praising the Lord: but thou, why tarriest thou?
Smite me the unbelievers! Fall at dawn
Upon those dogs of Obna! Let attack
Sound the first tidings of thee! Send forth scouts,

THE PASSING OF MUHAMMAD,

And Allah give thee victory! Guide my palm
That I may lay it on thy head, and leave
A blessing there. Go in God's peace!

(OSÂMA *departs.*)

My girl!

Where is that gold I gave into thy hands?
Part it among the "people of the Bench,"
Heaven's poor ones.

AYESHA— Master! 't is the last we have:
We owe for wood and sesamum.

MUHAMMAD— Give! Give!
That were ill done if I should meet my Lord
With dinars in my hands. Maimuna! reach
My izar down. I hear the muezzin
Calling to prayer! *Ya! ya! Ash 'had do an*
La illah 'l-lul-la-ho. Ye faithful! know
There is no God save God: *hya ul-aş-salaat!*
Come unto prayer! Nay, nay! I have not force;
I cannot stand; this fever burns my brain!
Lay me once more upon the camel-skin.

AYESHA— Sweet Lord! Thou doest ill to vex thy heart.
Enough is wrought. Ah, rest! Saith not the Book:
"We have forgiven to thee all thy sins,
The former and the latter"?

MUHAMMAD— Ayesha!
Except God's mercy cover me with grace,
I that am called the Prophet of the Lord—
I shall not enter into Paradise!
Hath yet Osâma marched? I cannot ease
Of this fierce aching till I hear his drums.
Oh, set the door wide back. I faint! I faint!

MAIMUNA— Make wet his holy lips with date-water,
Zeinab! Fan quickly, Fatma! Ah, he swoons!
Our Master's eyes are shut. He hath desired
Too ardently to lead this evening prayer.

AYESHA— 'T was Monday's Azan brought him to such point
Of mortal feebleness.

ZEINAB— I did not know.
How fell that, Abu Bekr's daughter?

AYESHA— Weak—
Though not, as now, to seeming death—he lay.
And I, who oft before in time of strait
Heard him ask Allah for deliverance,
Knelt heartsick by the bed, because he prayed
Saying, "Oh, soul! my soul! why seekest thou
Another refuge than in God alone?"
For then first did he no more crave to live.

ZEINAB— Inshallah!

AYESHA— But the morn broke, rose and gold,
And the cool air was like a spring to drink,
While on the ways the footfalls of the folk
Made clatter, and the pigeons on the roof
Cooed, and the well-ropes creaked, awakening him.

So, stronger for his sleep,—and hearing then,
As now, the muezzin,—he would arise
And gird himself to go. My father served
Imam that day, and told us what befell.

ZEINAB—Impart it, sister !

AYESHA— All the mosque was filled
To the corner flag-stones, and the first rakaat¹
Was finished, and the people stood to make
The second form, when our Lord entered in,
His arm about the neck of Abbas' son.
Then, in the house of God, the weakness went ;
Glad grew his face ; his wan lips smiled ; he said
Softly to Fadhl : " Allah granteth me
Cooling of eyes by this good breath of prayer."
And the folk parted on the right and left
To make way for him to the mimbar-rail,
Where Abu Bekr would have yielded place
But our Lord motioned " No," and on the mats
Sate till my father ended morning prayer.
Then he arose, and while the eyes of men
Fed on his looks, and eager fingers caught
His robe's hem to fond lips, he cried aloud,
The fever crimson in his cheek, his mouth
Dry with the blast of death, and this dear brow
Shadowed with Azrael's overhanging wing !
Yes — Abu Bekr said — he gazed around,
And spake : " Men of Medina, where I lived
Coming and going, testifying God,
I shall die soon ! I pray ye, answer me :
Is there among ye here one I have wronged ?
I have borne rule, judging in Allah's name
That am a man, and sinful. Have I judged
Unrighteously, or wrathfully, or pressed
Too hard in the amend ? Let who saith ' Yea '
Make his ' Yea ' good before the people here,
And I will bare my back that he may smite.
I have borne testimony for the Truth,
Not sparing sinners. Speak, if there be one
Wronged by mine own misdoing. Let him shame
His Prophet now, telling the ill I wrought
Before the assembly. I have gathered dues :
Declare if I defrauded any here
Buying or selling."

And no answer came,
Except the noise of sobs and weeping men
Because our Lord spake thus.

But one arose,—
A hamal,—with his cord across his back,
And porter's knot (Zeinab ! thou knowest him :
'T is Hassan, from the last shop in the lane
Behind the mosque), who cried : " Abdallah's son !
Three silver pieces owest thou to me
For wood I bore thee after Ramadhan."
And softly said our Lord : " Good friend ! much thanks
Because thou didst demand thy money now,
And not before the judgment-seat of God.
Ill is it if men thither carry debts."
Therewith he paid that debt, kissing the hand

¹ Prostration.

THE PASSING OF MUHAMMAD.

Wherein the dirhams dropped; and so came home
 To lay his head upon my lap—my lap!
 But, Zeinab, look! Maimuna, look! Our Lord
 Stirreth anew! What saith he? Let me come!
 Ayesha's ear shall know.

(*Kneeling at the bedside.*)

'T is Ayesha

Hearkens, dear Master!

MUHAMMAD — Give me drink, my girl!
 Hath yet Osâma marched? Be those his drums?
 I die — at last I die! Breathe on my eyes
 And chafe my hands. Well wot I that I die.
 Listen! this for thine ear—for thee alone:

(*He speaks low to AYESHA.*)

Three days ago, Allah's high messenger
 Came to me,— Gabriel,— and he asked of me:
 "Servant of God! how is it with thee here?"
 "Trouble is with me, and sore agony,"
 Replied I. Then he spake, "A little while
 Have patience"; and departed. Once again
 With selfsame speech he came, inquired, and I
 With the same words made answer. And again,
 Even now, whilst ye did watch, th' archangel stood
 Here, in thy room,—another shining one
 Behind him,—and he said: "Servant of God!
 This is the lord of death, great Azrael.
 He hath not sought before from any man
 Leave to come in, and never afterward
 Shall seek from any; but to-day he stands
 Waiting thy pleasure. Suffer that he come."
 Then spake I, "Enter, Allah's messenger!"
 And Azrael said: "Muhammad, I am sent
 To take thy soul, if so thou wilt; or else,
 If so thou wilt, to leave thee whole again.
 I that command, am at command of thee."
 Whereon, a little pondering, I was 'ware
 Of Gabriel whispering, "Verily, our Lord
 Desireth thee." And thereupon I spake:
 "Do thou the will of Allah, Azrael!"

ZEINAB — What saith he, Ayesha?

AYESHA — Be still, be still! —
 O Prophet of the Lord! Ah, Master, stay!

MUHAMMAD — Nay! take thy lips away — they cannot help.
 Read, if thou canst, my Sura writ for death.
 Kiss me no more, I say,— Azrael's mouth
 Is on my lips. O Allah, pardon me!
 Join me with the companionship on high!
 Hist! I see Paradise! O Gabriel, give
 Thy hand a little more. I testify
 There is no God but God!

(*He dies.*)

AYESHA — Now, women, cry!
 Gone! our resource, our glory! *Wel-wel-eh!*
 Our Lord is dead and gone! Ah, *wel-wel-eh!*

Edwin Arnold.

THE DEATH OF EMIN PASHA.

BY THE UNITED STATES AGENT IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.



HEN Emin Pasha, after his return to the coast with Stanley, again left Zanzibar, he headed for the Victoria Nyanza, with the intention of going back to the Equatorial Provinces; but as he turned to the Unyoro coun-

try, which lies to the west of the Victoria, and near the source of the Aruwimi, he had evidently changed his mind on arriving at the Victoria Lake. At that point his force included some forty soldiers and a caravan of porters, probably numbering 150 people. It is supposed that this was an expedition under the authority of the German Imperial government, and that it had more than a scientific motive.

Upon arriving in the Unyoro, he came upon an Arab camp under the command of Said ben Abedi, whose father was old Tanganyika, formerly an important chief on the lake of that name. Emin Pasha expressed his intention of making his way through the Uregga country to Kibonge, on the right bank of the Congo, seventy-five or eighty miles south of Stanley Falls. Said told him that if he would wait a few weeks, he would accompany him to Kibonge. This was about the month of July, 1892. The distance from Unyoro to Kibonge was said to be three months' journey through a continuation of the same forest which gave Stanley so much trouble in his search for Emin. Shortly afterward Emin continued his march, accompanied by Said, who was taking slaves and ivory to the Congo.

From Emin's journals it was learned that in following the course of the Aruwimi for a few days after starting with Said, he lost, through the capsizing of a boat in the rapids of that river, the greater part of his natural-history specimens, collected on his way from the east coast. On turning from the river toward Kibonge, his course lay southwest through a dense forest difficult to traverse; there was a scarcity of food, and the natives were inclined to attack the camps every night, especially the Pygmy race. Emin and Said lost many men in this forest. Emin's journals indicate that he kept his health in a remarkable degree, and he ascribed his freedom from fevers to the fact that he had an enlarged spleen.

On October 5, 1892, they arrived at the

small village of Kinena, which lies 150 miles to the northeast of Kibonge. Here Said suggested that Emin should wait and allow his men some rest, while he would proceed to Kibonge, and inform the chief of that name that the white man was coming. Emin assented, and two days afterward Said left, promising to send fresh porters to Emin. Then Emin installed himself in the house of the chief, Kinena, knowing that he would have to wait at least twenty days before an answer could come from Said. He busied himself, meanwhile, in arranging the collection which he had made in a country never before gone over by a naturalist; and judging from his journals, it must have been a very valuable one, as he claims to have found many new specimens of animal life — insects, birds, etc.

In his journal of October 26 he wrote in German, *Mohara will krieg* ("Mohara will fight"); and this is the only indication which we have been able to find in his note-books that he knew anything of the Arab war then about to break forth. The next day's entry was short, merely stating that the weather was cloudy and that it threatened rain. This is the last entry in the journals, and it is supposed that he was killed on the following morning, October 28, 1892.

In order to explain the motive of the murder, we must consider events of the previous year which led up to the war with the Arabs.

The Congo Free State, in the beginning of 1891, fitted out an expedition under the command of Captain Van Kerckhoven, who had orders to proceed to the Nile by way of the Oulle and Bomokandi rivers. The object of this expedition was not clearly understood, and excited much comment in Europe. It met on those two rivers many Arab camps which belonged to the followers of Tippoo Tib and Munie-Mohara. In every case these camps were attacked, the Arabs killed, the slaves liberated, and the ivory seized as contraband of war. This expedition up to the present time is still working toward the Nile, and I have no doubt that the country which has been taken will be retained by the Congo Free State. The killing of so many Arabs by the expedition undoubtedly engendered a hatred in the minds of the Arab chiefs at their headquarters, Nyangwe and Kassongo (three or four hundred

miles south of Kibonge), toward all the whites in Central Africa; and this undoubtedly was the reason why the expedition under Hodister was massacred in May, 1892. This expedition was sent from Brussels under the name of the *Syndicat du Katanga*. They had orders to establish trading-houses on both banks of the Congo south of Stanley Falls, and on the Lomami River, which runs parallel to the Congo. All the arrangements for the establishment of these factories had been made with Tippoo Tib and Munie-Mohara; and Hodister thought he had only to go to the different points and establish himself. But on the road from the Lomami to a small town called Riba-Riba, situated on the left bank of the Congo River half-way from Kibonge to Kassongo, he, with six white men, was murdered by order of Munie-Mohara. The reason given by the latter for having killed them was revenge for the many Arabs killed by Van Kerckhoven in the Oulle. Emin's death five months later, at the instigation of Kibonge, was undoubtedly prompted by the same feeling of hatred toward the whites.

Five months after Emin's death (March, 1893), while I was at Stanley Falls preparing to enter the Lomami, it was rumored among the native chiefs that a white man, whom they called Ameen, and who had come from the East, had been murdered to the east of Kibonge's place; but all these rumors were very vague, and we could get no definite information from any one, the Arabs saying it was not true—that the only white men who had been killed were of Hodister's party.

Since the month of July, 1892, a large expedition under Baron Dhanis had been fighting its way from the Sankuru, an affluent of a south branch of the Congo, eastward to the headquarters of the Arabs at Kassongo, a town of 40,000 inhabitants, governed by Sefu, the eldest son of Tippoo Tib, and his representative in Central Africa. After a two months' siege the towns of Kassongo and Nyangwe (Munie-Mohara's town) surrendered; and the soldiers, in ransacking the houses, found in one of them articles belonging to Emin. This caused great surprise to Baron Dhanis, as he had no idea that Emin had even started for Stanley Falls. On questioning Arabs taken prisoners in this fight, no doubt remained of Emin's death; so word was sent to Europe without fear of contradiction.

The Arab war was finished on January 14, 1894; and in the following April, while I was in Kassongo, my sergeant, Omari, a Zanzibari who had formerly been with Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition as first sergeant, informed me that he had heard in the town that morning that a caravan would arrive the next day, and in this caravan there were two men

who had killed Emin Pasha. Steps were immediately taken for their arrest, and the next morning, when the caravan appeared on the hill near Kassongo, soldiers were sent, and the two men, Ismailia and Mamba (Arab slaves), were arrested, and placed in the guard-house. I was immediately sent for, to take their confessions.

The guard-house was in the thatched, sundried brick building which formed our headquarters at Kassongo, and was large, having at least fifteen rooms, with a court in the middle not unlike the patio of a Spanish house. This court was entirely surrounded by large fluted pillars, and the architectural effect was fine. The windows gave one the idea that it was a Moorish house. The doors were made of mahogany, as were also the ceilings. On the posts and lintels of the doorways were inscriptions from the Koran carved out of the solid wood. The doors were very heavy, and studded with large iron nails, and looked not unlike some of the old cathedral doors of Europe. On arriving at Kassongo, Dhanis had taken this large house for his headquarters. It was the property of an Arab named Moussonghela, who was the architect of all the work done in Kassongo and Nyangwe. Near by were the ruins of the house of Tippoo Tib, occupied during the last few years by his son Sefu. This had been an even larger house,—probably 120 feet square, and of two stories,—and of finer workmanship. This house also had a large court in the interior, upon which faced the rooms of the seraglio. Other rooms were used as storehouses for cloth, etc., and others for the deposit of ivory that was awaiting transport. When Dhanis entered the town with his soldiers and probably 20,000 auxiliaries in the shape of natives from the country west of the Congo, these natives immediately began to burn and pillage, and Tippoo Tib's house was destroyed with many others. It was not possible to stop these depredations, although many of the natives were tried and shot for arson and murder. In Nyangwe, about thirty-five miles northwest of Kassongo, on the right bank of the Congo, at the time of the capture there were at least 3000 houses and a population of between 40,000 and 45,000 souls. The Arabs gave notice to Dhanis that they would surrender their arms. In a few hours the town was occupied by a mass of 15,000 or 20,000 men. For every arm turned over to Dhanis it is supposed that ten guns were hidden in the different houses. One or two of the Zanzibari informed the commandant that it looked as if the Arabs meant to attack him at night; but Dhanis did not believe it possible, as he thought all the arms had been turned in. But an attack was begun at seven o'clock in the evening, and fortunately too early, as the soldiers were on



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MR. MOHUN AND HIS COLOR-BEARERS.

FLAG OF THE CONGO FREE STATE. OMARI, SERGEANT AND INTERPRETER.

the lookout for them. A free fight in the streets resulted, and in the space of four hours it was estimated that 3000 were killed and the rest put to flight; but during this time most of the houses were set on fire and burned to the ground. In this way Nyangwe was destroyed, and to-day the only house left is occupied by the officer commanding the State post of 125 soldiers which has been left there as a guard. Kassongo, which was only partly destroyed at the time of the capture, was three hours' march east of the Congo; it was situated on four hills, and commanded a view of the whole country for a circumference of about twenty-five miles. This evidently was the reason why Tippoo Tib selected it as the site for his capital; but owing to the scarcity of water, there being only three springs and two small streams, Dhanis decided from a sanitary point of view to remove the State camp to the river-bank, in order to allow the soldiers to have plenty of water for washing purposes. The country is very fertile, but nearly treeless; and one of the great difficulties we experienced was to procure fire-wood. In order to complete the new houses erected beside the river, it was necessary to bring the material seven or eight days' march.

On being summoned to take the confessions of the prisoners, I went immediately to the guard-house, which was a square room having iron bars to the windows and a heavy lock on the door. I took with me my sergeant and interpreter, Omari *bo Hamise*, who, as I have said, had been Stanley's chief sergeant on the expedition to Wadelai to relieve Emin Pasha, and consequently took a deep interest in extracting a confession from the wretches who had murdered a man for whom he had suffered so much.

When we entered the guard-room we found the two men, in chains, lying on the floor. Ismailia was dressed in an Arab white shirt reaching to the ground, and was about thirty-two years of age. His companion, Mamba, was nearly of the same age. These two men had been slaves of Said ben Abedi for many years, Ismailia having held the position of chief of many expeditions which had been sent out to capture slaves. During Emin's march through the forest, Ismailia had been given charge of Emin's porters by Said ben Abedi; and the two men had accompanied Said ben Abedi to Kibonge, when he left Emin to get permission to pass through to Stanley Falls.

As I entered the room they rose and said: "Good morning, master."

I replied, asking them why they were in chains and under guard. They said that they did not know; that they had done nothing. I told them to be seated on their mats, sent

Omari for my chair, and lighted my pipe. After a few moments I began to question them through Omari.

"Did you not accompany Emin Pasha from the Unyoro to Kinena?" I asked.

"Yes, we did."

"Was he not killed at Kinena by order of Kibonge and by the people of Kibonge? What were the names of these persons who killed Emin?"

"That we do not know."

"Did you not see Emin Pasha killed?"

"We did not."

I said, "You lie! We have two men here at Kassongo who say that you and Mamba were two of the murderers."

They swore it was not so. I then called the guard, and had Mamba placed in a separate room, and sent Omari to talk to him. He was so far away that the conversation could not be heard by Ismailia. I followed Omari, and told him to come to me in half an hour and say that Mamba had confessed that he and Ismailia had had a hand in the killing. I then returned to Ismailia, and questioned him again, but with no result, as he denied all knowledge of the tragedy. I then said, "Of course, if you are not guilty, in a few days you will be released."

In a short time Omari reappeared, and spoke to me in Kiswahili, which was perfectly understood by Ismailia, stating that Mamba had made a full confession that he and Ismailia had killed Emin Pasha. The change in the appearance and manner of Ismailia was startling. He jumped to his feet, then fell on his knees, and asked for mercy, declaring that it was true they had killed Emin Pasha, but that as he was only a slave and had received orders from a big chief, under pain of death if the orders were not carried out, the only thing left for him to do was to comply. He then said:

"If you had received orders from your chief to kill some one, would you not do it?"

I said that under certain circumstances I should obey such an order, but that there was no reason why Emin should have been killed, as he had never done the Arabs any harm. As he was also a Mohammedan, it struck me as strange that they should want to destroy him. He said he knew nothing about that. He had received his orders, and had obeyed them; and if he was to be killed for it—why, he would have to be killed. He could not help himself, for he was now in the power of the white man. He had voluntarily surrendered himself, thinking that the affair had blown over; and he thought that his life ought to be spared. I answered that his fate was a matter over which I had no authority, and that it rested with Fimbo-Mingi (the native name of Dhanis). He then asked



MAP OF THE REGION OF THE OPERATIONS OF COMMANDANT DHANIS.
FROM "LE CONGO ILLUSTRE"

Kinena, where Emin Pasha was killed, has been added to the original map, its site being approximately fixed.

me when he was going to be executed, and I told him that I did not know whether he was going to be executed at all; but that he would certainly be sent down the river to Kibonge's place, where Commandant Dhanis had established his headquarters.

I then told Omari to fetch in Mamba, and we would hear what he had to say.

Mamba was very much surprised when, on entering, he heard Ismailia beginning to relate the history of Emin's murder. He asked Ismailia what he meant by lying. Ismailia was rather nonplussed at this, as he believed that Mamba had already betrayed him ; and when he realized that he had been drawn out by a ruse, he was indignant.

They were both seated opposite to me on their mats, with Omari between us; and darkness having come on, I built a fire in one corner of the room, the flames lighting up their black faces, in which gleamed the whites of their eyes.

Ismailia began by stating that he had been in the service of Emin Pasha, having been loaned to him by Said to take charge of his caravan on the march from the Unyoro. I asked him if he had been well treated on the road, and if he had any cause of complaint to make against Emin Pasha. He answered that he had none; that he had always been treated with the greatest kindness, and that the pasha had frequently given him pieces of cloth for himself and for his three women; that he liked the pasha very much, and had no feeling of hatred against him. Mamba broke in, saying that he also liked the pasha, and that he was very sorry he had died. Continuing, Ismailia said:

“ I went with Said ben Abedi and Mamba to Chief Kibonge, and after having been there two days, Mamba was sent with a letter to Emin, saying he could come through to Kibonge. I was told that I was to remain with Said; but during the night Kibonge sent for me, and, giving me a letter, told me to go and place it in the hands of Kinena, and to travel as rapidly as possible, so that the pasha would not be able to start before I arrived. I did not know the contents of this letter; but after twelve days' hard journey alone through the forest, I arrived at Kinena's in the morning, ten minutes after the arrival of Mamba with the letter to Emin. The chief read the letter, and told me that it was an order from Kibonge to kill Emin, and that I was to give any assistance I could in carrying out these instructions. A few minutes after I

arrived, I met Mamba, and he said, 'Well, we are all ready to start to-morrow morning for Kibonge, and we are getting our food ready to leave. I suppose you will go back with us; but you must be very tired after your long walk through the woods.' I said, 'Yes, I am going back to Kibonge's to-morrow morning; but the white man is not going.' 'Why?' said Mamba. 'Because orders have been received to kill him, and you and I are to help.'

Mamba then turned to me and said: "I did not want to help to kill the pasha; but I knew that Kibonge was a much bigger chief than my master Said, and that if I did not obey he would probably kill me; so I told Ismailia that I would do as I was ordered."

Ismailia, continuing, said: "I then went back to Kinena's, and on the veranda of the chief's house Emin Pasha was seated, surrounded by a few of his soldiers. He was writing at his table, and many birds and bugs were scattered around. These he had caught coming from the Aruwimi. The first letter, which Mamba had brought, was in front of him; and he was laughing, and seemed in cheerful spirits at the thought of leaving next morning for Kibonge. Kinena came up with a few men who were carrying guns. Kinena had in his hand the letter which I had given him. He stopped near the pasha, and began reading to himself. When he had finished he said: 'Pasha, as you are going to leave to-morrow morning for a twelve days' march, don't you think you had better send your men into the plantations, and get bananas, manioc, and peanuts for the long march which you have before you? Tell your men to get all they wish; and I hope that you won't think of paying me for them, as it is my

present to you, and is in return for the many little things which you have given me and my women since you have been my guest.' The pasha looked up, and thanked Kinena very much. He then told one of his orderlies to have the bugler call the men, which was done.

"When they arrived, Kinena said: 'Tell the men to leave their arms on the side of the veranda, because if they go into the plantations carrying guns, the women working there will become frightened, and run away.' Thereupon Emin's men, numbering thirty or forty, placed their guns on the veranda, and departed. The plantations were an hour's walk from the house. During the time it took the men to go to the plantations Kinena talked to Emin, expressing his regret at his departure. Mamba and I were standing next to the pasha, and at a sign from the chief we seized him by the arms as he was sitting in his chair. He turned, and asked what we meant. Kinena looked at him, and said, 'Pasha, you have got to die!' Emin turned, and exclaimed rather angrily: 'What do you mean? Is this a joke? What do you mean by seizing me in this manner? What are you talking about my dying for? Who are you that you can give orders for a man to die?' Kinena replied: 'I do not give the orders. I receive them from Kibonge, who is my chief; and when Kibonge gives an order to me I obey it.'

"Three of Kinena's men came and assisted us in holding Emin, who was struggling to free himself and to get at his revolver lying on the table; but his efforts were fruitless, and we forced him back into his chair. Then Emin told Kinena that it was all a mistake, as he had just received a letter from Kibonge that morning saying that he should have safe-conduct to his village, and that the letter was on his table in front of him. Kinena replied, 'Pasha, you read Arabic, don't you?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Then read this,' holding the second letter close to Emin's eyes, as the pasha was nearly blind.

"Emin read the letter, and saw that it was true. Drawing a long breath, he turned and said: 'Well, you may kill me, but don't think that I am the only white man in this country. There are many others who will be willing to avenge my death; and let me tell you that in less than two years from now there won't be an Arab left in the entire country now held by your people.'

I asked Ismailia if Emin showed any signs of fear, and he said that he showed none; but when he spoke of having care taken of his daughter, two years of age, he trembled slightly.

"What did he say about his child, Ismailia?" I asked.

"He said: 'My child is not bad; she is good. Send her to Said ben Abedi at Kibonge, and ask him to look out for her.'"

Ismailia continued: "At a sign from Kinena, the pasha was lifted out of his chair, and thrown flat on his back. One man held each leg, one man each arm, and I held his head, while Mamba cut his throat."

Mamba here put in a vigorous protest, saying he had not cut his throat. But Ismailia stuck to his statement, and swore that it was Mamba who had acted as executioner. Mamba said it was another slave, but that he stood by and watched the murder being committed; and a wrangle ensued between the two, Ismailia accusing and Mamba denying. I let this continue a few moments; but as no information of importance resulted, I stopped them both, and then told Ismailia to continue, for I should assume that Mamba had used the knife. Mamba looked rather discouraged at this declaration, but said nothing; and I firmly believe that it was he who beheaded Emin.

Ismailia then said: "Emin made no effort at resistance. His head was drawn back until the skin across his throat was tight, and with one movement of the knife Mamba cut the head half off. The blood spurted over us, and the pasha was dead. We held to him for a few moments; then we arose, and left the body where it was. Afterward Mamba severed the head from the body, and Kinena had it packed in a small box and sent on to Kibonge, to show that his orders had been obeyed.

Mamba again denied having had anything to do with the killing, saying that he had brought the good letter to Emin Pasha, and that he had simply stood by and looked at the execution. He said, "It was not I, but one of Kinena's slaves, who killed Emin."

"What was his name?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"Where is he now?"

"I have never seen him since that day."

I said, "Mamba, if you committed the deed, the best thing is for you to confess. I think it is very probable that both of you will be executed, and it will be just as well if you confess."

Mamba made no reply. I then asked Ismailia what had become of Emin's head after its arrival at Kibonge, and he answered that he believed it had been sent to Munie-Mohara at Nyangwe.

The reason, it appears to me, for Kibonge's having sent the head to Nyangwe was that he desired to show Munie-Mohara, who had almost as much influence as Tippoo Tib, that he (Kibonge) was as big a chief in his own country, and could kill a white man as well as Munie-Mohara, who had ordered the destruction of Hodister's expedition.



EFFECTS OF EMIN PASHA, FOUND AT KASSONGO.

One end of the sheet-iron trunk may be seen behind the open writing-portfolio lined with watered silk. On the trunk are shown the diaries and two decorations.

"Ismailia," I asked, "what became of Emin's body?"

"Oh, it was thrown into the bush."

"With the clothes on?"

"They were stolen by the natives, I suppose. His trunks and boxes were sent to Kibonge; his cloth was distributed among Kinena's people. The soldiers who were in the plantation were made prisoners, and all of them are slaves now, and are with Kibonge, who at the present time is fifteen days' march southeast of Kinena's village."

It being late, I told Ismailia I would return in the morning and continue the conversation with him. He said, "Master, I am very hungry; I have had nothing to eat all day, and nothing to drink. Can you not have food sent to me?" I ordered Omari to see that proper care was taken of the prisoners.

The next morning I returned, and found the two men in a much better humor than on the day before. They thanked me for having sent them food, and Ismailia said that anything more I should like to know he would be very glad to tell me. Their manner indicated the belief that if they told everything frankly, there would be some chance of their receiving mercy. I asked them many questions in regard to their journey from Unyoro to Kinena, and they told me many little incidents throwing light on Emin's

peculiarities. They said that he was often lost in the bush for two days at a time. He would suddenly leave the caravan to chase a bird or butterfly, and, failing to return, they would have to send search-parties to look him up and bring him back. In this way they lost many days' march.

I asked if Emin had many specimens before the accident in the rapids of the Aruwimi on their way down to Nepoko, and Ismailia replied, "Boxes of them." I asked what they were principally, and he said "Small birds, butterflies, beetles, and a great many smaller insects." Emin could hardly see, yet always carried a small bird-gun with him, and seemed very successful in shooting, as he often returned loaded down with specimens. When Commandant Dhanis found the boxes at Kassongo, only two or three specimens remained, and these have been forwarded with the rest of Emin's belongings to the German government.

The next morning we left for Nyangwe, taking Ismailia and Mamba down under a guard of twenty-five men. On the way down Ismailia informed me that another of the murderers of Emin was at the rapids just below Nyangwe, in command of a post belonging to the Congo Free State. On arriving at Nyangwe, I informed the chief of the post that this man was there, and he immediately sent down and

had him brought up. The third prisoner, Fer-rani, was brought in, and, when confronted by Ismailia and Mamba, broke down, and confessed that he also had been a participant in the crime. Before he arrived, I had left to return to Kassongo, having turned over the two prisoners to Lieutenant Lemery, who sent them down to Kibonge, which was then the Congo Free State headquarters. There they were hung, after a trial, in company with the Arab chiefs who had massacred the Hodister expedition. These executions took place in the latter part of May, 1894, a year and a half after Emin's death. Kinena and Kibonge have not yet been caught, having run away to the bush after the capture of the village of Kibonge. They are now twenty days' march from there, and the natives report that they have no powder, caps, or cloth, and that soon they must return to the river and surrender themselves. It will not be possible for them to make their escape eastward, as the natives on the road to Tanganyika would not allow a party of Arabs to pass unless they were able to fight their way through; and as Kibonge has no powder, this is out of the question. Nearly all of his people have returned, and, having reestablished themselves in their houses at Kibonge, are beginning to cultivate their plantations. It is thought that Kibonge has not more than 300 people with him.

Among the effects of Emin Pasha were found the following articles: two sheet-iron traveling-trunks which contain some of his journals, his list of specimens, some thermometers, a parallel ruler, a uniform coat, a large writing-portfolio, several letters from Mackay of Uganda,

several letters from the Imperial British East Africa Company offering him the position of governor, and two decorations—one of a chevalier of the Order of Francis Joseph, the other of the Royal Crown of Prussia. The journals were beautifully kept, and written in ink. The handwriting was so fine that a magnifying-glass had to be used in order to read it. Some of the entries were in German, others in English, others in Italian, French, Arabic, and Turkish, showing what a versatile mind he had, and proving his reputation as a wonderful linguist.

A copper-colored native woman of the Equatorial Provinces, who had been his companion ever since he left the east coast, and his two-year-old daughter, who is of yellow complexion, are now at Kibonge, and are being cared for by the officer in command of the post. When the child arrives at the proper age she will be placed in a mission school, at the expense of the Congo Free State, where her education will be assured. It is well known that the woman who was with him at Wadelai died, and that her daughter Ferida is now in Germany, where she is receiving her education.

Not the slightest suspicion attaches to Said ben Abedi of having had any connection with Emin Pasha's death, which is regarded by the Arabs with whom I have talked as a stupid error on the part of Kibonge, who committed the crime simply to place himself on the same level as Munie-Mohara, who had killed Hodister. I do not believe, either, that Tippoo Tib had any hand in the crime, which must have been as great a surprise to him and to his son Sefu and his nephew Rachid, who was the governor of Stanley Falls, as it was to us.

R. Dorsey Mohun.

ACCIDENTS.

AVISION seen by Plato the divine:

Two shuddering souls come forward, waiting doom
From Rhadamanthus in the nether gloom.

One is a slave — hunger has made him pine;

One is a king — his arms and jewels shine,
Making strange splendor in the dismal room.

"Hence!" cries the judge, "and strip them! Let them come
With nought to show if they be coarse or fine."

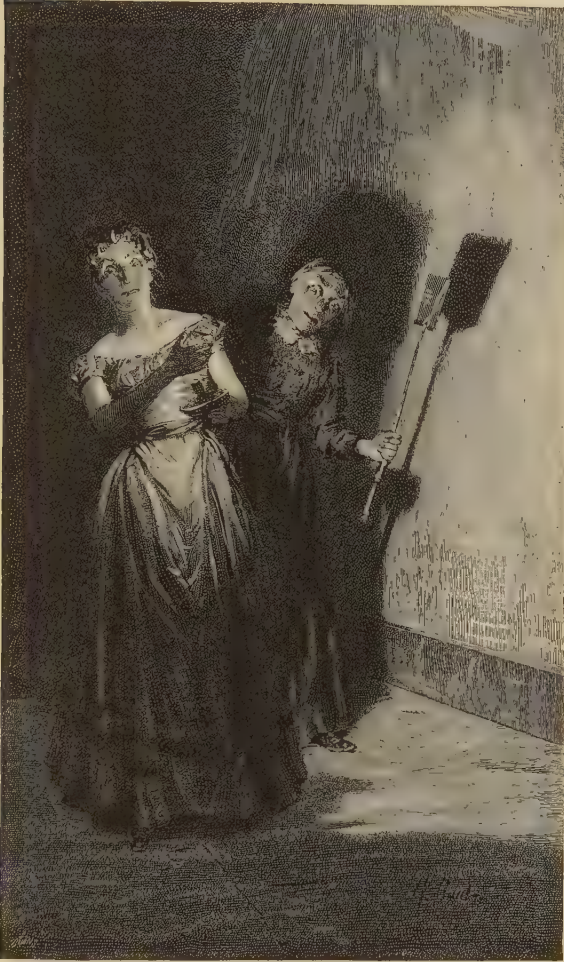
Of garb and body they are swift bereft:

Such is hell's law — nothing but soul is left.
The slave, in virtue glorious, is held fit

For those blest isles of peace where just kings go.
The king, by vice deformed, is sent below
To herd with base slaves in the wailing pit.

John Hay.

HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"THE PROCESSION OF TWO."

TENTY FAREBROTHER never knew how near she came to having what she would have called an "offer" on the evening following that of the sewing-circle supper. To her mind, as to that of the average New England country-woman, "offer," taken by itself, was a strictly specific term meaning an offer of marriage.

Tenty had never had an offer, had never looked for one, and, incredible as it may seem, had never wished for one. She had been altogether too busy—first, in looking after a somewhat delicate mother and hard-working father, and, secondly, in caring for a younger brother and sister—to consider herself matrimonially, and now at sixty was calmly content with her state of single blessedness.

Not so Tooty, whose baptismal name was Ruth. Tooty, from the time she put on stays, and began to touch her cheeks with rouge, had never ceased to hope. Four-and-thirty years had elapsed since then, but her waist was still slim, her cheeks, though faded, daily renewed their bloom, and her heart fluttered as of old at the approach of a mateless member of the other sex.

The two lived in a low-browed, wide-spreading old house at the end of a lane in the hamlet of Mantib, Massachusetts.

Tenty was a cushiony little woman,—what Mantibians called "stubbed,"—whose almost imperceptible waist had remained guiltless of stays except on the rare occasions when she had been persuaded to put them on at Tooty's solici-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

AT THE SEWING-CIRCLE.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

tations; for Tooty regarded a natural waist with horror as something highly indelicate, and Tenty's figure was certainly naturalistic in the extreme.

Tooty herself wore stays of the stiffest — tightly laced, and buttressed in front by an uncompromising busk. The pressure of this broad busk so interfered with the action of her lungs that she was under the necessity, when in the bosom of her family, with no alien present, to go with stays unlaced and dress partly unhooked.

These sisters lived in that remote past when the gowns of womenkind fastened behind with hooks and eyes — an operation not only difficult, but almost impossible, to be achieved by the wearer except at the risk of dislocation. Necessarily, therefore, the fashion cultivated dependence upon others — a dependence not limited to the female sex, as husbands became adepts at the hooking-up of their wives' gowns.

Upon Tenty, as the elder, had naturally devolved the fastening of Tooty's gowns; whenever, therefore, a step upon the gravel announced the advent of a visitor, the latter always backed up to the former to be hooked up. If the visitor entered unceremoniously, without knocking, he was likely to come in for the last of the operation.

Another point in which the sisters differed widely was in the arrangement of their hair. Tenty wore her thin wisp twisted into the semblance of a Grecian knot, like to hers of Milo; while Tooty's coiffure was more elaborate, built up in rows of curls, like a barrister's wig, and just at the hair's edge an inch-wide velvet ribbon was bound tightly across the forehead.

Up to within six months of the date of this story their family had consisted of three, the third being their only brother Asa.

Asa Farebrother was possessed of neither faculty nor energy; but he was a man, and, as such, received the homage due from the female portion of his family. Whatever his relations to the community, he was of untold value to them. His mere presence was a safeguard; they felt a degree of security in the simple fact that he was on the premises. When "wild winter's withering wind" howled through the bare branches of the sycamores, and the rats fought and squealed behind the wainscot with more than their usual ferocity, they, Tooty especially, aroused from disturbed slumbers, reflected with satisfaction that Asa lay in the east bedroom opening off the kitchen. To be sure, he was always sound asleep, sleeping with a persistency and vigor that would have done credit to the noted seven. But he was there, and a man, which double reflection served to quell every rising fear.

But there suddenly came an end to this state of happy security. Asa was found one morning sleeping his last sleep, having died, said his uncharitable neighbors, because he was too

lazy to draw another breath — "never did work enough to pay for his galluses." And henceforth the nights were full of alarms for the bereaved sisters.

It is true that every precaution was taken to guard against the entrance of any stray traveler — the local name for all wandering vagabonds before our civil war let loose the modern "tramp." Before night fairly set in, every window was inspected to see that the nail which secured the sash was in place. The doors were carefully fastened — a bolt at the bottom, a hook at the top, and a box-lock half-way between the two. The front door had not been opened since the delicate mother was carried out, many years before, to her final sleep in the blackberry wilderness known as the graveyard. Nevertheless, its security was nightly tested.

A further precaution was the balancing of an inverted chair against each door in such a way that it would come down with a crash on the slightest provocation. The door of their bedroom was similarly guarded, with the addition of a shovel and tongs laid carefully across the chair. Three times had this latter complicated arrangement come down in the dead hours of the night, frightening the two half out of their wits, and Tenty's common sense getting the ascendancy *pro tem.*, she had vowed she would not stand it any longer, to be so broke of her rest, and the shovel and tongs were remanded to their hooks on each side of the fireplace.

After this nightly inspection, the two withdrew to the keeping-room, from which, as a general thing, they did not stir till bedtime. Once Tooty ventured into the kitchen in the twilight. As she was fearfully advancing across the creaking boards, the flat-iron she had come to fetch in her hand, she saw something move in an obscure and dusky corner. Without an instant's hesitation she hurled the flat-iron at the moving object; a crash instantaneously followed, accompanied by scratching and spitting on the part of Thomas the cat, who had at that precise moment inserted his head into the cream-pot set for the morrow's churning. Without stopping to repair the waste, Tooty fled to the keeping-room, and for once in his life Thomas had his fill of cream.

Asa had died in the spring. Fortunately, the summer nights are short, and by autumn the sisters had recovered in a measure from their first sense of desolation and insecurity; though the long evenings, as November set in cold and gray, proved a sore trial, especially to Tooty's weak nerves. It seemed to her that never had the rats been so quarrelsome, or the north winds so boisterous; and the latter had a way of howling down the chimneys and hooting through an aperture in the rain-spout, hitherto unprecedented.

The neighbors refrained from calling of an

evening, knowing that the pleasure of their society would not compensate for the shock arising from a knock at the door after dark, or for the necessity of opening it after it was once bolted for the night.

It was a sight worth seeing, the procession of two, as it formed at half-past eight each evening, and proceeded through the entry and up the stairs to their bedroom above the keeping-room. Tooty, carrying the candle, walked in front, with a sense of protection in the rear from Tenty's broad and ample figure, but glancing fearfully ahead, and devoutly wishing that, for the time, Tenty might be converted into two, between which or whom she might safely sandwich herself. The procession not infrequently broke line, startled by an avalanche of plaster in the wall caused by the raiding rats, or by the rasping of a sycamore branch on the roof, and scurried with much loss of dignity over the remaining distance and into the bedroom, shutting the door with a slam that awoke all the sleeping echoes of the old house.

A large dinner-knife was at once slipped in above the latch, the chair inverted, and then came the inspection of the space under the great four-poster. This was shut off from general observation by a valance, under which Tenty prodded vigorously with the pole used on Mondays to prop up the clothes-line. Having at last convinced themselves that no one was there, they ventured to lift the valance, and peep.

A similar inspection was made of the deep closet, into which the pole was thrust through an aperture just wide enough to admit it, Tooty holding the door, and ready to assist in closing and buttoning it should Tenty's prodding elicit any demonstration from a concealed assassin. The pole wrought confusion among the multitudinous bandboxes, and it took a good half-hour each morning for Tenty, who was the soul of order, to restore them to place.

After all, it was with a feeling that somebody or something would catch at their ankles that, the candle being blown out, they at last got into bed. Tooty had an advantage over Tenty in her slimness, and consequent lightness, and had skipped in, and drawn the bedclothes over her head before Tenty had so much as put a foot on the bed's edge.

"Dear, dear!" the latter invariably sighed, when, after efforts that left her quite breathless, she at last sank into the embrace of the live-geese feathers — "dear, dear! when Asa was alive we did n't have to go through all this. What a comfort a man is, to be sure! I never realized it so till since he's be'n took."

"Oh, dear, yes," responded a voice from under the bedclothes; "if one of us had only got married, we should n't 'a' be'n in this unprotected situation."

"Married! Goodgracious!" ejaculated Tenty. "Let me tell you, Tooty, it's a different thing, havin' a man that's born into a fam'ly, and takin' one in for better or wuss, gen'rally wuss. No; whatever we're called upon to go through, we've cause to be thankful we ain't married. There! There go my feet clean out o' bed! I do wish, Tooty, you'd tuck in the bedclothes at the foot when you make it up. Married! Well, what ever put that into your head, child?" For Tenty was apt to regard Tooty as young and foolish, though well on the shady side of fifty.

"Nothin' particular," replied Tooty, faintly, not liking to confess to the unsuspicious Tenty how much her mind did dwell on that subject. "Only I can't help wishin' there was a man in the house. The rats are dreadful. Just hear 'em now!" And there was a scurrying of feet, a rattling of plaster, and a sound of many voices, as though all the armies of the Pharaohs were giving battle behind the old oak wainscot.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Tenty, briskly. "Rats never hurt anybody. And I do believe we act like two old fools, and that's the truth! There ain't a soul in Mantib would think o' doing us the leastest harm. I've as good a mind as ever I had to eat to get up and take down that chair, and take out that case-knife, and trust to Providence — there!"

But Tooty, as Tenty made a move to carry out her determination, not having an equal faith in Providence, seized upon her so violently and entreated her so movingly that Tenty desisted.

"Well, well, I won't to-night, then," she said; "but I ain't a-going to be such a fool no more."

Such, with variations, was the general tenor of their nightly conversations. The particular night upon which they touched upon the advantages of matrimony was the third preceding that of the sewing-circle supper.

The sisters had gone through the usual period of mourning as observed in hamlets of the size and fashion of Mantib. While receiving informal back-door calls, and returning them in kind, they had scrupulously refrained from the festivities of tea — not the mild decoction known in this A. D. 1895 as afternoon tea, but the old-fashioned country tea, a substantial meal, preceded and accompanied by a toothsome dish of gossip, not scandal; the female branch, in fact, of the local parliament, the male session of which was held nightly at "the store."

Having thus paid their debt to etiquette, the two felt that a little relaxation might be permitted them. Tenty broached the subject early in November.

"Tooty," she said, "s'posin' we have the sewing-circle next time. I think we might ventur' without the speech o' people. They can't say we ain't shown proper respect to Asa's mem'ry.

"T ain't likely we shall ever forgit him, and a little cheerful s'ciety would do us both good."

Tooty assented.

"It's just about a year sence we had it before. Poor Asa was here then. Well, well, what changes a year does bring forth!" And Tenty sighed, and gave a moment to retrospection. Then she resumed more cheerfully:

"And I tell you what, Tooty, I won't cook the supper till they all git here. I'll heat up the brick oven, and cook it all t' once, and then I shall know just how much victuals to cook. And Mis' Pratt's Jenny she'll help; she's a faculted creatur'. Last time, you remember, there come a snow-storm, and everything was blocked up, and nobody got here but Mis' Pratt and Mahaly, and they waded through up to their knees; and lots o' victuals sp'iled, though poor Asa did his best to save 'em. He was a marster hand for his victuals, Asa was; and he brought on one o' them bilierous attacks he was so subject to, you rec'lect, Tooty.

"But this time I'll get everything ready as near 's I can. I'll bile some corned beef—that'll keep, and we can make hash out o' what's left. I never do get tired o' hash, specially now my teeth are givin' out. And there's plenty of mince put together for mince-pies, and I can stir up the creamy tarter biscuit after they git here, and pound-cake, and you can fry the symbols, Tooty, and Mis' Pratt's Jenny she'll make some o' that new-fangled victuals they had at Jerushy's weddin'—blue mange they called it. Most folks like new victuals, and, for my part, if there's anything goes ag'in' my stomach it's old victuals. And there's that crab-apple jell' and quince preserve we never can eat up now poor Asa's gone." Thus Tenty ran on, on hospitable thoughts intent. "If it's pleasant, we can cob on everybody's comin'. They know they'll git good victuals, and they have n't be'n here sence Asa died, and there'll be sights to talk about."

"Yes; they'll be glad to hear all about it," responded Tooty, with a keen sense of the additional importance accruing to them through Asa's sudden demise. Not that every detail of it had not been thoroughly canvassed from one end of Mantib to the other, even to his "burying," the cost of his coffin, the fashion of his shroud, and the fact that Tooty, even on that sad occasion, did not fail of her usual bloom. But Tenty's sympathetic soul well divined that to the tragedy-loving Mantibians its repetition on the very scene of the tragedy, and in the presence of the bereaved sisters, would be as alluring as the sorrows of *Ophelia*, or the wailings of *Constance*, to the inveterate theater-goer. There is a wonderful similarity in human nature, whatever its environment, and he who cannot satisfy his histrionic taste in one way will do so in another.

Among those sure to be present at the sewing-

circle was that Mahaly who had waded through such difficulties to attend the previous one. Mahaly lived with Joel Larkin, her brother-in-law by his second marriage. It was currently believed in Mantib that Mahaly had designs upon Joel; it was said so openly, even as early as the funeral of the second Mrs. Larkin. But if so, they had come to nothing, as was shown by his third marriage with the Widow Lapham. She, however, having died at about the same time as Asa Farebrother, speculation was again rife as to his probable fourth marriage, and whether Mahaly would "fetch it" this time. It was understood that bets had been made at the store, to the amount of "a cent," that she would; but no one had ventured to take up the stakes in Joel's behalf, the general feeling of the parliament as voiced by its spokesman, Billy Hollis, being that a man who had made a fool of himself three times "by jingo!" was not unlikely to repeat the process.

His first marriage had been with a woman who had left on his hands a penniless maiden aunt; Mahaly remained in his house as a trophy of his second; and the Widow Lapham had bequeathed to his care a querulous mother-in-law. Such was the silt deposited at his hearth-stone by three successive matrimonial waves, and, as may readily be imagined, his household was anything but harmonious, and far from the place of rest a man's home should be when he is tucked out with his day's work, as Billy remarked.

Was this state of things to continue to the end of his life? was the query naturally forced upon him. He was, even at the time of the beginning of this story, blindly struggling in the net spread for him by the wily and determined Mahaly, and was casting about for some way of escape, when the lonely and unprotected situation of the Farebrother sisters was suddenly and, as he felt, providentially, presented to his mind. Here was a way open, and by no means a strait way. It broadened out into green and pleasant pasturage: a comfortable and well-furnished house, a goodly sum in the savings-bank—this was when the Massachusetts law gave the bride's fortune to the groom the instant it pronounced them husband and wife; a nurse for his old age, especially if he fixed upon Tenty, upon whom, on the whole, his choice fell; and a devotion unparalleled in his former experiences, if he were to judge from the attentions lavished on the lately deceased and, as he felt, inappreciative, Asa.

That he should be welcome, he never for a moment doubted. He had heard of the nightly terrors of the two sisters; he was sure that a protector would be received with open arms. He had only to speak.

But what of his own household of equally unprotected women? Were they to be aban-

doned to similar terrors? Concerning them, however, he did not trouble himself otherwise than to reflect with an inward chuckle upon the probable state of Mahaly's temper when his marriage and departure should be announced.

He determined to attend the sewing-circle. He felt that this was a bold stroke, and might arouse suspicion in Mahaly's mind. For he had never been to a sewing-circle; his extreme deafness — he was as deaf as a post — had cut him off from social festivities. But Mahaly, although, to use her own phrase, "struck all of a heap" when he offered to accompany her, had no suspicion of his motive. She yielded to the flattering suggestion that he had done so in order to enjoy the pleasure of her society; and she put on her best things, and adjusted her ancient cameo brooch, with the feeling that she was as good as engaged.

This exhilarating feeling did not leave her until she saw Joel casting what she mentally phrased "sheep's eyes." He had been sitting beside Tooty, eating mince-pie, and she had been doing her best to entertain him under the difficulties presented by his deafness. He was fast yielding to her fascinations when it suddenly occurred to him to put the question: "Did you make them mince-pies?"

"No," replied Tooty, with her mouth at his ear, and unaware of the decision hanging upon her words. "Tenty made 'em; she's the cook," and Joel's mind was made up. A woman who could make such pies as that he had just been eating was the woman for him,—Tooty's airs and graces were nowhere in comparison,—and he cast a tender glance upon Tenty, who was pressing a fourth slice of corned beef upon a late-comer.

This was the glance intercepted by Mahaly, and her heart, or, more correctly speaking, her expectations, sank. She knew what that glance meant; she had seen similar ones cast upon the second Mrs. Larkin when she was Sarah Clark, and she (Mahaly) used to open the door for Joel of a Sunday night, Sarah keeping bashfully in the background. Even then Mahaly had views upon Joel, which were frustrated by the superior charms of her sister.

But why pour out vials of scorn and contumely upon the hapless Mahaly? Was not she fulfilling her destiny, seeking that goal she had been taught was the foreordained and end of every woman who fulfilled the purposes of her creation? For my own part, as I contemplate her hitherto futile efforts, I am filled with compassion.

The sewing-circle and its supper were a success. The new victuals, fresh from the great brick oven, disappeared as by magic. Everybody was there, even to Mrs. Harris, whose time

had of late been much taken up in trying a new remedy for her husband's "lowness," an ailment which in later scientific times would doubtless have received a more specific name.

"I should n't wonder a mite, Tenty," she said, "if it had 'a' done Asa good. It's so simple. Just have a hole dug in a good sandy spot, just big enough for him to sit down in with his head above ground; then fill in with dry sand up to his chin; leave him there one hour; it's amazing how spry it's made Ad'niram. The healing qualities of earth are wonderful," she explained, while the circle listened deferentially, for Mis' Harris was an ex-schoolma'am and possessed of information.

"But you must mind and have the hens shut up," she continued; "for one day when I'd left Ad'niram, the old rooster found him, and begun to call the hens, and scratch, and Ad'niram could n't do a thing; his arms were pinned down in the sand, and they begun to peck his bald spot, and when he opened his mouth to holler, they scratched it full of sand. And if it had n't been time to take him out, I don't know what would 'a' happened; I come just in the nick o' time." A sympathetic murmur, slightly tintured with amusement, went around the room at the conclusion of Mrs. Harris's remarks.

"Eh, what is it?" asked Joel.

"A new remedy for lowness, I'm a-telling Tenty," shouted Mrs. Harris in reply.

Joel nodded approvingly. He was subject to "lowness." He was glad to learn that Tenty was receiving information in regard to its treatment. The wisdom of his choice received further confirmation.

EIGHT o'clock the next evening saw Joel on his way to the Farebrother sisters. Under pretense of giving the cattle their nightcap of English hay, he had eluded Mahaly's vigilance. He left his lantern in the barn-shed, its light temporarily quenched under an empty barrel, being altogether too wise to take it, and thereby betray his errand to any stray reveler from the store who might be abroad. The night was dark, and his footing insecure; but by exercising care, he at last reached the door of the house, having fallen but once. He knocked somewhat louder than he would have done had his hearing been good. His intention was to give the softest of taps, as behooved a gentle suitor.

At that moment the two sisters were sitting by the fire, their petticoats slightly elevated above their ankles, toasting their feet on the fender preparatory to their migration to the bedroom above. Tooty's gown was unhooked, and a large section of stay-lacing was hanging out. Her hair was already in its curl-papers, and bore a stronger resemblance to a barrister's wig than by daylight. They were in the

most placid of moods, talking over the sewing-circle, and thinking of no danger.

"I wonder," said Tooty, bridling and simpering—"I wonder what brought Joel Larkin to the sewing-circle. He never goes. Everybody was whisperin' about it. And Mahaly said she did n't see anything surprisin' in it. 'T was quite natural, she said, that he should come with his diseased wife's sister. Just as if he had n't had three diseased wives! But Mahaly does grow dretful spiteful. She's sixty, if she's a day." And Tooty, whose bloom, as we all know, was perennial, felt that in giving Mahaly's exact age she had said the most cutting thing possible.

"Well, well," rejoined Tenty, with great good humor, "we all know Mahaly was disapp'inted when Joel took Sarah, and then ag'in when he and the Widder Lapham got married. But for my part, if she wants Joel, I hope she'll git him, poor creatur'! It 't ain't every single woman that's so well off as you and I be, Tooty, with a good home and a contented mind. We've nothin' to complain of in our lot." And Tenty gazed into the smoldering embers with a look of expansive benevolence that would have reminded an admirer of the illustrious Pickwick of that gentleman, to whom she bore a marked resemblance in the milder aspects of character.

But Tooty was not inclined to generalization; she preferred details. "But, Tenty," she remonstrated, "I don't believe Joel's any notion o' Mahaly. A man at his time o' life is likely to take a younger woman. Now, I should n't—wonder—one—mite," she proceeded, stammering, "if—if—I—O—oo—oooh!" and she grasped Tenty's knees convulsively. For at that moment a double knock, loud and portentous, rang through the silent house.

The two sisters stared at each other, breathless with affright. Neither spoke nor stirred until a second knock came, still louder, administered with the knob of his umbrella-handle by Joel, who, after waiting for what he considered a proper time, had concluded that his first rap was unheard.

Then Tenty sprang to her feet, and blew out the candle. "They'll think we've gone to bed," she whispered, "and mebbe they'll go away. And they can't see if they do peek in. Them curtains hang off so they can peek right in if they've a mind to, and see everything."

"Oh, what shall we do!" moaned Tooty. "We shall both be murdered. I shall faint."

"I'm goin' to git father's gun," said Tenty, bravely, partly recovering from her fright. The said gun hung on hooks in the kitchen; it had not been loaded for years, and was incrustated with rust. A broomstick would have fired quite as effectual a shot. But Tenty had a vague feel-

ing, much like that she had cherished concerning Asa, that in itself the gun was a safeguard.

She stepped quickly along the passage leading to the kitchen, while Tooty herself, after vainly endeavoring to detain her, had a sudden accession of courage, and hurried up-stairs to carry out an idea which she afterward said seemed inspired at that very moment by Providence, and which she proceeded to do by opening their bedroom window, and shouting "Fire!" with the utmost power of her by no means weak lungs.

In the mean time, while on the way from the keeping-room to the kitchen, Tenty had changed her plan of campaign, as a good general often will even in the face and under the fire of the enemy. Whether it was exceptional strategic ability which suggested her move, or whether it was that subtle thing called heredity, who shall say? Was it an impulse transmitted from some remote ancestress in the Lincolnshire fens, who, when called upon ages before to defend the stronghold in the absence of her lord, had poured hot pitch down upon the heads of the assailants through the openings in the machicolated towers? However that may be, the facts are these:

There by the kitchen sink was the tank of spring-water brought through pipes from a neighboring hillside; hard by stood the empty buckets. The impulse, whatever it was, seized upon the two, combined them, and, almost before she knew it, Tenty was flying—if that term may be applied to feet incased in number sevens—up the stairs, a bucket of water in each hand, to the window which opened above the door where Joel stood.

He had seen the light go out in the keeping-room; he had naturally concluded that some one was on the way with it to open the door. Owing to his deafness, he heard neither Tooty's cries nor the uplifting of the window above his head. He was just on the point of again applying his umbrella-knob to the door when his hand was stayed, and his breath almost knocked out of him, by the downpour of Tenty's first bucketful. It fell in one huge drop, so to speak, crushing his ancient and napless silk hat over his eyes.

It looked like rain, Mahaly had remarked early in the evening, and he had taken the precaution to bring his umbrella. But he had anticipated nothing like this. The heaviest shower he could recall was but the dew of a summer's night in comparison. It seemed more like one of those cloud-bursts he had heard sometimes took place in that remote region of the country known as Illinois. He was thoroughly and instantaneously drenched; the water trickled down his back in a chilly stream, nay, in a dozen chilly streams. Why did not somebody open the door? He was on the point

of raising his umbrella for protection against a possible repetition of the cloud-burst, when Tenty emptied her second bucketful.

Tooty had meanwhile changed her cry of "Fire!" to that of "Murder!" as more likely to alarm quickly the surrounding country. And as Joel slowly regained breath and consciousness, he saw, enlarged by the mist that hung from his eyebrows, the lights of the lanterns of the local parliament rapidly advancing, like so many gigantic firebugs, up the lane.

The assembly had heard a faint cry of fire, or rather Billy Hollis had heard it as he opened the store door to go home. "A fire, boys, by the living jingo!" he exclaimed, and everybody rushed out, to find only impenetrable darkness. They listened.

"It's up to the Farebrother girls," added Billy, after a moment. "It's Tooty. Lord, hear the critter screech! It's my opinion she's ketched sight of the cat's eyes in the dark, and thinks the world's afire. Tenty's got all the gumption there's left in that house."

Here the cry of "Fire!" gave place to that of "Murder!" and without further parley each man caught up his lantern, and began to run. Joel, watching the lights as they turned into the dooryard, saw that they were accompanied by innumerable legs, and prudently beat a retreat around the corner of the house and behind the rain-hogshead.

Tenty hastened to unfasten the door to the rescuing party. "What's afire? Who's killed?" they demanded with one voice. Tooty had arrived on the scene, and the two explained how they had been peacefully seated by the fire; the fearful knock, followed closely by another; Tooty's courageous act—in fact, the whole story as it has been told.

At its close the men looked inquiringly and doubtfully at one another. It would be of no use, they said, to search the house, as the attack had been made from the outside. They examined the gravel about the door. They turned the corner, and looked behind the hogshead. But Joel was already on his way home by a short cut, stumbling over the stubble in an intervening corn-field. They carefully searched the wood-house, and inspected the barn door, the padlocks of which they found securely locked.

"There's nothing nor nobody—that's evident," remarked Billy Hollis. "The old girls got scared at their own shadders; just like the women folks. St. Paul never was righter than when he called 'em 'the weaker vessel.'"

"But they must've heard something; they could n't've imagined them knocks. Some rascally boys most likely, my Jim among 'em. He's equal to it," said Silas Poole.

"Whoever 't was, he's got a good duckin'. Tenty's a good one," put in a third speaker.

"P'raps 't was Asa's ghost," suggested a fourth; and they all snickered, these hard-headed, strong-nerved countrymen, who took, as they themselves would have said, small stock in ghosts, and had quite as lief pass by the graveyard at midnight as at noonday.

"Asa, good lord!" ejaculated Billy. "He's too 'tarnal lazy to git up and walk. It's my opinion he'll fail of the general resurrection. There'll have to be one specially for him a couple o' days after."

It was Silas's suggestion that the knocks were probably the work of mischievous boys, his son among them, that was offered to the sisters to allay any fears they might feel at being left.

"And if I find 't is, I'll give Jim such a hidin' as he has n't had for many a day. He's be'n sp'ilin' for it for some time," said Silas.

"Yes; you may depend upon it, Tenty, that Silas is right," added Billy. "Burglars don't come thunderin' at doors before folks are abed." And so they departed. And it was not until they were gone that Tooty made the harrowing discovery of a fact that in her alarm and agitation she had forgotten—that her gown was unhooked all down the back, and a generous section of stay-lacing was hanging out.

Joel awoke the next morning stiff with cold and cramp. He could not rise; he could scarcely even move. When it was seen that he did not appear, Mahaly invaded his bedroom, as it was proper in her capacity of housekeeper to do. On the floor lay a heap of wet clothes. Mahaly had already heard of the events of the previous evening. Mrs. Billy Hollis came in before breakfast to tell her. Mahaly was fully competent to put two and two together. She understood, as plainly as though she had been on the spot, the catastrophe that had brought to so untimely an end Joel's wooing of Tenty.

Mahaly was not vindictive; she harbored no ill will against Tenty. So long as Joel had failed, she did not regret that he had made the attempt. She saw in that failure the hand of manifest destiny. He had had his innings; now was her turn; and with renewed courage she went to her task.

She nursed Joel assiduously. No one but herself was permitted to make or administer his catnip tea and gruel. When not busy in necessary household work, she was by his bedside night and day.

"I never would have believed it if I had n't seen it, that 't was in Mahaly Clark to git through the work she does," remarked Mrs. Billy Hollis to her husband. "She's a perfect miracle."

"It's easy 'nough accounted for," growled Billy. "She's always be'n determined to git Joel, and she'll fetch it this time."

LINCOLN, CHASE, AND GRANT.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

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STORMY DAYS AMONG THE LAWMAKERS—LINCOLN AND CHASE, AND THEIR POLITICAL FRIENDS—THE RESIGNATION OF CHASE—ENTER LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

STORMY DAYS AMONG THE LAWMAKERS.



HE bill to enlist negroes in the army was opposed with tremendous energy by Peace Democrats, who affected to look on the proposition as an attempt to excite a servile war. This was the view of the case, it will be remembered, that was taken by the Confederate authorities; and Representative Wickliffe, of Kentucky, made himself ridiculous by offering a resolution inquiring as to the truthfulness of the report that fugitive slaves were being mustered into the service of the United States, contrary to law. Wickliffe was speedily silenced when, in due course of time, there came back from the army, through the War Department, the explanation that "colored Americans had been enlisted in the military service in the absence of their fugitive masters, who had fled southward." This ludicrous finale for a time quelled even the querulous and perpetually complaining gentleman from Kentucky. Later on, when it was found that colored substitutes would be accepted in place of drafted white men, there was a great rush on the part of the authorities of several of the Free States to fill up their quotas by enlisting negroes from the Border States and the District of Columbia. The War Department stopped this by compelling all enlisting agents to give bonds that men taken outside of their own State lines should not be used as recruits in the army. The United States Government, so Stanton said, wanted to employ these colored men in its own work, and would not tolerate interference from any of the States. Upon this, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, proposed to amend the conscription law by allowing the agents of loyal States to go into all of the seceded States where Union lines had been reëstablished, and to enlist men, black or white, for their own State organizations. This was intended to facilitate the enlistment of black soldiers in the South; but the proposition came to Stanton's ears, and he and Wilson had a hot discussion, in the course of which the Secretary told the senator that no agents of Free States had any

right in Southern States raking up able-bodied colored men who would be put in the poorly officered State regiments, instead of being placed in the more thorough and vigorous organizations of colored troops then being undertaken by the Government of the United States. Becoming somewhat excited by this discussion, Secretary Stanton told Senator Wilson that if the Wilson amendment became a law, the War Office would be seeking a secretary on the very next day after. It is needless to add that Wilson's amendment was heard of no more.

The value of negro substitutes for drafted white men was quaintly hit off by "Petroleum V. Nasby," in one of his inimitable papers written from "Confedrit Crossroads." In a previous paper the parson had poured out the vials of his wrath upon the wicked project to use colored men as soldiers in the war; but when he discovered that colored substitutes could be made available to save the precious lives of the unwilling residents of the Border States, he sounded an impassioned cry to "rally" all the colored people that were drifting about the region of his Crossroads. This letter attracted the attention of President Lincoln, who never missed an opportunity to read Nasby's then famous papers. The President, by frequent reading, was able to repeat this particular "rally" from memory, and for a long time he humorously illustrated the inconsistency of the Copperhead position on the question of negro enlistments by reciting the letter with great effect, invariably ending his recitation with a hearty laugh.

In the winter of 1862 the dismemberment of Virginia by the admission of the western counties of the Old Dominion as the new State of West Virginia was the subject of a long and interesting debate. The congressional elections of the previous November had resulted somewhat unfavorably for the administration. Lincoln's emancipation policy, the removal of McClellan, and other important events, as it was alleged, had so aroused the popular indignation that the Republican majority in the next succeeding House of Representatives was somewhat diminished. This gave pause to

some of the more timorous Unionists, who hesitated at taking a step so radical as that proposed in the division of Virginia. Among those who voted against the passage of the West Virginia bill were such Republicans as Roscoe Conkling, of New York; John B. Alley, of Massachusetts; James M. Ashley, of Ohio; and Martin F. Conway, of Kansas. This last-named gentleman, however, was an erratic and radical politician whose objection to the bill was that it provided for gradual, and not immediate, emancipation of the slaves in the proposed new State. Conway subsequently secured notoriety by his preposterous scheme to divide the Northern States into new confederacies. Later on he made an insane speech in the House, in which he attacked the Lincoln administration for its "pro-slavery character," asserting that Lincoln was trying "to build up a pro-slavery party, and had filled the departments and the army with pro-slavery sympathizers with the rebellion." Conway was a small, red-topped, pale-faced man, with an excitable temperament and vehement manners. Once, while he was in the midst of an incendiary harangue, the limit of his time expired, and when he asked permission to go on, he was stopped by Owen Lovejoy with an objection; whereupon Conway, darting his finger at the burly radical from Illinois, screamed, "And you too, Brutus!" This was not the only exciting episode in which Conway was a conspicuous figure. It was charitably believed that his reason had been unsettled by his intense attention to the political issues that were then so prominent.

One of the most notable incidents in Congress in the winter of 1862-63 was the remarkable speech of Vallandigham in which he defined his position and made his reflection to Congress an impossibility so long as a respectable majority of his own party had any influence at the polls. It was an important occasion, and the rumor that he would at that time define his position brought a great concourse to the House; and when he began to speak the members from the opposite side of the chamber clustered around the nearest adjoining seats, and listened with intentness to what he had to say. It was a singular spectacle, this rapt attention by relentless patriots to the studied but vehement address of a man who was soon to be sent across the rebel lines by a Union officer as a traitor to his country. But the eagerness of the Republican listeners to hear Vallandigham's speech was inspired rather by the hope that he would say something that would damage the cause of the Peace Democrats than by their admiration for his oratory. In brief, his was an argument in favor of the right of the revolution. He said that George Washington was a rebel, and that we were all

descended from rebels. He referred very frequently to some form of compromise; and the ghost of "peaceful compromise" was continually hovering in the background while he spoke. He ventured somewhat into the domain of prophecy when he said, "History will record the utter, disastrous, and most bloody failure of the experiment of an attempt to coerce the Southern States." He also said that if the war was prolonged, and the South should establish its independence, "the great Northwest would go with the South, and would not be a mere appanage to the Atlantic States, without a seaboard."

One of the most vigorous and pungent speeches of that session was made in reply to Vallandigham by John A. Bingham, of Ohio. Judge Bingham was one of those curiously constituted men who never excel in a formal speech, and who require provocation, contradiction, and interruption to arouse them to real eloquence. The more frequently he was interfered with and baited in the discussion, the more vigorous was his logic, and the more brilliant and forcible his rhetoric. On this occasion he was a remarkable figure. He was a small, nervous man, with a pale, thin face and long, tawny, fine hair, an excitable manner, and lambent, light blue eyes. Again and again he "brought down the House" with his apt rejoinders to Vallandigham, who lost ground whenever he ventured to interrupt Bingham. Another of the speakers who undertook to reply to Vallandigham was Representative Wright, of Indiana, a War Democrat, an elderly white-haired man, whose commanding figure rose high above the mob of Congressmen clustered around on the desks and chairs nearest to the debaters. Mr. Wright had lost a son in the battle of Fredericksburg, and two more of his sons were then in the fore-front of battle. Eloquently referring to the complaint of the Peace Democrats that the war required sacrifice of life and treasure, he said it was better that we should offer three hundred thousand more of the best men of the nation, and so end the rebellion, than bequeath its horrors to a generation to come, and let it meet the terrors we had not the courage to grapple with and conquer. There were moist eyes in the throng of hearers round this noble Roman father as he quoted the lines:

I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
secure
And flourished in a civil war.

It would be needless here to refer to Vallandigham's subsequent career. We may recall his incendiary speeches in Ohio later in that year, his arrest by General Burnside, his deportation beyond the rebel lines, and the flames of discord that flared up in the North when

these events took place. Although President Lincoln was greatly surprised and dismayed by Burnside's treatment of Vallyandigham, he wrote several documents pertinent thereto which have passed into history as political classics. With a single stroke of his pen he revealed the kernel of the contention when he asked, "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert?"

When Vallyandigham, passing through the Confederacy, had, by a detour seaward, finally returned to the United States by way of Canada, I had occasion to mention his name to Lincoln, remarking that he had been speaking in Ohio. "What!" exclaimed the President, looking at me quizzically. "Has Vallyandigham got back?" Somewhat puzzled, I explained that everybody knew that. "Dear me!" said Lincoln, with preternatural solemnity. "I supposed he was in a foreign land. Anyhow, I hope I do not know that he is in the United States; and I shall not, unless he says or does something to draw attention to him." Presently he went to his table, and, drawing out some loose sheets of paper, said that he had there the rough notes of an interview which he had lately had with Fernando Wood. This was in August, 1864. It appeared that Wood had said to the President: "We Peace Democrats are the only Democrats; all others are bastards and impostors; there is no such thing as a War Democrat, for that is a contradiction in terms. We don't expect to elect our candidate for President this fall: the people of the North are not yet ready for peace. But peace must come sooner or later; and when it does, the Democratic party will be the party which will act and assimilate with the dominant party in the South, and so we shall again have our rightful ascendancy. Now, Mr. President, you cannot find fault with that; it is not going to hurt you any."

Lincoln then said that he had told Wood that he was disposed to be generous; and he asked if Vallyandigham's alleged return was any part of this program. Wood replied that it was not, and added: "You may not believe me, but I assure you that I never knew or expected that he would return, though I acknowledge that I have had a letter from him since he got back. He has had already more notoriety than he deserves, and I warn you that the true policy is that he be severely let alone. To this the President replied, according to his own account: "I don't believe that Vallyandigham has returned; I never can believe it until he forces himself offensively upon the public attention and upon my attention. Then we

shall have to deal with him. So long as he behaves himself decently, he is as effectually in disguise as the man who went to a masquerade party with a clean face."

As we saw afterward, Vallyandigham did remain "in disguise" until he was defeated that year by John Brough for the governorship of Ohio by the phenomenal majority of 101,000 votes. Thereafter his disappearance was final.

LINCOLN AND CHASE, AND THEIR POLITICAL FRIENDS.

SECRETARY CHASE was inordinately jealous of any apparent invasion of the appointing power of his office. His warmly supported theory was that each head of an executive department should exercise exclusive control of all the appointments and removals in his branch of the public service. This, of course, would leave the President absolutely shorn of all power in the matter of making appointments, whether important or unimportant. If the Secretary of the Treasury were to be supreme in the choice of an officer to fill the most considerable place in his department, then the Secretary of State should also be the sole authority in respect of selecting foreign ministers to represent our government abroad. Secretary Chase not only held to this view, at least so far as his own department was concerned, but he also resented the interference of congressmen, and more than once brushed aside President, senators, and representatives in his determination to make important appointments without their consent or approval.

A curious illustration of this usage of the Secretary came to my knowledge in March, 1863. There had been a thorough overhauling of the chief federal offices in San Francisco, conducted by a special agent of the Treasury Department—Thomas Brown—who was a confidential friend of Secretary Chase. On his report, it was determined in the interior councils of the Treasury Department to make "a clean sweep." Secretary Chase intimated this determination to the three California congressmen—A. A. Sargent (afterward United States senator, and subsequently minister to Germany), F. F. Low (afterward minister to China), and T. G. Phelps. These gentlemen, having been informed by the Secretary that he intended to make many changes, were invited one evening to his private office in the Treasury building, where they were entertained with a brief summary of Brown's report, after which Secretary Chase blandly informed the expectant congressmen that he had resolved to remove all of the leading officials and to supply their places with new men. He then read a list of the appointments as he

had made them out, and waited with calm dignity to hear if the congressmen had anything to say. But as he had already announced his irrevocable decision in the matter, there was evidently nothing for them to say; and, having expressed themselves as resigned to the Secretary's will, they departed. It was reported that the three astonished Congressmen uttered some strong language as they passed out of the Treasury building. A few days afterward, the California congressmen paid their respects to the President, and departed for New York on their way to San Francisco. There Mr. Phelps at once took a steamer homeward by way of Panama, and Messrs. Sargent and Low lingered for a day or two in the city.

While they were in New York, I was astonished one night by receiving from President Lincoln an urgent summons to come immediately to the White House. Upon arriving there, Mr. Lincoln said that he had just learned that a number of removals and appointments in San Francisco had been determined upon by Secretary Chase without consulting him or the California congressmen; and that the three congressmen had departed from Washington very angry and discomfited. With some asperity of manner, he wanted to know if this was true. I told him that it was true, and I recited the facts as they had come to my knowledge from Messrs. Sargent, Low, and Phelps. The President then angrily asked why I had not told him this before. I replied that it was not my affair; that as long as the congressmen had seen fit to conceal their feelings of disappointment from the President when they bade him good-by, it certainly was not my business to "tell tales out of school." The President expressed his astonishment that he had been kept in the dark about so grave a matter as the emptying and filling of the most important federal offices on the Pacific coast. Then he anxiously asked if there was any way by which the California congressmen could be reached and brought back; and when told that two of them were still in New York, he produced a telegraph blank and insisted that I should at once write a despatch to Messrs. Sargent and Low, and request them to return to Washington and see the President. With that careful attention to the smallest details which always characterized Lincoln, he enjoined upon me that I should send the despatch and collect the charge therefor from him the next time I came to the White House. The despatch was sent, the two congressmen were recalled, and the slate which Secretary Chase had so carefully prepared was eventually broken. Subsequently Mr. Lincoln informed me that Mr. Chase was "exceedingly

hurt" by the President's interference with his plans. A curious outcome of all this business was that Secretary Chase, having been disappointed in his scheme for filling the office of collector of the port of San Francisco, insisted that one of the two congressmen then in Washington should be appointed in place of the person whom he (Chase) had previously selected for the post. The President suggested that all three congressmen should get together in San Francisco, agree upon the list of appointments, and send it to him for ratification and approval. This, however, seemed impracticable; and when Messrs. Sargent and Low finally sailed for California, Mr. Low carried with him his commission as collector of the port.

Victor Smith, formerly a resident of Ohio, and a personal friend of Secretary Chase, was one of the disturbing elements that made the great Secretary's last days in the Treasury Department turbulent and unhappy. Victor Smith had been appointed by the Secretary to the place of collector of customs at Port Townsend, Washington Territory. Smith was a restless visionary, and in these later days would have been called a crank. J. W. Schuckers, who was private secretary to Mr. Chase, and also his biographer, has spoken of Smith as "a man not very likely to become popular on the Pacific coast—or anywhere else. He believed in spirit-rappings, and was an avowed abolitionist; he whined a great deal about 'progress,' was somewhat arrogant in manner and intolerant in speech, and speedily made himself thoroughly unpopular in his office." While he was collector at Port Townsend, Smith succeeded in inducing the government to move the custom-house from that point to another on Puget Sound, where he had some speculative interests. It was a foolish and harebrained scheme, and created a bitter feeling among business men. His new place was named Port Angelos. There the collector maintained himself for a time in a semi-barbaric proprietorship. It is related of him that he once invited the officers of the revenue cutter *Shubrick* to dine at his house; and the officers, considering that the collector of the port was a high functionary, arrayed themselves in full dress, with swords, gold lace, and other gorgeous insignia of their station, and went ashore in state to wait upon Collector Smith at his mansion, which was then in an unfinished condition. In due course of time the collector, assisted by his wife, brought out two carpenter's saw-horses, on which was placed a board covered with wrapping-paper. The repast, which was as simple as any ever partaken of by the hermits of olden time, was then set forth; and Smith, taking from his pockets three big apples, gave one to each of the three officers,

with a small forked stick, remarking: "You'll have to roast your own apples."

This eccentric functionary once informed me that he had "so intertwined himself in the fibers of the government that his removal from office was an impossibility." Nevertheless, the outcry against Smith was so great that the President told Secretary Chase that the man must go. Every federal officer, and nearly every prominent citizen in the Puget Sound collection district, had written letters or signed memorials protesting against the continuance of Smith in his office, and had demanded his removal and the return of the custom-house to the point from which it had been so needlessly carried away. The Secretary of the Treasury was obdurate; but finally, in May, 1863, the harassed President "took the bull by the horns," and resolved upon Smith's removal. The stream of expostulations, protests, and remonstrances that poured in upon him from the distracted region over which Victor Smith reigned had become intolerable; but, kind and considerate to the last, the President wrote to the Secretary (as we learn from the Nicolay-Hay history of Lincoln) to this effect:

My mind is made up to remove Victor Smith as collector of the customs at the Puget Sound district. Yet in doing this I do not decide that the charges against him are true; I only decide that the degree of dissatisfaction with him there is too great for him to be retained. But I believe he is your personal acquaintance and friend, and if you desire it I will try to find some other place for him.

When the Secretary received this note, he made out a commission for Victor Smith's successor, wrote his own resignation as Secretary of the Treasury, and sent both to the President. This was only one of several instances in which Chase manifested his disposition to retire from the public service in case his will was thwarted in any particular; but once more the President succeeded in placating the ruffled Secretary, who still remained at the head of the Treasury Department, notwithstanding the removal of the petty officer from his distant post on Puget Sound.

There is an interesting sequel to this story. One of the most conspicuous opponents of Victor Smith was Dr. A. G. Henry, surveyor-general of Washington Territory, an old friend of the President, whose name has been mentioned in a previous chapter of these reminiscences. He was the bearer of a load of remonstrances that were finally influential in determining the removal of Victor Smith. Dr. Henry and Smith had long been on terms of enmity, and always declined to recognize each other when they passed by. On my return to California after Lincoln's death, in

1865, Dr. Henry was a fellow-passenger on the steamer from New York to Aspinwall. Victor Smith had been in Washington on some one of his many busy errands, and had departed for home on the steamer *Golden Rule*, of the Nicaragua line, and in her had been wrecked on Roncador Reef, since made famous by the catastrophe that deprived us of the historic *Kearsarge*. We found the shipwrecked passengers at Panama waiting for transportation to San Francisco, and most of them embarked with us, Smith among the number. This addition to our passenger-list crowded the ship, and the newer arrivals were distributed among those who had been allotted cabins to themselves. Soon after we left our moorings in Panama Bay, Dr. Henry came to me, in great agitation of mind, with the information that in the new allotment Victor Smith had been given a berth in his (Henry's) room. "I would n't dare to sleep in the same room with that viper," said the doctor, excitedly. "He might get up and kill me in the night. You know the purser; I wish you would go to him and see if you cannot have Smith put in some other man's room. I don't care who else is put into my room; but Smith I will not have." Smiling at the good doctor's vehemence, I started for the purser's office, but was intercepted by Victor Smith, who said: "They have put me in the same state-room with that old devil, Dr. Henry. You know the purser; I wish you would use your influence with him and have me put in some other room. I would n't dare to sleep in the same room with that man." The necessary change was made, and Dr. Henry and Victor Smith were not obliged to recognize each other's existence on that ship at least.

But when they reached San Francisco later in the month (July, 1865), they both, with great reluctance, took passage on the steamer *Brother Jonathan*, bound for Portland, Oregon. There was no alternative except the slow transit by stage from Sacramento northward. The *Brother Jonathan* struck on a reef on this her last ill-fated voyage, and nearly all on board perished, among the lost being General George Wright, who, having survived the perils of war, was then on his way to take command of the Department of the Columbia. The waves also engulfed Dr. Henry and Victor Smith. In the supreme moment, when certain death yawned before these two determined enemies, did they clasp hands and forgive the past? No man knows.

The tragical episode that marked the close of the career of Dr. Henry, Lincoln's good friend, may best be concluded here with a letter from Mrs. Lincoln in which touching reference is made to him and to her husband. I may as well explain that the "claims" referred to in

Mrs. Lincoln's letter were certain shares of "wild-cat" stock, sent to her in her days of prosperity, and which the poor lady thought might be sold for a small sum. This is her letter:

CHICAGO, May 11, 1866.

NOAH BROOKS, ESQ., SAN FRANCISCO.

MY DEAR SIR: A few days since I received a very sad letter from Mrs. Henry, in which she vividly portrays her great desolation and dependence upon others for every earthly comfort. I am induced to enclose you the Nevada claims and also a petroleum claim, hoping that you may be able to secure a purchaser for them, in which case I will most cheerfully give Mrs. Henry some of the proceeds. I am aware that I am taxing your kindness very greatly, yet the remembrance of your great esteem for my beloved husband and Dr. Henry would excuse the intrusion upon you. I wish you were not so far removed from us—*true* friends, in these overwhelming days of affliction, I find to be very rare. I find myself clinging more tenderly to the memory of those who, if *not* so remote, would be more friendly.

I hope you will be able to visit Mrs. Henry the coming summer. I sometimes, in my wildness and grief, am tempted to believe that it is some *terrible, terrible* dream, and that my idolized husband will return to me. Poor Dr. Henry! he who wept so truly and freely with us in our great misfortune, how soon he was called to join the beloved one who had so recently "gone before"! In my own great sorrow, how often I have prayed for death to end my great misery!

My sons are well, and a great comfort to me. . . . Robert and Taddie remember you very kindly. I hope you will write to us more frequently. I am well aware of the deep sympathy you feel for us, and the great affection and confidence my husband cherished for you draws you very near to us. With apologies for troubling you as I am now doing, I remain always sincerely your friend,

MARY LINCOLN.

THE RESIGNATION OF CHASE.

LINCOLN was greatly exasperated by the Victor Smith incident; and when he had finally disposed of the matter, as he thought, he was much depressed by frequent repetitions of similar complications. From him and from one of the senators who waited upon him after Chase's resignation I learned the facts of the last trial of the patience of the long-suffering Lincoln. The crisis which made it impossible for Mr. Chase to stay any longer in the Treasury Department was brought on, as everybody knows, by his determination to have his own way in making several important appointments in the city of New York. But, as we have seen, the trouble began long before, when Secretary Chase grew more and more determined to resent interference with any of the appointments in the Treasury Department. Whether his am-

bition to be President of the United States had anything to do with this hardening of his will in the matter of executive patronage, it is impossible to say; but from the time that his name was brought prominently before the public by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, and others, until his final exit from the Treasury Department, Mr. Chase was continually in hot water. His resignation handed in when Victor Smith's removal was determined upon by the President, was made in May, 1863. His final resignation was tendered in June, 1864. It would appear that Mr. Chase believed that his great position in the United States Government was absolutely necessary to the welfare of the republic, and that he could not be permitted to leave it without inviting disaster; and his frequent threats of resignation were intended, apparently, to coerce the President into letting him have his own way in all matters of detail.

When the nomination of David Tod, of Ohio, went to the Senate in place of Salmon P. Chase, resigned, the senators were struck dumb with amazement. In executive session the whole matter was at once referred to the Finance Committee, and in a few minutes Senators Fessenden, Conness, Sherman, Cowan, and Van Winkle were on their way to the White House. They had two questions to ask. One was, Why has Chase resigned, and is the act final? And the other was, Why has the name of David Tod been sent to the Senate? The President received the senators with great affability, and there was a general and free discussion of the situation, Senator Fessenden, chairman of the Finance Committee, being the mouthpiece of the visiting statesmen. The President immediately disposed of the Tod branch of the complication by reading a telegram from Governor Tod declining the nomination. Then he gave the senators a full history of the original formation of the cabinet in 1861, explaining why each man had been chosen, and expressing his great confidence in Secretary Chase's abilities and integrity. Then he followed with a detailed statement of the relations that had existed between himself and the Secretary of the Treasury since the latter had taken office. He told the senators all the incidents concerning the many times that Chase had offered his resignation, and he referred to the ill temper which the Secretary had betrayed on those occasions. Then he took from a pigeonhole all the correspondence between himself and the Secretary, showing numerous instances of the testiness of the Secretary and the much-enduring patience of the President during a period stretching over nearly all the years of the administration down to that day.

Lincoln said that of course Mr. Chase had

a full right to indulge in his ambition to be President, and there was no question as to his claim upon the gratitude of the American people; but indiscreet friends of the Secretary had succeeded in exciting a feeling disagreeable in itself, and embarrassing to the President and to the Secretary. This had gone on, he said, until they disliked to meet each other; and to him (Lincoln) the relation had become unendurable, and he had accepted the resignation of Mr. Chase as a finality. He told the committee that he would not continue to be President with Mr. Chase in the cabinet; that if the Senate should insist upon it, they could have his resignation, and take Mr. Hamlin for President. Of one of the appointments which Secretary Chase had insisted upon President Lincoln spoke with considerable feeling. This appointment, which Chase had adhered to tenaciously, and which Lincoln said was discreditable to the Secretary, was one which the President insisted never would be made with his consent. He told the senators that at a party where Mr. Chase's chosen appointee was present, this person was intoxicated, and kicked his hat in the air in the presence of ladies and gentlemen. Lincoln said he had told Chase that he would take any other nomination which he (Chase) would send him, but this man he could not and would not accept. Chase, notwithstanding Lincoln's statement concerning the man's habits and character, persisted in urging the nomination upon the President. This, Lincoln said, was "the last straw." As we know, Tod's declination of the nomination left the President free to send another name to the Senate, and the Finance Committee of that body was then for the first time enlightened as to the unfortunate relations which had so long existed between the Secretary of the Treasury and the President.

The way was now clear, and the next surprise to which the public was treated was the nomination and immediate confirmation of Senator William Pitt Fessenden as Secretary of the Treasury. It was a picturesque feature of this latter part of the business that Senator Fessenden was in the President's office conferring with him on the situation of affairs while his own nomination as successor to Chase was on its way to the Senate; and when Fessenden learned from the President that that nomination had actually been made, he went in hot haste to the Capitol, only to find that the appointment had been confirmed before he could enter his protest against it.

That evening I was at the White House, and Mr. Lincoln sent for me to come into the library, where I found him lying upon his back on a sofa, with his hands clasped over his chest, and looking weary beyond description. But he was

in a comfortable frame of mind; and, after going over the incidents of this exciting episode, he said cheerfully, "When I finally struck the name of Fessenden as Governor Chase's successor, I felt as if the Lord had n't forsaken me yet."

It is well known that the friends of Secretary Chase, and probably some of Lincoln's, insisted upon fomenting strife between these two illustrious men long after the Secretary had retired to private life, and Lincoln's second nomination and election had eliminated the presidential question, for a time at least, from all other relations which affected the two men. This mischievous influence was at work when, on the death of Roger B. Taney, the great office of chief justice of the United States became vacant, and Chase's name was immediately brought forward by his friends and admirers, who hoped to see him succeed to that post. Senator Sumner and other radical Republicans at once deluged Lincoln with letters and telegrams beseeching him to nominate Chase as chief justice. On the other hand, Lincoln was overwhelmed with protests from his own political and personal friends, who reminded him that Chase had not "behaved well" while Secretary of the Treasury, and had embarrassed the President with his inordinate ambition.

While the matter was pending, I had occasion to call on the President, and the rumors of Chase's appointment naturally came up for discussion. Mr. Lincoln had been, for him, very gay and cheery; but as soon as Chase and the chief-justiceship were mentioned, his visage lengthened, and with great seriousness he pointed to a pile of telegrams and letters on his table, and said: "I have been all day, and yesterday and the day before, besieged by messages from my friends all over the country, as if there were a determination to put up the bars between Governor Chase and myself." Then, after a pause, he added: "But I shall nominate him for chief justice, nevertheless." It was therefore with amusement that I learned from one of Chase's most ardent friends, about an hour later, that "Lincoln was not great enough to nominate Secretary Chase as chief justice"; and with inward satisfaction I bore in silence much contumely and reproach from Chase's fast friends from that time until the country was delighted by the intelligence that Chase's nomination had been sent to the Senate on December 6, 1864, in a message written by the President's own hand.

The political complications which immediately preceded the presidential nominations of 1864 were extremely distressing to Lincoln. Washington was in a ferment, and to some degree, although not to the extent that Wash-

ington politicians believed, the country was responsive to the excitement which prevailed at the national capital. It had become evident that Lincoln's nomination was impending, although the friends of Mr. Chase insisted that his renomination was unlikely, and that his reelection was an absolute impossibility. At this later day, when the political events of 1864 lie behind us like landmarks in a road over which we have securely traveled, it is difficult to understand how any man of even moderate sagacity could have supposed, as not a few did, that Lincoln stood very little chance of renomination and none at all of reelection. It is difficult also to comprehend, even now, the motives that induced so many honest and earnest Republicans at the seat of government to be at great pains, as they were, to defeat what seemed to be the popular will respecting Lincoln. It was urged by the friends of Mr. Chase that no man should be elected to a second term of the presidency; and it was well known that Mr. Chase himself made no secret of his strong belief in the saving grace of the one-term principle. Many people were dissatisfied with the alleged slowness of the Lincoln administration as regarded both political and military operations. On the other hand, many ardent Union men, in zealous advocacy of what they conceived to be the conservative policy of the administration, went quite as far on the other tack as the radicals did in the direction of a more vigorous and aggressive policy on the part of the President and his cabinet. The eddying currents of political opinion surged about the Capitol while Congress was in session; and in both branches of Congress the rival factions skirmished with each other, their real purpose being thinly veiled by a pretense of earnest devotion to the public business.

The Missouri imbroglio was a source of perpetual annoyance to the great body of public men who had no special interest in the unreasonable quarrel that raged in that State. Beginning with the brief and brilliant reign of General Frémont, and extending almost to the close of the war, the Unionist party in Missouri was divided into two hostile camps, radical and conservative. These never became friends and allies as long as the war endured, and political matters were consequently hopelessly mixed in Missouri. The quarrel was at its height during General Schofield's administration of military rule in the State, before the civil authority reasserted itself. Finally, when B. Gratz Brown and John B. Henderson came to the United States Senate as representatives respectively of the radical and the conservative wings of the Union party, there was for a while something like an armed truce. The Blair family, however, with a proclivity to mischief-mak-

ing that was amazing, succeeded in fomenting the Missouri quarrel whenever it showed any indications of simmering down. Frank P. Blair, Jr., took his seat in the House of Representatives with the avowed determination of showing up, as he expressed it, the corruption which existed in the administration of the Treasury Department in Missouri. He represented the so-called conservative wing of his party, and he demanded the appointment of a committee to inquire into and report upon the alleged infraction by treasury agents of the act of congress regulating commercial intercourse with the States declared to be in insurrection. As a counterblast to this, some of the Missouri radicals brought charges against Blair in which it was alleged that he, as a commanding general in the Fifteenth Army Corps near Vicksburg in the summer of 1863, with his officers had been engaged in a large speculation, in the course of which brandy, whisky, beer, wines, cigars, tobacco, and canned fruits had been bought in St. Louis, and smuggled through the military lines for the use of rebel officers on the other side of the military boundaries. The result of this charge against Blair was harmless. It was proved that a small order given by General Blair and his staff, the total cost of which would not have exceeded one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five dollars, had been fraudulently expanded by the agent to whom it was intrusted, so that it called for a variety of goods amounting to about nine thousand dollars in value. This disgraceful episode was only one of many which marked the long and stormy discussions dragged into the House day after day by the quarrelsome Missouri members; at the same time, Montgomery Blair in Maryland was pursuing Henry Winter Davis, a radical Republican, with the same relentlessness with which his brother Frank kept on the track of the Missouri radicals.

General Schofield, who had been military governor of Missouri during its reconstruction period, was nominated by the President for promotion to the rank of major-general in the volunteer army. As this happened during the height of the Missouri excitement, Gratz Brown in the Senate, and his radical colleagues in the House, fell foul of the nomination with rage and determination. Meanwhile, however, the War Department had attempted to quiet the disturbance by providing for Schofield at another point, and putting Rosecrans in his place. Although the changing of Schofield removed the immediate cause of the bitterness of the radical Missourians, opposition to his confirmation was still kept up, and Washington politics for weeks apparently consisted of nothing but the rumors and reports which circulated about

General Schofield's nomination and his confirmation by the Senate.

The Blair family also came to the front conspicuously in the fall of 1863, in a speech made at Rockville, Maryland, in October, by Montgomery Blair, then Postmaster-General. The speech, which was an elaborate defense of the alleged conservative policy of the President, was also a bitter arraignment of prominent members of the cabinet, senators, and representatives. The speech was subsequently issued in pamphlet form, and created considerable stir in Washington, and among the President's real friends in Maryland. The title-page of the pamphlet edition of this speech gave the speaker considerable fictitious importance as "a member of Lincoln's cabinet," and was ingeniously worded so as to endure the speech with an appearance of having been sanctioned by the President in order to set himself right before the people as against the wicked aspersions of the more radical men in his party. Of course Lincoln eventually heard of this extraordinary oration, and a friend, calling on him one day, found him reading a little slip cut from a newspaper, from which he was endeavoring to get some idea of the then famous Rockville speech. The visitor offered to send the President a copy of the pamphlet as published by Blair; and, at his request, I took it to the President, who was greatly amused, as well as astonished, by the ingeniously worded title-page of that queer document.

Later on in that month, just after the Pennsylvania State elections, William D. Kelley and Colonel John W. Forney called on the President with their congratulations, and Forney very plainly said to the President (Blair being then present) that his conservative friend, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, desired the President to know that if the Rockville speech of Postmaster-General Blair had been made thirty days earlier, it would have lost the Union ticket in Pennsylvania twenty thousand votes. To Blair Forney also expressed his astonishment that he, a cabinet minister, should have had the hardihood to utter such sentiments in public just on the eve of important elections in other States. Blair responded that whatever Forney might think of the matter, he had only spoken his honest sentiments at Rockville. "Then," said the angry Forney, turning upon Blair, "why don't you leave the cabinet, and not load down with your individual and peculiar sentiments the administration to which you belong?" The President sat by, a silent spectator of this singular and unexpected scene.

Colonel Forney gave me an account of this affair, and probably other newspaper corre-

spondents had it from the same source. Among these, Whitelaw Reid published an account of the interview which was widely copied and commented upon. Thereupon the Washington correspondent of the "New York Herald," on the authority of Postmaster-General Blair, denied that Colonel Forney had ever used to him, in the presence of Mr. Lincoln, the language attributed to him in the reports of that interview. I went to the President with the story as it was printed; and, having looked through the clipping, he said that he "guessed it was about correct." The incident is told here as a good example of the difficulty that Lincoln had with his own friends, and of the bitterness that divided some of them from each other. Nobody ever doubted Blair's devotion and loyalty to Lincoln; and certainly Forney never for a moment considered any man fit to take Lincoln's place, and heartily and enthusiastically supported his renomination. Yet these two men, Forney and Blair, could not meet on amicable terms.

In February, 1864, the long-vexed political complication came to a head in the appearance of the famous "secret circular" in which Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, frankly proposed the nomination of Mr. Chase for the presidency. The circular was marked "strictly private," and it gave to Pomeroy, whose initials were S. C., the nickname of "Secret Circular Pomeroy." At this late day it is hardly worth while to recall anything in that document but its main propositions. These were that the renomination of Lincoln was not only undesirable but impossible; that the honor of the nation and the cause of liberty and union would suffer in consequence of his reelection; that the "one-term principle" was essential to the safety of republican institutions; that Salmon P. Chase had more of the qualities needed in a President at that critical time than any other man; and that the discussion of Chase's availability had surprised his warmest admirers by the development of his strength. It is one of the curiosities of the time that this queer document, which was in the hands of nearly every newspaper man and politician in Washington, did not find its way into the public prints until several days after its private circulation began. Finally, on Washington's Birthday, its appearance in the "National Intelligencer" greatly excited the quidnuncs, although nearly everybody was already familiar with its contents. It was not until March 10, however, that Pomeroy took public notice of the commotion which his fulmination had aroused. He was evidently pleased with his sudden notoriety. But by that time it had become clearly manifest that Mr. Chase could not possibly be nominated. The Unionists of his own State had

declared in favor of Lincoln; and on the day after that declaration was made Pomeroy rose in his place in the Senate and attempted to justify his foolish circular; a letter was printed then from Mr. Chase withdrawing his name from the political canvass. Pomeroy, who was an unctuous and sleek man with a rosy countenance and a suave manner, told the senators that he was the author of the now famous circular, but that some person whom he did not name had appended to it the indorsement "strictly private" in order, as he said, to give it a wider circulation. He exulted in the fact that he was chairman of a respectable association, with widely ramifying branches all over the country, whose object was to secure the election of "an efficient and radical candidate for the presidency in opposition to the time-serving policy of the day." He said that Mr. Chase "had been drafted into the service" of that organization; and that while he (Pomeroy) should not be considered as making war upon the present administration, he must insist that no executive could long sustain itself unless it had strong party affiliations to uphold it in Congress and in the country.

It was inevitable that the Missouri quarrel should be dragged into the discussion. Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, who replied to Pomeroy, taunted him with gross inconsistency in putting himself forward as a champion of radicalism, while, at the same time, he was exerting himself in the Senate to secure the confirmation of General Schofield, whose supporters were the conservatives of the party. The incident naturally attracted interested attention in both houses of Congress; and while Wilkinson, who was by no means a keen debater, was tantalizing Pomeroy, members came flocking over from the other end of the Capitol, crowding the senate-chamber to hear with amusement the parent of the now famous circular defend his action while he avowed its paternity. It was a desperate attempt to make the best of a failing cause. But it was of no use. The tide of public opinion had set too strongly in the direction of Lincoln for any such feeble efforts as those of Pomeroy, Edmunds, Winchell, and their comrades to withstand the current any longer. That was a time of dramatic political sensations. The coincident appearance of Chase's letter, taking his name out of the list of possible presidential candidates, and Senator Pomeroy's lame endeavor to give weight and reasonableness to the secret circular, were among the excitements of the day; but, although Mr. Chase's withdrawal, and the ignominious collapse of the scheme in whose interest the circular had been prepared, deprived the radical disorganizers of even the semblance of a leader and a head, it was not until the

Union Republican Convention of 1864 had renominated Lincoln that the restless and factious opposition to his being called to a second term was finally silenced. It is possible that this brief recital of the political events that preceded Lincoln's second election may suggest to politicians of this later day the ineffectiveness of merely factious tactics and schemes.

ENTER LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

It is interesting to call to mind some of the forces which made Grant the general-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and some of the incidents that attended the consummation of that historic work. It was by no means a grateful task for the congressmen of that time to lend a hand in creating the grade of lieutenant-general in the army, although there was no question as to the man on whom that distinction should be conferred. I question very much if the bill to revive the grade of lieutenant-general would have gone through Congress then if it had not been for the very general dissatisfaction with General Halleck, who was acting as general-in-chief with headquarters at Washington. This dissatisfaction was constantly increasing, and, although the country at large did not seem to be very keenly alive to Halleck's inadequacy to the situation, Washington, and especially the chambers of Congress, resounded with complaints of his sluggishness, his unwillingness to take responsibilities, and his supposed incapacity to grasp the whole military situation. I doubt if the most outspoken and malignant Copperhead in Congress was so disliked, so railed against, and so reviled by the more radical members as this unfortunate general-in-chief. The belief that some new man, no matter who he might be, could vigorously prosecute the war and bring a speedy peace if he were in Halleck's place, made possible the passage of the bill reviving the rank of lieutenant-general of the army. Oddly enough, men who complained that the President clung tenaciously to General Halleck as his military adviser, never doubted for a moment that Mr. Lincoln was more than willing that the rank should be revived with the distinct understanding that Grant should be the wearer of the title, and by virtue thereof become at once the generalissimo of all the military forces of the United States.

That the President did cling to Halleck, in spite of the very general popular disfavor with which the general was regarded, is well known. When I ventured, one day, to say to the President that Halleck was disliked because many people supposed that he was too timid and hesitating in his military conduct, Mr. Lin-

coln's face at once wore a sober, almost severe, expression as he said that he was Halleck's friend because nobody else was. Other men had received from the President a somewhat similar impression; and, whatever may have been thought of the very remote possibility that any other man than General Grant would be called to the head of the armies, congressmen who were clamorous for a more vigorous prosecution of the war were eagerly turning to the "lieutenant-general bill," as it was called, as the readiest way to be rid of General Halleck's alleged slowness.

This fact was brought out in the debate in the House when the measure was under consideration. With that free-and-easy frankness which so distinguished the House from the Senate as it was then constituted, the representatives did not hesitate to fling about a great many personalities while they discussed the expediency of reviving the grade of lieutenant-general. When the bill came up for its final passage on February 1, 1864, E. B. Washburne, who had the measure in charge, distinguished himself by the energy and impatience with which he fairly bulldozed the House into its immediate consideration. He ramped and roared, expostulated and threatened, until he wrought himself into a condition of quivering excitement. Washburne had been from the very first an enthusiastic believer in Grant's great military genius, and this was not only his supreme effort to place on high the object of his love and idolatry, but, as he believed, to save the republic from years of wasteful war. It is entertaining now to recall the attitude of some of the conspicuous congressmen who opposed or supported the bill. Grant, it should be remembered, was at that time by no means the popular favorite that he very soon after became, although his wonderful series of successes in the Southwest had even then made him the cynosure of all eyes.

Garfield, of Ohio, who had fought under Grant, and was now a member of the House Military Committee, opposed the bill on the ground that the rank was not needed, and that the President and the War Department already had the power to detail any major-general to perform the functions with which a lieutenant-general would be intrusted. He said that if the proposed rank was to be conferred as a reward of merit, it would be better to wait until the war was over, and not seize upon immature reputations as worthy of so great a reward. He said that if this rank had been created two years before, probably one of the several generals now shelved or retired would have been honored with it, and the country be thereby now mortified. Garfield was one of the first who frankly said in debate that General Grant would prob-

ably be nominated lieutenant-general if the bill became law; and he added that the country could not spare Grant from the great work he was doing in the West to transform him into "a bureau officer in Washington." But, in view of the political influences that would be at work, he (Garfield) was not so sure that Grant would be the man, after all.

Another member of the Military Committee—General Farnsworth of Illinois—favored the bill because General Grant was "no carpet-knight," but would command the armies in person, "not in a richly furnished Brussels-carpeted chamber in Washington," after the manner of *some* commanders-in-chief. This hit at Halleck was greatly enjoyed by the galleries, and a general laugh rippled over the surface of the House. General Robert C. Schenck, who was chairman of the House Military Committee, supported the bill not because he believed General Grant was the man to fill it, but because he believed in the principle that a military man should be at the head of the army and direct all operations in the field.

Washburne fretted and fumed as sundry members rose with amendments of various kinds; and there was every indication—the previous question not having been seconded—that the whole subject must go over for another day. "Thad" Stevens made a little speech in which he said, as Garfield had, that he did not see the use of the proposed measure, because the President already had power to appoint a general-in-chief. He also objected to the bill because it restricted the President to the choice of a lieutenant-general from a small number of major-generals. "Why not allow military men of less note to have equal footing in the proposed race for the great prize? And why not even choose from citizens, some of whom were worth more than many major-generals, as military men? Saints are not canonized until after death," he said, "and the greatest of reputations is not secure until the possessor has rested from his labors." Stevens said he had been amused to hear some of the members speak as though it was certain that General Grant would be the honored recipient of the prize; but he was not so certain of that. Judging from the tenacity with which the President held on to Halleck, he thought the present general-in-chief might be the lucky man.

When Washburne attempted to close the debate, he said he believed the war would not be ended until Grant was placed in supreme command. In reply to murmurs from the members he shouted: "I can't wait! I want this now. Grant must fight out this war, and he will never leave the field!" Washburne's patience was fairly broken down when Whaley of West Virginia wanted to know if the con-

ferring of this rank upon Grant would make that general ineligible for the presidency. Washburne bounced up, white with rage, and charged that the House was afraid to call for the previous question, as members would have to go upon the record in this matter; and he darkly hinted of another record to be made up thereafter which they could not dodge. To Boutwell of Massachusetts, who offered some opposition to the bill, Washburne retorted that New England was showing her sectional feeling in the matter because Grant was a Western man. Amid great heat and considerable excitement, the bill was finally passed by a vote of eighty-six to forty-one. Among the Republicans who voted against the bill were Ashley of Ohio, Boutwell of Massachusetts, Broomall of Pennsylvania, Henry Winter Davis, Garfield, G. W. Julian of Indiana, William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens, and William B. Washburn of Massachusetts. The bill passed the Senate without much debate on February 26, and three days later it was approved by the President.

If there was any doubt as to the popularity of Grant in Washington (and he was disposed to regard that city as a place of snares), the arrival of the newly created lieutenant-general effectually dissipated it. He had been called to the capital, and had arrived there late in the afternoon of March 8, 1864. He quietly went to Willard's Hotel to get his dinner. At that time he was a rather slightly built man, with stooping shoulders, mild blue eyes, and light-brown hair, with a reddish tinge in his bristling mustache. He had a shy but manly bearing, wore a shabby-looking military suit of clothes, and seemed distressed when he was recognized by the mob of diners. He had been discovered there taking his dinner just like ordinary mortals; and it was noised about that the hero of Belmont, Donelson, and Vicksburg was in the room. A slight commotion presently spread from table to table; people got up and craned their necks in an anxious endeavor to see "the coming man." Then some enthusiastic admirer, mounting a chair, called for "three cheers for Lieutenant-General Grant." They were given with a will, amid a pounding on the tables which made everything dance. For a few minutes there was a scene of wild confusion, in the midst of which General Grant, looking very much astonished and perhaps annoyed, rose to his feet, awkwardly rubbed his mustache with his napkin, bowed, and resumed his seat and attempted to finish his dinner. The good sense of the cheering patriots prevailed, and the general was allowed to eat in peace. But as soon as he had finished his repast and was on his way out of the dining-room, he was taken in hand by Ex-Governor More-

head, of Pennsylvania, who acted as master of ceremonies and introduced to the general the mob of admirers who now swooped down upon him. This was his first levee.

That evening, as it chanced, was the occasion of the usual weekly reception at the White House, and thither General Grant went by special invitation. Thither too went throngs of people when it was known that he would be on view with the President. So great was the crowd, and so wild the rush to get near the general, that he was obliged at last to mount a sofa where he could be seen, and where he was secure, at least for a time, from the madness of the multitude. Women were caught up and whirled in the torrent which swept through the great East Room. Ladies suffered dire disaster in the crush and confusion; their laces were torn and crinolines mashed; and people got upon sofas, chairs, and tables to be out of harm's way or to get a better view of the spectacle. It was the only real mob I ever saw in the White House. It was an indescribable scene of curiosity, joy, and pleasure. For once at least the President of the United States was not the chief figure in the picture. The little, scared-looking man who stood on a crimson-covered sofa was the idol of the hour. He remained on view for a short time; then he was quietly smuggled out by friendly hands, and next day he departed from the city, which he then appeared to dread so much, to begin the last and mightiest chapter in his military career.

It is probable that Grant's early dislike and suspicion of Washington and its alleged pernicious political influences were partly due to Sherman's positive belief that the national capital was a hotbed of intrigue and chicane. I learned as much from the general's own lips long after the war, and after his two terms of the presidency had given him other views of the city and its influence in public affairs. Sherman repeatedly warned Grant against what he considered its baleful moral miasma. During the summer next succeeding his appointment as lieutenant-general, Grant did not come often to Washington, although his headquarters were for most of the time within a day's journey of the capital. Later in that year, armed with a letter of introduction from the President, I met him at City Point, while I was on a visit to the Army of the Potomac.

At that time his headquarters were at City Point. On one side of his wall-tent stood the great commander's narrow bedstead; and a rude pine table covered with maps and papers, two or three camp-chairs, a military chest, and a box or two made up the furniture of the headquarters of Grant. The cares of the day were over when we paid our visit, and the

general began an easy, offhand talk about politics and the then late elections, which he considered as being of immense importance because, as he said, the political legislation of Congress was now so closely allied to the prosecution of the war that every officer watched its course with the deepest anxiety. He spoke pleasantly of McClellan, was sorry for his personal mortification and defeat for the Presidency, and said that he hoped that McClellan would see his way clear to accept the handsome salary that it was reported had been offered him by the Illinois Central Railroad Company. Grant was evidently very well informed as to the antecedents and political record of nearly all of the congressmen, especially those from the West; and he spoke with evident pride of his own congressional district (Washburne's) in Illinois, which had lately given nine thousand majority for the Union ticket. Offering us cigars, he alluded jocularly to his national notoriety for smoking, and said that this had made him somewhat uncomfortable, as he did not want to be regarded as greatly addicted to any one personal habit, and that he had lately limited himself to four cigars a day. One of our party, who did not perhaps know that information as to the numerical force of an army was regarded as "contraband of war," innocently asked General Grant how many men he had in the Army of the Potomac, to which the general frankly responded, "Oh, a great many," an observation which closed inquiry in that direction.

Grant's famous expression, "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," was first made public in a little speech extorted from the President a few days after the final battle of the Wilderness. The general, in a letter to General Halleck dated May 11, 1864, had used the now historic phrase; and in the evening of the day on which that letter was received Washington had broken loose with a tremendous demonstration of joy over the recent victories achieved by the Army of the Potomac. There was something like delirium

in the air. Everybody seemed to think that the war was coming to an end right away. Congress was in nominal session only, an adjournment being taken every three days, and the city was still filled with congressmen anxious to "be in at the death," as they fondly thought they soon would be.

About nine o'clock on the evening referred to a great crowd of cheering citizens surged around the White House, and the President came to the main door of the mansion, and stood bareheaded on the platform of the portico. He congratulated the people on the brighter prospects of the cause of the Union, and gave them the pith of General Grant's latest letter to Halleck. For a time it appeared as if most people thought that Grant would close the war and enter Richmond before the autumn leaves began to fall. Yet it was a full month after that day—on June 14—that the President, regretfully viewing the unreasonable elation of friends of the Union, said to me: "I wish, when you write or speak to people, you would do all you can to correct the impression that the war in Virginia will end right off and victoriously. To me the most trying thing of all this war is that the people are too sanguine; they expect too much at once. I declare to you, sir, that we are to-day farther ahead than I thought, one year and a half ago, that we should be; and yet there are plenty of people who believe that the war is about to be substantially closed. As God is my judge, I shall be satisfied if we are over with the fight in Virginia within a year. I hope we shall be 'happily disappointed,' as the saying is; but I am afraid not—I am afraid not."

The solemn manner of the President, and the weightiness of his utterance, so impressed me that I drew toward me a sheet of paper and wrote down his words then and there. Then I read to him what I had written, in order that I might be sure that he was correctly reported. He suggested a verbal change, and I carried the paper away with me. At that time the art of interviewing had not been invented.

Noah Brooks.



IN THE GRAY CABINS OF NEW ENGLAND.



N Englishman who recently visited this country wrote from Boston to a friend:

As I have so little time in America, I have decided to spend it all in New England. It is the American race that I wish to study, not their scenery nor towns. I have always heard that in New England was the brain of the country, and that the Puritan blood first gave the distinctive character to your people. My friends in Boston assure me that the influence of this section is still dominant throughout the States, and that the leaders of the nation in politics, in literature, and in religious inquiry come now, as they did at first, out of the little gray cabins on these bleak farms of New England. From the stories that they tell me of these Yankee cotters, their poverty, their thrift, and their hungry greed for knowledge, I can readily understand that they still supply much of the intellectual force for the complex mass which makes up the American people. I am going among them. I wish to study the power which moves the machine.

I do not know what was the result of his studies. The opinion of any foreigner about us really matters very little. But it matters a great deal if we are mistaken in our own opinion of ourselves or of the work which we are doing for our country.

When his friends in Boston talked to this stranger of the intellectual energy at work in the gray cabins of New England, they only repeated an old orthodox formula, which was true a hundred or even fifty years ago. They have repeated it so often that it never occurs to them to ask whether it is true now.

Is it?

Nobody who is not made imbecile by prejudice denies the influence of the intellectual life of Boston, and of two or three other cities in New England, upon the thought of the whole country. It is genuine life—that; the generation, birth, and growth of ideas. It is not merely the chafing of old, hackneyed opinions against one another, such as we sometimes find in the literary clubs of newer towns where the creeds and sayings of dead times and dead men, from Aristotle to Browning, are taken out and picked over and over and compared, as a housewife assorts the scraps from her rag-bag.

It is the fashion now to gibe at Boston and Boston culture. But if the meanest giber brings a bit of good work into the world, in book or score or picture, he knows that it is from Bos-

ton its first recognition will come, and that promptly and heartily. He will find no grudging jealousy there of his little success, no damning him with faint praise. The past master is not afraid to hold out his hand to the apprentice.

It is because I know so well the liberal, large justice of that class in New England who welcome intelligently the best work and best workers throughout the country that I venture to point out to them certain poor work and unable workers at home. They view the world at long range clearly enough: they take a keen interest in the conditions of life in the Ukraine, and the changes of belief in every Somaj in India; but they appear to be blind to conditions and beliefs in Vermont and Cape Cod. They think, apparently, that the old-time Yankee of Lowell and the Puritan of Hawthorne are still living in their farms and villages, producing brain force for the whole country. They neglect to look into the effect which a century of insufficient food, narrow interests, hard economy, and superfluous education has produced in them.

Perhaps a few scattered facts, if I try to set them down, will show what this effect is more clearly than any labored explanation.

About ten years ago I went for the first time to spend the summer in one of these lonely farming districts. I expected to find the same intellectual aspirations among these people that I had found in the class whom Doctor Holmes calls the Brahmins of New England. I looked at the unpainted little houses with gratitude and respect. Here, no doubt, the Emersons, the Websters, and the Hawthornes of the next generation were now being trained.

The village lay upon a solitary stretch of the Massachusetts coast. It had a picturesque and noble environment. Nature had made a fitting habitat for a high-minded and generous race. Silent, unbroken forests stretched down almost to the sea with countless limpid little pools shining in their recesses. Along the beach huge brown headlands, shaggy with seaweed, rose out of the surf; while the dog-seals crowded up on them to bark defiance at passing vessels—just as their grandfathers, perhaps, had barked at the *Mayflower* when she passed into harbor. For this was the very water up which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed; Plymouth Rock was in sight yonder. In these old farm-houses some of their descendants still dwelt. Here, one felt, if anywhere, was to be found the soul of New England. Nature and blood and circumstance

surely had combined to make the inhabitants of these neat, bare houses the flower of their race in this high development.

But these inhabitants were, in fact, a few stooped, dull-eyed old men and lean old women. The young men and their wives had gone to Idaho or Kansas. The old people were employed in saving pennies. To that end they starved their cattle and themselves with patience and system. Most of them had been educated; but their only mental food now was the most sensational fiction in a circulating library in Plymouth. They knew, at least, that excitement was the nutriment lacking in their lives. They took no interest in any vital question, not even in the dogmatic theology dear to the hearts of their forefathers, though a few of them looked hazily into spiritualism. Some of them made a fetish of their homes: to pay for the little house, to scrub it, to keep it unaltered in its bare ugliness, took the place of worship in their lives.

One house, bigger, barer, and uglier than the others was the voluntary prison of an old woman who for five years had not allowed a human being to cross the threshold. Nobody thought her conduct odd or remarkable. I saw her once at the gate, and she poured out a flood of meaningless babble in delight at the possession of a listener. Her words were inarticulate, just as sour beer runs, choking itself, escaping from an uncorked cask.

"I've seen you passin' before. There's nobody ever passes but Len Moles goin' to his lobster-pots twicet a week. I locked my doors six year ago come July. The folks tramped on my kitchen floor, and I can't scrub it but once a day. The year afore that I spent at my merried da'ater's on the Cape. She did n't charge nothin' for my keep. To be sure, I chored round an' knitted, reg'lar. But I took it kind in 'Liza, not chargin' nothin'. No board all winter!"

"Do children here usually charge their mothers for board?" I asked.

"No," with a scared look; "they send them to the house."

"You must be lonely."

"Me? No. I've got my cleanin' to do. An' Len Moles goes by reg'lar."

In the old days solitude, fasting, and praying for five years no doubt brought many a hermit very near to God or the devil; but a solitude of five years of scrubbing and watching for Len Moles?

Another village which I know well was once the thriving seat of a great industry. It was abandoned by the capitalists about fifteen years ago. The gray cabins are double, and inside you find now and then a gay carpet or a plush chair bought when the young people lived here and

had high wages. They have gone to the West now, and the old men and women creep silently about with wistful, hungry faces.

Other villages which I could name offer to the eye of the casual visitor an air of cheerful prosperity. He is charmed with their chilly neatness. The grass plats are trimmed as with scissors; the glass in the windows glitters before the white curtains. Inside are the same subdued old men and ashy-faced women. Long ago the sons of the old men who should have married these women went South or West to some new community where food was cheap and the habit of thought broad and kindly. There their shrewdness, thrift, and respect for education usually helped them to success. But it is with the feeble remnant which they left behind that we have to do.

You find this remnant everywhere; in fishing villages from Maine to Rhode Island, in abandoned farms begging for buyers throughout Connecticut, Vermont, and New Hampshire. These people have not enough food for their bodies, or occupation for their minds. The niggardly economy forced upon their forefathers by the barren soil is not bewailed by them as a belittling necessity, but is honored as the chief of virtues. More food goes to the nutriment of a big, energetic Ohioan or Pennsylvanian in a day than would keep his listless, lean brother in these worn-out villages alive for weeks. If the first man is hearty and liberal the credit is partly due to his abounding beef and cider, and the lack of them helps to make the latter both avaricious and morbid. Neither has plain living lifted him into high thinking. He is stingy of love, of friendship, of emotion. Kindly words, enthusiasm, caresses, and laughter, are so much waste in his eyes. Divorces become more numerous with each year. He has given up the lofty Puritan faith, and has kept the objectionable Puritan temperament. He goes about his milking or planting as absorbed and reticent as a Hebrew prophet to whom God told the secrets of coming ages. But he has no secret: he has nothing else to think of but the milk-cans or potatoes. The most hopeless feature in his case is his absolute complacency. He believes his own to be the highest type of man. He is not even alive enough to see how paltry and torpid his life is. I do not deny that beneath this hard, bare exterior his soul is often true and generous and even tender; but it is certain that he has worn the iron armor of self-control bequeathed to him by his ancestors so long that his soul would feel indecently naked without it.

In the cities of New England, and in villages where there are prosperous industries, the condition of the people is in marked contrast to that which I have pictured here. So great is

this contrast that the live New Englander does not see how fast the life is being sapped out of his unlucky brother. When he goes out to the lonely farms or coast places, his esthetic sense is pleased by the somber atmosphere, the gray cabins and gray rocks cropping out of the mat of grass and wild roses. The grim old men and delicate, sad-eyed women are fitting figures for the melancholy background. He does not see that the eventless drama of their lives is not a picture, but the symptom of the decadence of a race.

A significant fact that ought to startle him is that nine tenths of the children and working people whom he meets, even in these outlying districts, answer him with an Irish brogue or a Canadian patois.

Another is that the New England farmer, once the most vehement of sectarians, seldom cares enough for religion now to enter a church. The big meeting-houses are filled, if filled at all, by women. Spiritualism has many disciples; so has the faith-cure; so has Theosophy. Religion, in the descendant of the Puritan, seems to have died down into a feeble flicker of curiosity concerning the unknown world. Really the whipping of Quakers and the hanging of witches argued a better spiritual condition than this apathy. When Cotton Mather declared that "the smell of the roasting flesh of the savages was a sweet savor in the nostrils of the Almighty," he had at least a live faith in—something.

But the class which calls now most urgently for consideration and help is the large surplus of unattached women, widows, and spinsters, in all of these communities. They are educated, almost without exception; they have sensitive instincts, strong affections, and the capacity to do high work in the world. But from the sheer force of a single circumstance,—the majority of their sex in certain States,—they have neither husbands nor children, and there is no occupation for them but household drudgery. Nervous prostration is an almost universal ailment among them, following, as it always does, long self-repression.

I know women of high culture and large wealth who spend the year flying from mountain to coast, from the Isle of Shoals to Florida, in the hope of gaining a night's solid sleep. They will look at you with wide, tragic eyes, and coolly inform you that "as they are descended from a long line of brain-workers—scholars—they can hope for nothing better than cerebral disease. The brain in their race has worn out the body." When it chances that these victims of atavism marry, they inevitably soon grow stout, energetic, and common-sensed: they joke, dote on their children, and skirmish with their servants like ordinary happy women.

One hears no more of hereditary madness. A baby is a cure, as old-fashioned as the days of Eve, for a woman's morbid ambitions.

In the prosperous towns of New England this class of women find an outlet for their strength, if not in marriage, in active work, charitable or literary or social. With their culture, their broad outlook, the aplomb given by secure footing of birth and position, and perceptions usually delicate and *fines*, they are probably the highest type of the American gentlewoman. Friction with the world has kept them healthy in thought. I wish they would consider their sisters in the lonely country places, who for want of work and that friction are overtaken by neurosis, or driven to spiritualism, to Buddhism, or to opium.

One such woman was used to attack a new science or language every year, and, failing, from her lack of teacher or companion, would pile the text-books in heaps until walls of dusty volumes shut in every room of the house. She fell at last into a state of semi-idiocy, and wandered like a ghost around the village, jabbering scraps of foreign tongues which she did not understand.

It is a hereditary habit in certain families for the women who have a grief to shut themselves into a single room, and remain there for ten, twenty, thirty years. Nor are the morbid fancies of these women always gloomy and sad. They live sometimes in an enchanted land of their own.

One whom I know, a woman of sensuous temperament and motherly instincts, refused to marry a man whom she loved because he had gone to live in another town, and she would be forced to leave the old house and half acre which were the center of the world to her. The courtship went on for forty years, but she was true to the house!

Another drove her lover away on the day of the wedding because she could not bring herself to change the name of Wonson for any other. He was rich and she was poor; he remained faithful and ready as long as she lived. She died at seventy, a maiden Wonson still. Could pride of blood go further?

The intellectual training of these women only makes their cramped existence more intolerable. The New Englander is losing the shop and the church out of his life, but he keeps a hard grip on the school. In almost every village there are academies and libraries free to all comers. Education he believes to be the royal road to civilization. But to what does it lead in these villages—in fact, not in theory?

Ball, let us say, is a fisherman; his wife cooks, scrubs, washes, every day in the year. His daughter goes through an academic course, and

learns more or less thoroughly the rudiments of astronomy, philosophy, art, mathematics, chemistry, etc. Nobody, meanwhile, teaches her good manners, or brings her into relations with the outside world. She is unfitted to be a cook or chambermaid, or the wife of any of the Irish or Canadian laborers who come in her way. There is no possible chance for her to be anything else. She remains, *plantée là*, idle, discontented, and useless. When will we learn in this country that the education which a human being can use for his own or his neighbor's benefit is a blessing; but the education which he cannot use is a burden and a curse!

But why do I try to show the emptiness and paralysis of the life of these people? Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and Mrs. Slosson were born among them, and have written the petty tragedy of their lives with a power which has held the whole country attentive, as a breathless spectator of a play. I am afraid that the very power with which the tragedy has been set forth has made the spectator forget to ask why these lives should be either petty or tragic. These genre artists show us the tender, heroic spirit in a famishing woman which makes her boil her last egg for a neighbor nearer starvation than herself. But if the heroic spirit be there, why should it not have a nobler outlet than the boiling of an egg? With the whole big, seething world around us full of God's highest work to do, one grows a little impatient of human souls who make a life-drama out of their hair pictures or muddled kitchen floors.

Heaven forbid that I should have a word of impatience for these thousands of morbid lonely women whom God sent into the world to be busy and happy. "But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" Think of the process by which the possible mother in a young girl is starved into one of these dumb human machines! The slow torture of the water-drop is less lingering and sore.

What can be done for them?

One of these single women, after living alone in her little hut on Cape Cod until old age, a reticent, miserly creature, became at sixty suddenly and violently insane. Her physician, wiser than his kind, prescribed no medicine, but procured a huge doll and the clothes of a baby, and gave them to her. She was at once quieted. She treated the doll as if it were alive, fed it, slept with it in her arms, worried over its diseases, ran to the neighbors to tell of its sayings and pretty ways. It was her child; God had given it to her at last. While she lived it kept her occupied and happy.

But we cannot play this kindly trick upon all of these undedicated nuns.

What is to be done for them?

First, it seems to me, recognize the fact that they need help: that these villages offer not only *matériel* for the artist or author, but a problem of wasted human life and force. The cities of New England are full of noble men and women who use their influence and money for the freedman, the Indians, the lepers in India, and Nihilists in Siberian mines. Can they do nothing to free these starved, confined lives at home?

It is not sympathy, but practical help that is needed by these women. First, they should have remunerative work. Establish industries among them. Give them a chance to earn money (and better still, to spend it) as bee-farmers, florists, saleswomen, shop-keepers, trained nurses, librarians, etc., or in any of the lighter handicrafts. Even in the larger towns all kinds of work are now almost monopolized by women from New Brunswick or Ireland. If work cannot be found for them at home, help them to emigrate to the Middle States, or to the West. Let them follow their brothers. They have enough of energy. They are like a steam-engine before the fire is kindled.

A few years ago the Amazons in Barnum's Great Consolidated Show, the riders of his fiery steeds, the Roman Queens who raced in his gilded chariots driving six horses abreast, were all the daughters of New England farmers. They came to him in a body, seeking employment — self-respecting, decent, virtuous girls; and they went back home as they came. These women can be trusted to play any part well if they have the chance.

There is a part ready for them to play. From every town and camp and ranch in the west comes the demand for house-servants, nurses, teachers, and — wives. I heard last spring of a clergyman who collected thirty respectable, modest New England girls, and sent them to a missionary in Montana, who at once found work for them. In six months every one of them was married — making, let us hope, a happy home and a happy life for some honest fellow. The good gospeller, I suspect, saved more souls by his little plan than by many sermons.

Why should not others try the plan?

Why should not the philanthropic women in New England, who form associations to help the Czar take care of his lepers, and the South to settle her negro problem, organize to find employment for these, their neighbors, out in the busy, living world?

And after that? Nothing need be done for them after that. Through wholesome work and intercourse with healthy-minded people they will soon find again what they have now entirely lost — their proper relations to their brother-man and to God.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

THE BOY.

By the author of "A Christmas Guest."



ERE 'S the doctor, now! Hello, doc, come right in!

Here 's yo' patient, settin' up on the po'ch, big ez life; but when we sent for you this mornin' it seemed thess hit an' miss whether he'd come thoo or not.

Jest the same sort o' spells he's had all along, doctor,—seems you can't never see 'im in one,—all brought on by us a-crossin' 'im. His gran'ma insisted on hidin' the clock when he wanted it; but I reckon she'll hardly resk it ag'in, she's that skeert. He's been settin' on the flo' there thess the way you see 'im now, with that clock in his lap, all mornin'.

Of co'se it thess took 'im about ten minutes to bu'st all the little things his gran'ma give him to play with, 'n' then he nachelly called for the clock; 'n' when she was n't forth-comin' *immejate*, why, he thess stiffened out in a spell.

Of co'se we put the timepiece into his hands quick ez we could onclinch 'em, an' sent for you. But quick ez he see the clock, he come thoo. But you was already gone for, then.

His gran'ma she got consider'ble fretted because he's broke off the long han' o' the clock; but I don't see much out o' the way about that. Ef a person thess remembers thet the long han' is the short han'—why, 't ain't no trouble.

An' she does make 'im *so* contented an' happy! Thess look at his face, now! What is the face-vally of a clock, I like to know, compared to that?

But of co'se the ol' lady she's gettin' on in years, an' then she's my wife's mother, which makes her my *direc'* mother-in-law; an' so I'm slow to conterdic' anything she says, an' I guess her idees o' regulatin' childern—not to say clocks—is sort o' diff'rent to wife's an' mine. She goes in for reg'lar *discipline*, same ez she got an' survived in her day; an' of co'se ez sonny come to her ez gran'son the same day he was born to us ez plain soh, we never like to lift our voices ag'in' anything she says.

She loves him thess ez well ez we do, only on a diff'rent plan. She give him the only spankin' he's ever had—an' the only silver cup.

Even wife an' me we had diff'rent idees on the subjec' o' sonny's raisin'; but somehow, in all our ca'culations, we never seemed to realize thet *he'd* have idees.

Why, that two-year-old boy settin' there regu-

latin' that clock war n't no mo' 'n to say a pink spot on the pillar 'fo' he commenced to set fo'th his idees, an' he ain't never backed down on no principle thet he set fo'th, to this day.

For example, wife an' me, why, we argued back an' fo'th consider'ble on the subjec' of his meal-hours, ez you might say, she contendin' for promiskyus refreshment an' me for schedule time.

This, of co'se, was thess *projeckin'* 'fo' the new boa'der ac-chilly arrived. He not bein' here yet, we did n't have much to do *but* speculate about him.

Lookin' back'ards now, it seems to me we could n't 'a' had nothin' to do, day or night, 'fo' he come.

But, ez I was sayin', she was for meals at all hours, an' I was for the twenty-minutes-for-refreshment plan, an' we discussed it consider'ble, me always knowin', but never lettin' on, thet of co'se she, havin' what you might call a molopoly on the restaurant, could easy have things her own way, ef she'd choose.

But, sir, from the time he looked over that bill o' fare an' put his finger on what he'd have, *an' when*, that boy ain't never failed to call for it, an' get it, day 'r night.

But, talkin' 'bout the clock, it did seem funny for him to keep her goin' 'thout no key.

But somehow he'd work it thet that alarm 'd go off in the dead hours o' night, key or no key; an' her an' me we'd jump out o' bed like ez ef we was shot, an' do you b'lieve thet that baby, not able to talk, an' havin' on'y half 'is teeth, he ain't never failed to wake up an' roa' out a-laughin' ever' time that clock 'd go off in the night! Why, sir, it's worked on me so, sometimes, thet I've broke out in a col' sweat, an' set up the balance o' the night—an' I ain't to say high-strung, neither.

No, sir, we ain't never named 'im yet. Somehow, we don't seem to be able to confine ourselves to no three or four names for 'im, so we thess decided to let it run along so—he thess goin' by the name o' "sonny" tell sech a time ez he sees fit to name 'isself.

Of co'se I sort o' ca'culate on him takin' the "Junior," an' lettin' me tack a capital "S" an' a little "r" to my name 'fo' I die; which would of co'se call attention to him *direc'* eve'y time I'd sign my signature.

Deuteronomy Jones ain't to say a purty name, maybe; but it's scriptural—so far ez my parents could make it. Of co'se the Jones—

well, they could n't help that no mo' 'n I can help it, or sonny, or *his junior*, thet, of co'se, may never be called on to appear in the flesh, sonny not bein' quite thoo with his stomach-teeth yet, an' bein' subject to croup, both of which has snapped off many a fam'ly tree 'fore to-day. But I reckon the Joneses ain't suffered much that a-way. I doubt ef any of 'em has ever left 'thout passin' the name on — not knowin' positive, but thess *jedgin'*. None o' mine ain't, *I know*, leastwise none o' my *direc'* ancestors — they could n't have, an' me here, an' sonny.

Don't jump, doctor! That's the supper-bell. 'T is purty loud, but that 's on account o' my mother-in-law. She's stone-deef — can't hear thunder; but I told wife that I thought we owed it to her to do the best we could to reach her, an' I had that bell made a-purpose.

Now, some men they 'd slight a mother-in-law like that, an' maybe ring a dummy at her; but that 's thess where I differ. I don't forget where I get my benefits, an' ef it had n't 'a' been for her, the family circle o' Deuteronomy Jones would be quite diff'rent to what it is. She's handed down some of sonny's best traits to him, too.

Of co'se she did n't give him his hearin', less 'n she give 'im all she had — which, of co'se, I 'm thess a-jokin', which is a sin, an' her stone-deef, and sonny thess come thoo a death-spell!

Me havin' that extry-sized bell made thess out of respects to her tickled her mightily.

Come along, sonny! He heerd the bell, an' he knows what it means. That's right — fetch the clock along.

Sonny's cheer is toler'ble low, an' he's took a notion to set on the clock meal-times. I thess lay 'er face down'ards in his cheer, 'n' I don't know ez it hurts her any; 'n' then it saves the dictionary, too.

She did strike that a-way one day, and sonny was so tickled he purty near choked on a batter-cake, he laughed so. He has broke sev'ral casters tryin' to jostle her into doin' it again, but somehow she won't. Seem like a clock kin be about ez contrary ez anything else, once 't git her back up.

He got so worked up over her not strikin' that a-way one day thet he stiffened out in a spell then an' there.

You say they ain't ap' to be fatal, doctor — them spells?

Well — but you ain't never saw him in one yet. They 're reg'lar death-spells, doctor.

Tell you the truth, they was the 'casion of us j'inin' the church, them spells was.

Says I to wife — standin' beside him one day, an' he black in the face — says I, "Wife," says I, "I reckon you an' me better try to live mo' righteously 'n' what we've been doin', or he'll

be took from us." An', sir, the very nex' communion we both up an' perfessed. An' I started sayin' grace at table, an' lef' off the on'y cuss-word I ever did use, which was "durn." An' maybe I ought n't to say it, but I miss that word yet. I did n't often call on it, but I always knowed 't was there when needed, and it backed me up, somehow — thess the way knowin' I had a frock-coat in the press has helped me wear out ol' clothes. I ain't never had on that frock-coat sence I was married in it seventeen year ago; but, sir, ever sence I 've knew the moths had chawed it up, th' ain't been a day but I 've felt shabby.

Sir? Yas, sir; we 've waited a long time. It 's seventeen year, come this spring, sence we married. Our first child could easy 'a' been sixteen year ol', 'stid o' two, ef sonny 'd come on time, but he ain't never been known to hurry hisself. But it does look like, with seventeen year for reflection, an' nothin' to do but study up other folks's mistakes with their childern, we ought to be able to raise him right. Wife an' me we fully agree upon one p'int, 'n' that is, thet mo' childern 'r sp'iled thoo bein' crossed an' hindered 'n any other way. Why, sir, them we've see' grow up roun' this country hev been fed on daily rations of "don'ts!" an' "stops!" an' "quits!" — an' most of 'em brought up by hand at that!

An' so, ez I say, we don't never cross sonny, useless. Of co'se when he 's been sick we have helt his little nose an' insisted on things; but I reckon we've made it up to him afterwards, so 's he would n't take it amiss.

Oh, yas, sir; he called me "daddy" hisself, 'n' I never learned it to 'im, neither. I *was* layin' out to learn 'im to say "papa" to me, in time; but I 'lowed I 'd hol' back tell he called *her* name first. Seemed like that was her right, somehow, after all thet had passed 'twixt him an' her; an' in all her baby-talk to him I took notice she 'd bring the "mama" in constant.

So of co'se I laid low, hopin' some day he 'd ketch it — an' he did. He was n't no mo' 'n 'bout three months ol' when he said it; 'n' then, 'fo' I could ketch my breath, hardly, an' put in my claim, what does he do but square aroun', an', lookin' at me *direc'*, say "dada!" thess like that.

There 's the secon' bell, doctor. 'Sh! *Don't* ring no mo', Dicey! We 're a-comin'!

At the first bell the roller-towel an' basin gen'ally holds a reception; but to-day bein' Sunday —

What? Can't stay? But you *must*. Quick ez sonny come thoo this mornin', wife took to the kitchen, 'cause, she says, says she, "Likely ez not the doctor 'll miss his dinner on the road, 'n' I 'll turn in with Dicey and see thet he makes it up on supper."

"Eat an' run?" Why not, I like to know? Come on out. Wife 's at the roller-towel now, an' she 'll be here in a minute.

Come on, sonny. Let "dada" tote the clock for you. No? Wants to tote 'er hisself? Well, he shall, too.

But befo' we go out, doc, say that over ag'in, please.

Yas, I understan'. Quick ez he 's took with a spell, you say, th'ow col' water in his face, an' "never min' ef he cries"?

I 'll try it, doctor; but, 'twix' me an' you, I doubt ef anybody on the lot 'll have the cour-

age to douse 'im. Maybe we might call in somebody passin', an' git them to do it. But for the rest,—the bath an' the mustard,—of co'se it shall be did correct. You see, the trouble hez always been thet befo' we could git any physic measured out, he come thoo.

Many 's the time that horse hez been saddled to sen' for you befo' to-day. He thess happened to get out o' sight to-day when sonny seemed to feel the clock in his hands, an' he come thoo 'thout us givin' him anything *but* the clock—an' it external.

Walk out, doctor.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

A PLAN TO SAVE THE FORESTS.

FOREST PRESERVATION BY MILITARY CONTROL.

THE following communications were written in response to a request from THE CENTURY for opinions as to the general need of a thorough, scientific, and permanent system of forest management in this country, and specifically as to the plan suggested by Professor Charles S. Sargent of Harvard University, which comprises the following features:

1. Forestry instruction at West Point: the establishment of a chair of forestry at the United States Military Academy, to be supplemented by practical study in the woods and by personal inspection of foreign systems of forestry.

2. An experimental forest reservation: the purchase on the Highlands near West Point, or elsewhere, of a small territory for the use of the proposed new branch of instruction.

3. Control by educated officers: the assignment of the best educated of these officers to the supervision of the forest reservations.

4. The enlistment of a forest guard: a body of local foresters, to be specially enlisted for the purpose of carrying out the principles of forestry thus taught.

EDITOR.

IN considering the plan submitted, it must be kept in mind that it is applicable only to the public lands of the Federal Government. In this sense alone can the plan proposed be regarded as national, for by far the larger and more valuable part of our forest area is in the hands of private owners, being proximate to the more densely populated sections of the country, and affecting immediately the climatic conditions and waterflow of large communities. The forest area owned by the Federal Government is principally situated along the slopes of the great mountain ranges of the Continental Divide, the Rockies, the Sierra, and the Coast Range, and its importance lies in preserving conditions that will make future development possible throughout a vast region largely dependent upon irrigation.

Just how much forest the United States owns is not known. It is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy millions of acres: certainly enough to justify careful conservation, considerable expenditures, and intelligent efforts to solve the problem of how best to manage it. Various plans have been proposed, but we have here only to deal with the suggestions of Harvard's eminent dendrologist, Professor Sargent. The first three propositions may be regarded as one branch of his plan, while the fourth distinctly embodies another. In gen-

eral, the proposition to extend a knowledge of forestry anywhere meets with my heartiest approval; but when we reflect that the sole purpose of West Point is to train military men for the nation's defense, and that only those subjects are taught there that tend directly to that purpose, it raises a serious question as to the advisability and practicability of putting upon our embryo officers the burden of a study foreign to their profession.

The present curriculum at West Point leaves no spare moments for the cadets; and certainly, to enable them to acquire any knowledge of forestry that would be of any real value, it would be necessary to extend the present course of instruction for one or two years. In France and in Germany to become an educated forester requires several years' study at schools devoted solely to forestry, combined with practical instruction in the woods.

As to the instruction to be given by means of an experimental forest reservation in the vicinity of West Point, it appears to me that while a knowledge of the botany of trees and various matters appertaining to tree life might thus be obtained, yet no knowledge obtainable as to tree growth in the Hudson River valley would be applicable to the conditions pertaining to the arid regions west of the 100th meridian, where the for-

ests which these officers would be called upon to administer are situated. The forest schools should be located in the vicinity of the forests to be managed. No one in this country yet knows how best to further forest growth in our arid regions. The knowledge is not extant, and will be acquired only after many years of study, observation, and experiment in each section to be administered. Our army officers are too migratory to permit this.

The army can be made very useful, however, as police for the protection of the public forests from fires and depredators, especially during the four months when forest fires are likely to prevail; and such duty accords well with the military organization. It is now the practice of the department commanders to order summer marches throughout the West for the purpose of giving officers and men practical experience; and it could well be changed by making details of commands for the protection of given forest areas, where the troops should be camped for four months to patrol the region assigned. Such work is now being most satisfactorily done at the Yellowstone National Park, and at other national parks, where forest fires are promptly checked, and timber depredations are unknown. Moreover, I am informed by the officers in charge of the troops so detailed that the service is in every way interesting and agreeable to officers and men, strengthening their initiative and discipline, and familiarizing them with the details of a country over which they may some day be called upon to campaign.

In this way the army could aid the corps of civilians in charge of the forests, who should be thoroughly trained foresters; but of this there is no great present need. At this time what is wanted is a common-sense management of this public property, with an organization that can be gradually developed into such forest management as may properly be called forestry.

The most urgent and fundamental need in our forestry movement is to obtain legislative recognition of the fact that the United States owns lands which are valuable only for the tree growth upon them, and accordingly that such growth alone should be disposed of, while the title to the soil should forever remain in the Government for the purpose of insuring such a continuance of that growth as will provide timber for future generations, and maintain favorable climatic and irrigation conditions. Next to this is the creation of a body of forest guards such as is proposed by Professor Sargent. But I do not think that these men should be enlisted. They should include practical woodsmen and young men who had taken a general course in forestry, such as should and might be taught in all of the agricultural colleges of the country. These young men might be admitted to the service after an examination as to their qualifications, and then enter upon their life career, studying practical conditions in their districts, and being promoted as time goes on and their knowledge widens, until at last we should have a real system of national forestry. In no other way can it be attained. For it must be remembered that the life and growth of a forest extend not over one generation, but over many. It is only because this is so that the Government should be the conservator of the forests. The selfish interests of an individual or even of a family lead to the destruction of forests for the sake of immediate gain, to the in-

jury of the public, while the state can consider only the good of all.

This permanent body of men, growing into a knowledge of the public forests, aided from time to time by the army, should in my opinion be the agency created for the management of the public forests, as being more thoroughly and properly taught, having this alone as their profession and career, stationed where their life-work is to be, and subject to no orders or emergencies that would compel their removal from place to place.

Edw. A. Bowers.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[U. S. Assistant Commissioner
of Public Lands.]

YOU ask my opinion as to "the need of a thorough, scientific, and permanent system of forest management," with a view to accomplishing the preservation of American forests.

Since I suppose that you desire and expect me to answer on the affirmative side, allow me to change the wording of your query so as to make it coincide with my conceptions of the more immediate need — namely, the need of a *common-sense treatment and more careful exploitation of our natural forests*. This appears to me the first need, the first practicable and necessary step, before we can expect anything "thorough, scientific, and permanent," gradually developing as supplies decrease and demands increase.

Common sense in keeping the fires out, common sense in keeping the cattle out of young growths, common sense in using the ax, culling the virgin forest not too severely of the good kinds of timber, and keeping down the undesirable, so that the composition of the forest may not be deteriorated beyond repair for the future — that is what we want first!

We must not forget that a large part of our country is still in the pioneering stage, that economic reforms are accomplished only through gradual development in successive stages, and that the stage we must pass through before "thorough, permanent, and scientific" systems of management can prevail is that in which more careful husbanding of the virgin supplies is practised, and the lessons are learned which lead to that superior application of knowledge and skill. We are only just learning these lessons in agriculture, and we have only begun to consider the necessity of learning them with reference to the use of our forests.

As for the plan suggested with reference to action by the Government, I have only one objection to offer, but it is a fundamental one.

The employment of the army or of army officers in functions for which they were not intended is to my mind wrong in principle. I will grant that such an employment, mainly as guardians of the forest reservations doing police duty, might be expedient for a time to bridge over a period of preparation until a civilian organization can be established; and as such a temporary expedient I have myself, in my reports and elsewhere, advocated the employment of the army. But I should certainly not advocate such an employment of the army as a permanent system. The reference of this matter to the army is a reflection upon the capacity of the civil government, — perhaps not without reason, — and an admission that the present government system is a failure, and the military, strict, and permanent system after all the only reliable one even for civilian functions.

A few lectures on the principles of forestry and forest protection to the officers who might command the forest patrols would certainly not be amiss. As to how the education of foresters for the Government's service or for any forestry service in this country should proceed, I have my own views.

I may only add that even if the Government should reserve all its remaining timber-lands and place them under some kind of rational control,—and we are striving and hoping to have such a policy carried out because it lies within possibility of immediate accomplishment,—yet the question of forest preservation would thereby not be solved or brought so very much nearer solution, whatever beneficial effects upon the final solution it might bring; for the Government owns in all hardly ten per cent. of the forest area, and that situated in the far West, away from the 60,000,000 of people who constitute the bulk of our population, and who must solve their local forestry problems, be it through state aid guided by wise conception of the providential functions of the Government, or through private interests driven by necessity.

B. E. Fernow.

[Chief of Division of Forestry,
Department of Agriculture.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEBATES about forestry would be carried on less at cross-purposes if the word forestry were less misused. It is correctly applied to the business of producing the raw material which is to be manufactured into the merchandise that we call lumber. Using the word in this sense, I have had to do with the planting of more than a million forest trees for other purposes than that of forestry. Again using the word in this sense, it is to be said that there are no mature works of forestry in the United States. There are numbers in Europe that are centuries old. Visiting several of these, I have come to realize in some degree my ignorance of forestry. It happens, also, that some American works of forestry have been begun at my suggestion, and that, pending the employment of foresters, I have ventured to direct a little initiatory work upon them. To such inconsiderable weight as, on this account, may be given my opinion, something is to be added in the present discussion because I was once officially asked to examine the Government property at West Point. I found that a part of it was of rugged topography, and not well adapted to be built upon. It appeared to me, and I so reported, that an object-lesson in forestry might here be provided, by little more than casual observation of which, during the four years of their academic course, cadets might be better fitted than they can be under present arrangements to coöperate with such a corps of trained foresters as economy in the management of its public lands must soon compel our Government to employ.

I am still inclined to think that in a satisfactory system of management of our forests, men will be needed who shall have given to a study of forestry more time than our military cadets can spare for the purpose without neglect of studies in which proficiency must be required of them. A military officer ought not to be a Jack-of-all-trades.

Frederick Law Olmsted.

BILTMORE FOREST, N. C., November 1, 1894.

I AM not sure that I fully understand Professor Sargent's plan. If he intends that the future foresters of the United States are to be selected from the best men of a class which has entered the National Academy at West Point with a distinctly military career in view, I think they would hardly take kindly to a plan which promises a slow, limited promotion, and is distinctly civilian in character. Certainly the thoroughness of the course and the high loyalty developed by the West Point curriculum would insure competency and honesty; but would any real interest in the work follow? The addition of a chair of forestry in West Point, under any circumstances, would undoubtedly render young officers better guardians of our national forests; but would it be sufficient? I should prefer to see a distinct forestry school at West Point, with the same high standard of mental, moral, and physical culture that the Military Academy has. I think the plan of enlisting men as a forest guard wise.

As for our State forests, their best management will depend upon the conditions of the commonwealth. For example, New York has her natural timber areas well isolated, as in the Adirondack and Catskill regions. These might, with certain limitations growing out of vested rights, become the absolute property of the commonwealth, to be managed by State officers for the good of the general public.

Such a plan would in my judgment be neither possible nor wise in Pennsylvania, because her natural timber areas are scattered over a large part of the State, and involve extensive railway systems, mining interests, farming lands, and often towns of considerable size. Under such a condition of affairs I should look for the largest good from a system which would induce the landowner to become a cultivator of trees.

Two ways of doing this occur to me. First, to give timber-land a value by reducing taxes upon it to a minimum rate. An objection to this would be that it would confer the greatest benefit upon large landed proprietors, who, in many instances, are not dwellers in the region. This objection lacks weight when fully examined. Another and perhaps a better way of inducing the landowner to become a tree-planter, is by offering a direct bounty on every acre of trees planted and maintained in accordance with specified conditions. This, at first sight, might seem like an enormous load for the taxpayer to carry; for he ultimately is the source of the revenue from which the bounty would be paid. But this objection vanishes when it is remembered that lumbering industries worth probably \$20,000,000 annually to the workers of this State are about to become extinct, but which could have been maintained had a system of bounties been offered in the past, and which might be revived by bounties aggregating much less than the commercial benefits accruing in a few years.

It is fair to assume that under forest care and protection Pennsylvania in fifty years should have standing white pine worth, at present prices, one and a half billion dollars. This timber should be produced on ground capable of producing no other crop advantageously. Its growth would leave the soil in a fertile condition. Failure to produce this, or a similar crop of some other timber, would mean large impoverished areas which would not only produce nothing, but would be a menace to the rest of the commonwealth in periods of

large, sudden rainfall. The one recognized obstacle to realization of this possible crop is the repeated forest fires. They might be estimated as sweeping out, potentially, thirty million dollars from the limits of the State annually. Under such a showing it would appear that wise, conservative statesmanship demands liberal appropriation to maintain an effective fire police, whose duty it shall be to ferret out incendiaries and to organize and direct a working force in suppressing fires.

No system of forestry should be considered unless it provides for the utilization of timber as fast as it is matured.

J. T. Rothrock.

[*President of Pennsylvania State Forest Commission.*]

WEST CHESTER, PA., October 17, 1894.

I BELIEVE that the preservation and management of American forests should have urgent and immediate attention. This work is the most difficult field of agriculture—if forestry be agriculture; for the study of the growth of trees from germination to old age so far exceeds the limits of human life that man learns the lessons of tree growth rather by tradition and inference,—the study of similar kinds of trees of various ages indicating what the continuous life of one tree might be.

Thus the scientific study of forestry carries with it a requirement as to the length of time for the study, with abstract investigations, which the practical agriculturist or farmer cannot afford to give, even had he length of life sufficient to enable him to study recurring cycles of tree growth as crops raised from the earth. Yet the value of the forest is so great, and the nature of tree growth appears to be so generally understood among observant, educated farmers and foresters, that one cannot but be impressed by the views of such students and experts: these assure us that more knowledge and more skill in forestry will produce results of a most valuable and important, if not surprising, character.

The United States army officers are men whose training, duties, independence of commercial and freedom from political intrigue, together, have kept them from much of the debasement which has invaded modern life. It is rare indeed that an army officer is found who has accepted commissions for his influence, or sold public property, or gone into conspiracy with public plunderers. The discipline of the army also makes it possible to accomplish great results with small means by concentration of energy. For this reason I favor a supervisory control of United States works, in the interior of our country, by the educated officers of West Point with civilian assistants. I do not favor any interference with State work: that is unconstitutional. The United States cannot, and should not, acquire any lands in any State except under special grant of the State legislature for each piece of land desired.

At West Point, however, the United States government possesses a considerable area of rough mountainous land suitable for forestry experiments. I believe it would be wise to make forestry one of the studies at the Military Academy, and that all the United States forest reservations and parks should be placed under the control or direction of army officers.

I would extend this even further; for I believe that our National Guard should have some of the great benefits of discipline which will come from such a forest

management. Permit me, therefore, to renew here what I have hitherto urged, that upon lands adjacent to West Point—upon the east bank of the Hudson at Garrison's—an adjunct or secondary academy be established by the Government for a short course of instruction for officers of the National Guard. Particularly in artillery and engineering practice, such an academy, under control of retired army officers, skilful and experienced men, would be a most useful institution.

Here also the best methods of forestry could be taught and learned. There could be no healthier or kindlier work for the retired army officer, who has probably traversed, examined, and lived amid most of the great forests of our country, or on the treeless plains where forests are needed. I sincerely trust that this adjunct to the West Point Military Academy will be speedily created.

Verplanck Colvin.

ALBANY.

[*Superintendent Adirondack Survey.*]

IT is almost needless to say that this country needs a thoroughly scientific and permanent system of forest management in the interests of the people of to-day, and, above all, in the interests of their children and grandchildren. There is need of this in the East, but the need is greatest in the Rocky Mountain regions, and it is precisely in these regions that the destruction of the forest is most reckless. Many of the people in these imperiled regions are not permanent inhabitants at all; they are mere nomads, with no intention of remaining for any great length of time in the locality where they happen to be for the moment, and with still less idea of seeing their children grow up there. They, of course, care nothing whatever for the future of the country; they destroy the trees and render the land barren, often from sheer brutal carelessness, often for a pecuniary reward which is absolutely trivial in comparison with the damage done; yet their selfish clamor is allowed to stand in the way of a great measure intended to benefit the whole community.

The damage from deforestation is often very severely felt in lands remote from the deforested region. Because of this fact alone the whole matter should be in the hands of the National Government. Professor Sargent's scheme seems to me in its general outlines to be good, and West Point would seem to be the proper place in which to establish the chair of instruction of which he speaks. Without more information I cannot express an opinion as to whether it would be well to try to instruct all the officers in forestry, or merely to have a special corps trained in forestry in addition to other subjects, with the idea of producing a specialized permanent body of foresters. The duties of the ordinary West Point graduate ought always to be mainly military. The specially educated men who intend to enter the profession of forestry would be intrusted with the supervision of the forest reservations. Of course a body of local foresters would have to be enlisted to work under these officers. There should be more than one forest reservation. In the East this might have to be purchased, but in the West there is no such need: Yellowstone National Park, for instance, and the other timber-land reserves, stand ready to hand.

The question of forest preservation is one of utmost moment to the American people, and no effort

should be spared to awaken them to a sense of its importance; for at present they are steeped in a profound ignorance of the matter, and of how it affects the interests of themselves and their children.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Theodore Roosevelt.

PROFESSOR SARGENT'S otherwise excellent plan appears to me susceptible of enlargement. It involves waiting for the establishment of a forest school and the giving of its course of instruction at least once before the management of the national forests can be undertaken, and it does not provide for the best grade of trained skill. The first of these points gains its importance from the fact that the management of the national forests is the most pressing need and duty of forestry in the United States. The second is more fundamental in character. A course in forestry which is merely an adjunct to a military education must fail to produce the highest efficiency as foresters in the officers who take it. Adequate training in so large a subject can be reached only by prolonged and undivided attention. This fact has been most clearly recognized in the most efficient government forest services. In Prussia the course preliminary to a state position requires six years; in France, five, of which three are preliminary; and in England the candidates for the Indian forest service, who until recently spent two years at the forest school after passing a competitive entrance examination, now spend three. The addition to the proposed plan of a board of professionally trained foresters, acting under the War Department, would, I believe, meet both these difficulties. The forest service would then include three branches, as from the nature of the work it must:

First. The protective staff, consisting of forest guards, and including private soldiers and non-commissioned officers, to whom lessons in forestry might be given at the post schools.

Second. The executive staff, composed of officers to whose course at West Point some instruction in forestry had been added, perhaps in the form of an additional term. They would have direct charge of the reservations, and would be responsible to headquarters for the guards under their orders, and for carrying out the working plans issued by the War Department for each subdivision of the forest.

Third. The administrative staff, a body of trained foresters acting under the Secretary of War, who would determine the general policy of the forest service, prepare the working plans for each executive charge, and inspect and report to headquarters. They would come into effective touch with the executive staff only through the medium of the War Department.

Such a system could be put in operation by Congress at any time. While the army was doing protective work, the first duty of a forest service, a commission of scientifically trained men would study the reservations on the ground, outline general features of policy, recommend legislation, and do the other preliminary work which must precede the introduction of regular forest management. In the mean time a government school of forestry, established at West Point or elsewhere, would be preparing officers for the executive work soon to be required. A longer course, open to civilians, would provide the more thoroughly trained

men demanded by the expanding work of continuous administration.

BILTMORE, N. C.

Gifford Pinchot.

IT has given me great pleasure to examine Professor Sargent's admirable project for the preservation of our national forest reservations. The suggestion seems to me to be one which is likely to commend itself to Congress and to be approved by the officers of the army. If adopted, I feel sure that it will guard the reservations in an efficient way.

I base my confidence in the result of the proposed system on a good deal of experience with the work done by our army officers — those of the engineering corps and of the line. The training which our officers receive fits them for executive work such as it is proposed to have them do. They are trusted and respected by our people, and are feared by the folk who need to be intimidated.

I doubt, however, the practicability of giving the proposed instruction in forestry at West Point. The task can be more effectively accomplished, after the men leave the academy, in a school specially adapted to the purpose.

One of the reasons why the plan commends itself to me is that it provides for the employment in time of peace of a considerable force which, in case of public need, could be at once turned to the uses of war.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

N. S. Shaler.

I CORDIALLY approve of the plan set forth in outline in your communication. Professor Sargent was out here last summer, and I talked over some of these matters with him; and I am heartily in favor of anything which will prevent the wanton destruction of the grand heritage we had left us as a nation. It seems incredible to a foreigner, or to any one who has traveled abroad or given the matter any consideration, that we should continue our present methods in the face of the experience of other nations in regard to the management of their forests. And I can only repeat that I am cordially in favor of Professor Sargent's plan, believing as I do that it is practically the only one that is feasible under our present system of government.

D. M. Riordan.

[*President Arizona Lumber and Timber Co.*]

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, November 12, 1894.

FIRE, the ax, and wholesale vandalism, have long threatened the forests of the country with utter destruction; but now, at this darkest time, the light of a better day begins to dawn. The first settlers on the shores of America, seeking farms and bread, naturally regarded a tree as a kind of larger weed, to be got rid of as best they could; the forests seemed boundless, and there was no thought of possible evils resulting from their destruction. Now railroads, carrying everywhere the rapidly increasing population, have rendered nearly every tree in the country accessible to the ax and to fire, till at last the Government has taken alarm, and seems ready to adopt measures to stay destruction and save what is left. The knowledge is gaining ground in the minds of the people that the forests are at once the most valuable and the most destructible of the nation's

natural wealth, and that they must not be left, as heretofore, at the mercy of every wandering hunter, sheepherder, or lumberman.

The people are beginning to know that forests affect climate, act as barriers against destructive floods, protect and hold in store fertilizing rain and snow, and form fountains for irrigating streams. Gold and silver are stored in the rocks, and can neither be burned nor trampled out of existence; the wealth of our magnificent soil-beds is also comparatively safe: but our forests—the best on the face of the earth—are still exposed to perils which have inflicted calamities on many other countries. The main forest-belt of the Sierra Nevada, with which I am best acquainted, 400 miles long by 40 miles in width, is planted just where it does the most good, and where its removal would necessarily be followed by the greatest evils. Therefore its preservation can hardly be regarded as less than a physical necessity. Here all the rivers on which the fields in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys depend for irrigating waters draw their sources. Here the snow falls and is stored up, being prevented by the trees from slipping into the cañons in avalanches, from being drifted into heaps by the winds, and from melting with wastefully destructive energy. Every pine-needle and clasping root, as well as fallen trunk and branch, may be regarded as a dam hoarding the precious bounty of the storm-clouds, and dispensing it in blessings to the lowlands, instead of allowing it to pour headlong in short-lived devastating floods. Lumber-mills may be regarded as centers of desolation in the grand forests of the Pacific coast, but the desolation of sheep and sheep-herder has no center—it is universal.

Incredible numbers of sheep are driven into the California forest pastures every summer, and their courses are marked by desolation. Not only the moisture-absorbing grasses are devoured, but the bushes also are stripped bare. Even the young conifers, which are not eaten by sheep when they can find anything else to stay hunger, are greedily devoured in their famishing condition; and to make destruction doubly sure, fires are set during the dry autumn months to clear the ground of fallen trunks and underbrush in order to facilitate the movements of the flocks and to improve the pastures by letting in the sunshine. The entire forest-belt of California, the noblest and most valuable on the face of the earth, is thus annually swept and devastated from one end of the Sierra to the other, the young trees on which the permanence of the forests depends being eaten and trampled and burned. Indians also burn off the underbrush to facilitate hunting; mountaineers and lumbermen sometimes carelessly allow their camp-fires to spread: but the fires of sheep-men form more than ninety per cent. of all. Even in the moist climates of Oregon and Washington the woods have been swept with destructive fires again and again; for, besides the fires set by man, nature sends down fire from heaven every year in the form of lightning, making the care of man all the more necessary. Only on the wet coast of Alaska have I ever seen a forest wholly free from the destructive marks of fire. Surely the tremendous conflagrations last year in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and lately in other States, ought to be enough to spur any government to action.

I believe that the Sargent forestry plan will prove

a complete solution of all our forest troubles. Already a good beginning has been made by Presidents Harrison and Cleveland in making extensive forest reserves and parks; but the good work must go on. Let the forests on all the head waters of all the rivers in the country be reserved and put under the charge of the War Department,—the most reliable, permanent, unpolitical, and effective department of our Government,—and then forest affairs will be definitely settled, and all our living trees will clap their hands and wave in joy.

But it is impossible, in the nature of things, to stop at preservation. The forests must be, and will be, not only preserved, but used; and the experience of all civilized countries that have faced and solved the question shows that, over and above all expenses of management under trained officers, the forests, like perennial fountains, may be made to yield a sure harvest of timber, while at the same time all their far-reaching beneficent uses may be maintained unimpaired.

The effectiveness of the War Department in enforcing the laws of Congress has been illustrated in the management of the Yosemite National Park. Three years ago, when the park was organized, the Department of the Pacific was called on for a troop of cavalry to protect it. The sheep having been rigidly excluded, a luxuriant cover has sprung up on the desolate forest floor, fires have been choked before they could do any damage, and hopeful bloom and beauty have taken the place of ashes and dust. On the other hand, on the great reservations to the southward of the Yosemite National Park, the forests, except that they are withdrawn from private ownership, are in as bad a condition as before. Warnings against trespass have been posted in abundance on the trees along the trails leading from the lowlands to the head waters of the streams in the woods, warning everybody not to trespass on the nation's property. But in the absence of enforcing power these have proved of no avail. Hundreds of thousands of sheep have been driven into the upper forest pastures, as before, and the usual destruction has gone on unchecked. One soldier in the woods, armed with authority and a gun, would be more effective in forest preservation than millions of forbidding notices. I believe that the good time of the suffering forests can be hastened through the War Department, as outlined in Professor Sargent's plan, and I heartily indorse it.

MARTINEZ, CALIFORNIA.

John Muir.

I BELIEVE in a small but permanent body of United States government foresters, organized, instructed, and drilled,—and also in a similar body of State foresters,—just as I believe in the present efficient corps of the internal revenue marine, the Weather Bureau observers, etc.; but I do not like the military feature of Professor Sargent's scheme. I know that our army and navy offer a fine corps of men who aspire to show their usefulness in times of peace, and to maintain a large and powerful organization ready for the needs of war; but the best interests of our country demand that at present the military be kept in the background, and in a minority, and that those officers of the army and navy who wish to be truly useful in other than strictly military lines of work should resign their commissions, and take place among us as civilians. Their splendid education, physique, and morale will always keep them

prominent, while avoiding all suspicion of retaining a military organization in a country that tries to be at peace and to develop the arts of peace. The military education given freely at West Point and Annapolis should be generally followed, as has already been extensively done in the navy, not by a commission, but by retirement to civil life, just as in the case of the graduates from our universities and colleges. This policy works well here and in other countries. It is unnecessary to intrust the management of forests to any military organization, or to increase the scope of the Military Academy so as to cover the civilian arts and industries. The arts of warfare are a special application of the arts of peace, and it is a perversion of the military school to make it a rival of the civilian schools of engineering, chemistry, forestry, etc. The fact that the military engineers understand the building of military bridges, waterworks, fortresses, and barracks, has already led to their employment by Congress in a vast field of competition with civilian engineers; and it is now proposed to add still another line of government employment which can but increase the opportunity of the local politician to use the army as his tool.

The forest guard should have all the authority of civilian police, but nothing more; and as police, should call upon the military authorities for assistance only in case of insurrection. The education that is needed for the officers and soldiers of the forest guard can, and should, be given at the agricultural colleges and experiment stations that this Government has established in every State. The men who attend these schools have a living interest in forests such as has never been manifested by the students and officers of the military schools.

I believe in forestry instruction, but not at West Point. I believe in forest reservations, of which we have a large number already, and all of which can be used for instruction and practice. I believe in a joint Federal and State forest guard, organized under the Secretary of Agriculture, with educated officers and men, and with a strong organization which shall have as little as possible of the military, and as many as possible of the civilian, features that conduce to the efficiency of our police, our post-office, our railroad, and our telegraph systems.

Cleveland Abbe.

[Professor of Meteorology,
U. S. Weather Bureau.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

So far about 20,000,000 of acres of the national domain — all west of this longitude — have been "set apart," 3,000,000 as parks, and 17,000,000 as forest reserves. This has been done with general approval, even applause, and with the opposition of only a few local interests. There remains to arouse equal support and enthusiasm in behalf of the *management* of these forests.

This place, at the eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains, my home for twenty-five years, is now partly embraced within one of these reserves, a tract of 250,000 acres, including Pike's Peak. Within that period this forest has been repeatedly ravaged by fires, every one preventable; and tie-camps and sawmills have consumed the accessible commercial timber. The result is perceptible in the lessening of the water-supply, in alternations of flood and drought, absence of a local supply of timber, impairment of sylvan beauty, extinction of wild game. But the young and the more inac-

cessible trees remain, and this tract can be gradually reafforested. Last week one of the most destructive fires known east of the front range of Colorado occurred in Boulder County, burning ranches, mine improvements, and villages, and threatening larger towns. Many square miles of splendid conifers were destroyed, and the forest cover no doubt was blasted. This calamity, originating, as usual, from an abandoned camp-fire, occurred in the heart of the proposed "Boulder Reserve," the establishment of which, after inspection and recommendation, was delayed by fear of successful opposition from the mining people, who now find themselves the heaviest sufferers. From five to ten capable guards in each of these forests would, I am sure, have saved them from every one of these fires, at least to the extent of any calculable injury.

The numerous dreadful forest fires of the past summer and autumn must have opened the minds of men at last to the importance of action, if only to avert such holocausts; and surely the time is now ripe, if ever, for adopting a "system of forest management in the interest of the people and of posterity." In realizing this necessity, and inviting and opening its columns to its discussion, THE CENTURY is heeding and echoing a cry of the broadest patriotism; indeed, more — of civilization.

I approve substantially of Professor Sargent's scheme. I would certainly utilize the national army. We should set our faces like flint against every suggestion to transfer these forests or their care to the States. That way lies danger! They belong to the whole people; and moreover, even their direct influences for good or evil are so wide-spread as to affect vast regions and a score of States. The chief risk to our national forests comes from the laxity of local sentiment, and the supposed self-interest of the local inhabitants, who, although insignificant in number, are, and always have been, powerful for such destruction. Many are but temporary residents, and soon leave for fresh ravages, taking their portable sawmills with them; but for the time being they and the neighbors to whom they afford a market are "the community," and their voice is the loudest one heard.

Professor Sargent's first three suggestions — of forestry instruction at West Point, an experimental forest reservation near by, and the assignment of the best educated of these officers to the control and supervision of the national reserves — are all practical and judicious, and worthy of adoption. One crucial question he does not raise: To whom shall the military officers so educated and put in supervision and control report?

Why not place the whole matter with the War Department, and hold it solely responsible? There would be several advantages besides the consolidation of power and responsibility. There would be less liability to political solicitation, or to changes in personnel or policy with the change of its rulers by the people; the army organization is permanent, and would be a conservative buffer between a new secretary and the pressure of local or other influence. There is no such buffer with the Interior Department. The "forest guards," when enlisted, would be under military instead of civil discipline, and would have no temptation to become partizans to obtain or save their offices. The inestimable force of *esprit de corps*, matured only in permanent soil, would be enlisted in the service of our forests. Finally, the War Department in "piping times of peace" has less

to do than any other, and could more effectively take up this additional duty. It would combine the advantages of ordinary campaigning with the wholesome discipline of regular work, and familiarize our little army with the topography, geography, climate, and other natural characteristics of over half of their native land.

The experience of the writer since 1870 with a Colorado forest tract of 42,000 acres, bought of the Government as offered land for himself and friends, convinces him that the cost of "management" of our forest reserves will be very much less than the popular apprehension has perhaps taken for granted. Fire is the chief enemy. The men needed for defense against that can do everything else necessary. In our case, even at the time of the greatest activity with sawmills and tie-camps (always working on royalty), the force never exceeded three men — one head forester and two assistants. These were a tried sergeant and two men selected from my old cavalry regiment. No seeding or planting was done, but they had abundant time for that also. This pinery was not continuous, and it was equally necessary to protect from fire the intervening tracts; thus the area guarded exceeded 250,000 acres. Numerous fires occurred, almost invariably caused by "campers," who habitually left their fires more or less alive, but our three men proved adequate to prevent any serious consequences. On rare occasions of desperate fires local assistants were called in. These, however, generally proved worthless, one of our own selected and trained men seeming to be worth ten of them.

Largely based on this experience of a quarter of a century, I venture to submit what follows:

First. That with reasonable continuity of employment and responsibility, three selected men in a smooth rolling country, and five to ten where the surface is more rugged, properly stationed and well mounted, can protect, manage, and "cultivate" at least 200,000 acres. The mere moral effect of the constant patrol, of the notices they would put up, of their fencing off roads, and other evidences that somebody valued this property like a family homestead, and intended to plant and harvest it, season in and season out, would alone greatly reduce the outbreak of fires, stop timber stealing, and afford the patrol time for all other work, including reafforesting. If mines of coal or metal, or quarries, should exist, their exploitation, if allowed, should be, like that of the timber, under royalty and careful restrictions. The same force could manage this business also, under the reservation officer hereafter mentioned, who should be assisted by an expert when the mining activity should warrant. *But no independent prospecting should be permitted in these forests, and of course no placer-mining.*

Second. We now come to Professor Sargent's last suggestion — the "enlistment of a body of local foresters" as a forest guard "for the purpose of carrying out the principles of forestry thus taught." But if the whole force required is so small, is it worth while to go outside of the regular army? Cannot the permanence which he seeks be attained without raising any new questions of organization or appointment? I would assign to each area of, say, 250,000 acres or less, a forest "cadre" composed of a sergeant and two privates, which should be as permanent as Professor Sargent's proposed local foresters. For a small, smooth

or otherwise easily managed reserve these three would answer. But if the size, ruggedness, or "business" of any forest should require it, additional soldiers, up to ten or more as needed, might be detailed, and in this way they would soon become as good foresters as the permanent men, just as the recruits that filled the vacancies of a regiment during our last war soon became indistinguishable from the old soldiers.

To each reservation of not more than a million acres, as soon as practicable, should be assigned a commissioned officer (one of those educated as Professor Sargent proposes), who would have under him one or more of these sergeant's parties, and be responsible for the welfare of his particular forest; he would in turn report to the commanding officer of his division or department, who should be assisted by a staff-officer assigned for this exclusive duty from among those educated in forestry, and through whom would come all reports on forest matters, including the accounts of revenue and expense. The sense of duty and pride of these generals would then be as alert to defend and give a good account of their forests as now to put down Indian revolts, or to perform any other military duty.

Third. Was there ever such a patrimony waiting to be saved at such an insignificant cost? Perhaps a thousand men would suffice for the twenty million acres of national forestage so far reserved. If the forests still belonging to the nation were as unburned to-day in Colorado and Utah as they were when the writer first established his home here, there is no question but the royalty from timber judiciously cropped would from the beginning cover all the costs of management and culture, even if all the guards, officers and men, had to be specially employed and paid for the purpose. Fir timber from Oregon, and redwood ties from California, are already coming a thousand miles overland to Utah, and the timber half as far again to Colorado. But even as it is, if the national forests are turned over to our army, as proposed, before further serious destruction occurs, I believe the royalties, taken as a whole, will not only cover all additional cost to the military service of forest management, but yield a large profit. I do not mean for a few years of destructive activity, but permanently, as from "a going concern."

Fourth. Meantime it is to be hoped that the President will continue the beneficent policy of creating forest reserves where careful investigation shall show that they are practicable, until we have at least twice as large an area saved from the spoiler.

Thus those grand and beneficent objects of forest preservation and culture, which even more than the question of wood-supply constitute the chief motive for immediate action, may be realized as a "by-product"; and the nation may "eat its cake and have it, too."

William J. Palmer.

GLEN EYRIE, COLORADO, November 22, 1894.

THE Yellowstone Park, with its adjacent timber reserve, has an area larger than the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. Over nearly this entire tract there is an extremely dense growth of a highly resinous conifer. The trees are generally very tall, but too small to be of much use as lumber. On this pla-

teau rise streams flowing in all directions, but ultimately reaching the Gulf of Mexico or the Pacific. The enormous rise in these streams due to spring freshets produces incalculable loss. No better object-lesson in the need of timber preservation can be found than is to be seen here each June. The road from Norris to the Grand Cañon runs nearly east and west. In building this road the trees were cut out to a width of about fifty feet. The spring sun, shining obliquely through the opening thus made in the tree-tops, melts a strip some twenty-five to fifty feet to the north of the road, while the roadway is still blocked with from one to three feet of snow. If all the timber were removed from this immense area, the snow would disappear at least a month earlier than it does, and destruction to roads, bridges, and crops would follow from the freshets, with a corresponding loss from droughts later in the season.

So far as the protection of these forests is concerned, I have only to consider the one question of fires. A fire once established in the top of these trees, with a moderate breeze blowing, no human effort can overcome it until the wind dies down, or some obstacle is reached. A man on horseback can hardly escape before it. If from any cause it should die down, it must

still be watched for days, lest some new gust of wind send sparks into the dry pine-needles, and start it up again. These fires generally originate from one of three causes: (1) lightning; (2) the rubbing together, by the wind, of two trees; or (3) fires started by human agency. Of course the last cause is the most frequent. The great success met with in controlling the fires here has resulted from the constant system of patrols kept up upon all the traveled routes. The smallest spark left behind by a camping-party is extinguished before it can gain any headway.

As to Professor Sargent's scheme, the course at the Military Academy could be made to cover all that is desirable by small additions, in the shape of lectures, to the course in chemistry. An experimental forest reservation is most necessary, but I regard West Point as very poorly located for the purpose, the trees there not being suitable either in size or kind. The soldiers of this command serve every purpose of the forest guard recommended by him, and do so most satisfactorily.

George S. Anderson.
[Captain U. S. A., in charge of
Yellowstone National Park.]

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Need of a National Forest Commission.

THE letters on the forestry question in the present number of *THE CENTURY*, representing as they do various points of view of men of experience and authority in this field, are worthy the careful attention of American readers. The advantages of the plan suggested by Professor Sargent for protecting the forests on the public reservations, are that it is cheap, and that it can be put into immediate operation. The disadvantages of employing officers of the United States army as forest guardians are evident: it imposes a service upon them outside their regular duties as officers of the army; and the cadets at West Point have not the time, in addition to other necessary studies, to devote a sufficient number of hours to learning the art and practice of forest management to become accomplished forest officers in the German and French meaning of the term. It must be remembered, however, that the present value of forest products in the United States, and the cost of labor here, do not yet justify the elaborate care of our forests which has proved such a good investment in more thickly settled and less wooded countries; and that to establish a forest school, train professors, and form forest officers must be a work of many years, even if it is possible to establish, except in connection with the academy at West Point, a government technical school of this character which, to be successful, must be entirely free from political influences. For this remoter purpose, what is needed is not perhaps a department of forestry in the Military Academy, so much as a system of control, under whatever bureau, that shall be modeled on military organization and authority.

What is needed in this country now is a force to take

immediate charge of the forest reservations, to protect them from fire and unlawful trespass, and to execute such laws for their management as may be from time to time prescribed by Congress. The officers of the army are now the only men suitable for this duty. It is not necessary that such forest guardians should be profoundly versed in the science of forestry; they may be expected, however, to perform their duties more intelligently and with greater efficiency if, graduated from West Point, they have received at the academy some such elementary instruction on the subject as might be acquired from a few courses of lectures and occasional excursions into the forest reservation, which might be added advantageously to the equipment of the Military Academy. Such a plan, of course, is only a temporary one; for the time will come when the forests of the United States must be managed with the same care and precision as those of other civilized countries. It seems to fill, however, a transition period, and certainly nothing more practical has been suggested.

The Government needs more information than it now possesses before it can formulate an intelligent national forestry policy; it is doubtless desirable that additional forestry reservations should be made on the public domain, and it is possible that the boundaries of some of those already made should be changed in order to insure their greatest usefulness. Part of the Yosemite National Park might be given up, but Congress should on no account permit the cutting off of the northern and southwestern portions coveted by the lumbermen. The whole question of the proper relations of the reservations to the people living near them is an important one which has not been sufficiently studied; and the various opinions as to the proper

management of the reservations expressed by the men whose views we have printed, show that further studies and discussions are needed before any one can feel sure which plan is the best. No one realizes this want of knowledge so much as those men who have been able to devote the most thought to this question, and who have seen the most of our Western forests.

We join with "Garden and Forest" in urging the appointment by the President of the United States of a commission composed of men of sufficient reputation to make their recommendations heeded, whose business it shall be to study the whole question of forest preservation, and to report fully upon it to Congress. Until such a report has been prepared all forest lands on the public domain should be withdrawn from sale and entry.

An Appeal to Common Sense.

THE last annual report of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Bissell, contains what can best be styled an appeal to the plain common sense—what General Grant called the "horse sense"—of the American people. It is made in behalf of the postal service of the country, but it applies with no less force to all the minor offices. Mr. Bissell says that "to one whose duty it is to study the vast mechanism of the postal system in detail, the fact soon becomes too plain for contradiction, that it is a business and not a political system." He then goes on to show that in spite of the fact that the popular intelligence has long outgrown the notion that one political party has a monopoly of administrative talent, we act upon that notion every time there is a political change in the Presidency by turning out all the postmasters, and putting men of opposite politics in their places, though in doing this we, in many instances, force a change of postmasters upon communities which have just cast a majority vote against any change whatever. A community which has voted for the continuation of a Republican administration at Washington is compelled, for example, to have a Democrat for postmaster for four years because the country as a whole has taken a different view. Four years later, this man, who has barely had time to become familiar with his duties, and thus become a useful public servant, is turned out, and an inexperienced man is put in his place, who must learn the business all over again. As Mr. Bissell says, time spent by the Postmaster-General in selecting a suitable person for the office under such conditions seems to be wasted. No matter how well the appointee conducts the office, he must go out at the end of four years, provided a President whose political creed differs from his comes into power at Washington.

The absurdity of this system is apparent if we apply the principle of it to any private business of like character and magnitude. Imagine for a moment the great express companies of the country changing their employees every four years, simply because they had put at their heads presidents of different political views. Imagine them, also, selecting their heads of departments, local managers, and all employees, not because of their ability and fitness, but because of their political creeds. One express company, for example, would have only Republicans to attend to the distribution of its packages; another would have only Democrats. Apply the same system to a great railway company, and imagine how long its road would be able to continue in operation. The idea is so preposterous that it

cannot be entertained for a moment. No express or railway company would act for an instant on the assumption that the capacity and fitness of an employee depended upon his political belief. Yet the postal business of the country, which is of greater magnitude and of no less responsibility than that of any railway or express company, is in large part conducted on this assumption.

Furthermore, the postal service is as far removed from politics in its duties as the service of a railway or express company. As the Hon. Carl Schurz pointed out in his admirable address before the National Civil Service Reform League in April, 1893, a postmaster has to receive and distribute, not Democratic or Republican letters, but simply letters. He is a public servant, and his usefulness depends entirely upon his ability to receive and distribute in the way most satisfactory to the whole community the letters which come to him. If he allows partizan influences to enter at all into this work, he becomes at once an unfit official, and should be removed.

A few months ago the postmaster of New York city, Mr. Dayton, visited foreign cities with a view to studying their postal systems, and on his return he said of the system of Great Britain:

It is hard for an American to realize how completely the notion of partizanship, offensive or defensive, has been eradicated from the civil service there. The postmaster-general is, of course, a politician, who retires with a change of administration. When he is an important public and party man, like Mr. Morley, he has a seat in the cabinet. But think of it! Out of the 125,000 men in the postal service of Great Britain, not to mention 16,000 women, he is positively the only individual whose tenure of place can be affected by any political change.

That is common sense; that is civilized government. Mr. Dayton said that he had investigated the question of partizan feeling among the postal employees, and could find no trace of it. "It is not," he added, "that they dissemble it; they simply don't feel it—don't know what it is." Neither would our postmasters and their subordinates feel it here if they were in the service under like conditions. It is because their tenure depends upon their political views that they are partizans. There is no complaint of partizanship heard in reference to that portion of the employees in the postal and other branches of the civil service which have been placed under the regulations of the civil service law. This is not to say that such civil servants do not hold political opinions and act upon them at the polls; but there is no "offensiveness" in their partizanship in connection with their public work.

There are in the United States 69,805 post-offices, and of this number 3428 are what are called Presidential. The remaining 66,377 are called fourth class. If all these were to be taken out of politics and put on a simple, every-day business basis,—that is to say, were put under the civil service regulations,—does anybody doubt that a great and lasting benefit would be achieved for the whole country? All that would be done would be to establish in the postal service the business principle that every postmaster should hold his office during good behavior. Politics would have no more to do with him than with an express agent or the manager of a telegraph office. Nothing could get him out of office save a demonstration of unfitness or dishonesty. And if we were to do this with the post-offices, why not with

all other offices in the Federal service—the revenue collectors, Indian agents, and all members of the consular service? Why not put the whole service on a business basis, and at one stroke lift that service to the highest level of efficiency, and take from the most objectionable of our political workers the sustenance which alone leads them to engage in politics?

If such a reform were to be accomplished, our public officials, the President and all members of his cabinet, could devote all their time to the business of the government. If the Postmaster-General were freed from the enormous task of turning 66,000 postmasters out, and putting as many more in, he could devote his time to the improvement of the postal service, and the results would be beneficial to the whole people. So with all other cabinet officers. Rid of the importunities of armies of office-seekers, they could devote all their time and abilities to the real questions of government, which now have to occupy a secondary place during a greater part of every Presidential term.

Under a business system like this, every American would have an opportunity to obtain honorable place in the public service. It is the charge of the spoilsmen that civil service reform, and the permanent tenure it demands, are un-American inventions, which have no place in this free country. As a matter of fact, it is the spoils system that is un-American. That puts a premium on incapacity by giving the preference to an unfit man with a political "pull" behind him, rather than to the man who has simply fitness. The lazy, the shiftless, the incompetent, these are the men who want political influence to help them get a living. The true American, the man who is willing to work and to rest his claim for employment on his ability to do his work as well as any other man, does not want any political aid. He outnumbers ten thousand to one the other kind of American, and the merit system is in his interest especially, as it is in the interest of the whole people.

Currency Reform.

THE subject of currency reform has been commanding steadily increasing attention for a considerable period, and during the last few months has become the leading topic of financial discussion throughout the country. The American Bankers' Association, at their annual convention in Baltimore in October last, gave impetus and direction to the discussion by adopting what has since been known as the "Baltimore Plan of Currency Reform." Under the present national-bank law, banks are required to purchase United States bonds as a basis upon which to issue their circulating notes, and they are allowed to issue such notes to the amount of 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds. They are also required to deposit and maintain in the United States treasury a 5-per-cent. redemption fund. The notes of all banks are redeemable at the treasury, and are good throughout the United States. The Government redeems the notes of failed banks, and has a prior lien upon their assets, including stockholders' liability, to reimburse itself therefor. Under this law a bank which wishes to go into business must buy United States bonds at a premium which will make \$100,000 worth of 4-per-cents—which are the best investment—cost \$115,500. The 5-per-cent. redemption fund will add \$4500 to this, making the amount which the

bank must invest and deposit as a basis of a \$90,000 circulation, \$120,000, or \$120 for every \$90. Under this law \$30,000—just one fourth—is locked up out of every \$120,000, and cannot be used by the bank for the aid of its customers or the public.

What the Baltimore plan proposes to do is to repeal the provision of the present law requiring the deposit of bonds as the basis of circulation, and to allow banks to issue circulating notes to the amount of 50 per cent. of their paid-up, unimpaired capital, subject to a tax of one half of 1 per cent. per annum upon the average amount of circulation outstanding for the year, and an additional circulation of 25 per cent., subject to an additional tax, in cases of emergency. A guarantee fund, equal to 5 per cent. of the outstanding circulation, is to be accumulated and maintained by a tax of 2 per cent. on the first year's circulation, and one half of 1 per cent. on subsequent circulation until the fund shall have been paid in. The Government is to redeem all notes of failed banks out of this fund, and is to have the same prior lien upon assets as it has under the present law.

It is claimed by the advocates of this plan that it will supply to the currency the element most needed, and which the national-bank law fails to yield—elasticity. In advocating the plan at Baltimore, Mr. Hepburn, a former comptroller of the currency, said:

A currency, to be elastic, must be issued against credit. Banks must have power thus to create money. In no other way can currency be elastic. In no other way can it meet the wants of commerce. From the very nature of things the Government cannot give such a currency. The banks can, and the banks only can with prudence and safety be allowed to do so. An elastic currency is needed not alone in times of distrust, but in course of ordinary business. The harvesting of the cotton crop calls for an extraordinary amount of money in the cotton-belt. Currency is brought from money centers to supply this need. Currency in that section is expanding. Under the system proposed by the Baltimore bankers the banks in the cotton region could largely supply this local demand, and to such extent save the expense of expressing money from money centers. The cotton crop having been moved, the demand for money lessens, and by the inexorable law of supply and demand the currency contracts, flows back to money centers. The business of modern banking is done with other people's money, the want of one section of the country or of one depositor being supplied from the surplus of another; and this expansion and contraction is going on all the time in different sections of the country.

In regard to the size of the guarantee fund, Mr. Hepburn showed that an annual tax of three hundredths of one per cent. on circulation would have covered all loss from failed banks during the last thirty-one years, had the proposed plan been in force during that period. He claimed that the proposed 5-per-cent. tax fund was therefore sufficient to make the circulation perfectly secure.

The Baltimore plan was adopted, with certain modifications and additions, by Secretary Carlisle and Mr. Eckels, the comptroller of the currency, in their last annual reports to Congress. Mr. Carlisle proposed that in addition to all other security for their circulating notes the banks should deposit legal-tender notes in the treasury to the amount of 30 per cent. of their issues, and these issues should not exceed 75 per cent. of their paid-up, unimpaired capital. Mr. Eckels proposed that the banks be allowed, in the first place, to issue circulating notes to the amount of 50 per cent. of their paid-up, unimpaired capital against their assets, fortified by

a safety or guarantee fund; and, in the second place, to issue 50 per cent. more by depositing an equal amount of legal-tender notes in the United States Treasury, which should be held there until the banks went into liquidation or insolvency, in which case the Government should cancel the legal-tender notes held for the retiring banks, and then redeem the outstanding notes on presentation. The issuing of the first 50 per cent. of circulating notes he would have made conditional upon the bank taking out the second 50 per cent. and depositing the corresponding sum in legal tenders. Both Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Eckels are desirous of combining retirement of the greenbacks with the plan of banking reform, thus paving the way to a thoroughgoing reform and simplification of our currency.

Other plans are being discussed as we go to press, of which we may speak later.

Social Purity.

THERE has been renewed discussion lately of the question of social purity. Suggestions have been made of partial remedies, adapted to local conditions; diffi-

culties and perplexities have arisen, and great differences of opinion have developed on the part of honest and thoughtful men and women, who have sought by different and conflicting means to bring about a state of affairs better than that which now exists.

It seems to us that there is one remedy, of the many proposed, that ought to command universal approval; namely, the maintenance of a nobler moral standard. Is there not wide-spread in the community a certain cynicism on this subject, not merely on the part of social offenders, but on the part of people who themselves are supposed to be leading decent lives?

The deepest cure for this great evil would be a higher tone on the subject throughout the entire structure of society. Very often, indeed, poverty can teach lessons to riches in this regard; though upon those whose opportunities in life have been greatest rests the heaviest responsibility. The cynicism of which we speak would sacrifice the human soul, especially the soul of woman, upon the altar of the body. This cynic view is false—it is degrading; it must pass away, or mankind will remain chained to the brute throughout all time.

OPEN LETTERS.

Young Men, and the Preaching they Want.

AMONG the two thousand or more parishioners of Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, are several hundred young men. To a hundred of these young men, when I was their pastor, I sent a letter asking their judgment as to certain forms of church work. One of the questions proposed related to the sort of preaching which young men like. In answer to my inquiries, young men have written to me with great frankness. I shall make liberal extracts from these letters, reserving my comments till I have completed the quotations.

One young man, a student, commends "sermons drawn from the lives of great and good men, and of the trust to be placed in our heavenly Father, and also in which the great questions of life and death are involved—sermons that make us *think* of what we are, our duty, our responsibility (without leaving out political responsibility, which is another expression for love of our country), gratitude to parents, love to brothers and sisters, and our destiny."

A young lawyer approves of "preaching that comes from the standpoint of those preached to. Most men have in their minds sufficient abstract formulæ of truth. The province of preaching is to show where these touch my case, and to induce me to make up my mind to do, to follow the application, to will. I don't think the impression that having been very wicked will make a reformed man a good preacher is true. It is not the wickedness one used to have, but the power that is usually left a man of carrying truth around to the standpoint of the man he is after. Every man can talk successfully to children if he can for the moment put himself back by imagination just where he was when a child. The man that can only philosophize about life can be only half a preacher, and the man that has never been on his own feet in the rough and tumble among men, and never been obliged to struggle with life

in the way the great majority of men struggle, is by that cut off from one strong point of attack. The man that helped me most was continually using as a text some personal experience that had been unbosomed to him during the week. There is always a tendency to think no one can quite understand our particular experience; but when a young man finds from a sermon that the preacher is fighting along his line, he thinks it a great sermon. I am afraid I am not saying anything new or helpful; but young men are held, not by handing them down new truths, but by jumping into the arena, and showing them how, where they actually are, truth touches them. I sometimes think a man ought not to be a preacher until he has won a standing in medicine or law or business, and that such a training would be worth more than his theological course if he had had already an academic course. It certainly would color his preaching for life."

Says a young merchant, "plain, practical, spiritual." In the same mood another young merchant says, "simple preaching and teaching of the gospel of Christ, first and always." Likewise remarks a third: "Many young men of my acquaintance do not go to church, and many who do go are there simply because they find it 'pleasant to pass Sunday morning that way,' but do not believe very much of what they hear from the pulpit. They believe in Christianity as a life as they believe in Buddhism. They believe the pulpit should ever hold up high standards of morality, inculcate the best doctrines of right living; are particular about the ointment, but indifferent as to the jars which contain it. They do not complain if creeds and doctrines are constantly preached, as they are not the church, and the host should have the privilege of preparing the menu. My own idea is of the two classes that compose a congregation,—those who believe and those who do not,—the Church is sure of the first anyway, and creeds and doctrines preached to them accomplish little, while they

antagonize the second class. All agree on the desirability of all moral excellences, and that in truth it is the aim of Christianity to teach men how to live and die right. Here is common ground on which the best classes can stand. And if the Church is to continue to influence and direct the second class of young men,—a very large percentage of the best educated and brightest minds of every community,—instead of making itself a mausoleum, it must address itself to man's every-day needs, more to the world of sense and touch, and less to that from whose bourne no traveler has ever sent reliable advices."

Another remarks, "Plain application of the gospel in regard to right and wrong living, and the results, present and eternal, which follow the acceptance or rejection of Christ as a Saviour."

A young lawyer says, "I look upon Phillips Brooks as in many respects an ideal preacher. Young men want a largeness, a freedom and suggestiveness, in their preaching that may be applicable to all creeds. Most Sunday-school teaching is a farce; it is mere henpecking at the truth, however reverent."

A young manufacturer bears the following testimony: "The gospel, pure and simple. Repent, or ye cannot be saved. I think that people expect such preaching. If some of the sinners do get offended, they will not take offense unless it comes home to them, and touches their consciences, and then they will be urged by an irrepressible impulse to hear more. 'God is love.' I do not mean sensational preaching, but I sometimes feel that pastors often preach all around and over us, instead of into us, and drive the truth home with sledge-hammer blows."

A young man of earnest piety says: "A good practical sermon, plain talk on the present day, anecdotes used as illustrations, which show the advantage of Christian life and the misfortunes and sufferings of riotous living."

A young doctor who is a type of manly piety says: "As to preaching, vigorous, robust, muscular Christianity, based upon the primary principles of faith, and devoid of all the etcetera of creed, that will teach them to live the life that now is, that will teach them to think less concernedly about their own salvation, and more concernedly of the uplifting of other men." Another young doctor remarks: "Very little theology and much Christian morality; full of all manner of illustrations and pictures from every-day life, painted with oratorical coloring and picturesque effect; of course imbued with a Christian spirit."

"Preaching Christ," answers the son of a minister, who is himself very far from being a minister. A merchant says: "The best sermon, and the one I most enjoy in the whole year, is the sermon to children in June: simple, with illustrations to make it pointed. I am not educated enough to understand all sermons."

"Personally," says a young banker, "I am greatly interested and benefited by hearing practical sermons preached from every-day working Christianity." Says a young lawyer: "That which shows the character and manliness of Christ, that which induces individual thought. I would that each church had a Bible class where every man could come with an honest question, and know that it would be discussed honestly; where any religious question would be treated with the same honesty and fairness given to legal questions."

I close these quotations with a long extract from

a letter of a distinguished student of social science, who, since his letter was written, has become the editor of one of the leading magazines, and who, a young man himself, has special interest in the work for young men: "The work among young men must, I think, be chiefly the work of individuals for and with individuals. The strange young man must find a friend as well as a sermon at church. A certain degree of acquaintance and recognition will go far toward making the average young man a church-goer. There is no substitute for this personal interest. The Sunday-school and the Church can greatly help each other in this matter of getting and keeping young men. The number of young men who do not go to church is very large. Tact and good sense on the part of Christian business men, who encounter these young fellows on week-days, could make regular attendants of many of them. Why do we not invite more of them, and ask them to our pews? There are scores of men in Plymouth Church who could make church-goers out of non-church-going young men by simply asking them in a friendly way to join them on Sunday at church, and to go home with them for dinner. Of course such courtesies must spring out of genuine interest and friendliness. If they are of this sort, they may change the whole current of a young man's life.

"I do not like sensational preaching, or services arranged obviously to draw. The plain gospel preaching, with sympathetic reference to the practical difficulties and dangers of young men, just as we hear it preached in our church, is what seems to me most useful—better than lectures or essays. Of course it is to be remembered that many young men need intellectual as well as spiritual pabulum; but they need the latter most. They are not chiefly dependent upon the pulpit for the former. I think there ought to be a great field in Sunday-school teaching for the building up of young men."

These letters are written by some of the noblest young men in Minneapolis. Of good intellectual standing, and many having a college training, their moral character is no less worthy than their intellectual. They may serve us, therefore, to represent the demands of the best young manhood on the pulpit. It is to be noticed that the demand is not for entertainment. I am aware that the pulpit is looked upon in many places as a rival of the drama. A friend of mine, an able, thoughtful, and earnest minister, on his summer outing was the guest of a New England hotel. One Sunday he was to preach in the village church. A fellow-guest approached him, and said, "Ah, Mr. L—, I understand that you are to entertain us this morning." Entertainment, when a man should worship God! Entertainment, when a man should be sober and serious, with the remembrance of his sin! Entertainment, when a man is hearing truths as to his present and eternal being! I recognize that some people do demand entertainment, and ask that their minister should be as restful and as interesting as the platform lecturer, and a good deal more. I recognize that ministers are to be found who meet this demand. They have their reward. But I also recognize that the best men and women no more demand that the pulpit should be entertaining than they demand that the gospels or the epistles should be entertaining. Entertainment is good; but the place for entertainment is not the church. Eat-

ing and sleeping are good ; but the place for eating and sleeping is not the parlor.

It is also to be observed that the demand of these young men is for what may be called spiritual preaching. In a material age, in a material town, the cry is for sermons to be other than material. "That which shows the beauty of the religion of Jesus"; "The plain application of the gospel in regard to right and wrong"; "The gospel, pure and simple"; "Vigorous, robust, muscular, practical Christianity"; "Preaching Christ"; "That which shows the character and manliness of Christ"—these are the phrases which the young men use to voice their demands. The greatest preacher of our age while he lived, and one of the greatest of any age, was the most spiritual of preachers. With defects as an orator, yet with a mighty love for man and a mighty trust in God, Phillips Brooks led the thinking, worshipful part of the American people to higher things in thought and life. Spiritual preaching, like the ellipse, has two centers, man and God: man in his relation to God, God in his relation to man. Theological preaching has God for its center; moral preaching has man; spiritual preaching, both theological and moral, has both centers, God and man. God blesses the man who thus preaches; God blesses the people who are thus ministered unto.

With this demand for spiritual preaching runs the demand for what is termed the practical, personal sermon. The demand springs from the same source as the desire for spiritual preaching: it is the demand for help—for help in the life of each day, for help to be good and pure, and brave and hopeful and strong, when the allurements are to be bad and foul and cowardly, and despairing and weak. Sermons which do not help miss their aim, or miss what should be their aim.

Charles F. Thwing.

An Immigration Restriction League.

THAT there has been a growing sentiment in this country during the last few years in favor of more

stringent laws regulating foreign immigration cannot have escaped the notice of any person who reads our newspapers and magazines. This feeling has found expression in many political platforms, and in various other ways; but there has until recently been no definite organization formed to work solely for more stringent immigration laws. The belief that a non-partizan, non-sectarian, and non-political organization is needed, which shall devote itself to this work, has led to the formation of the Immigration Restriction League. The objects of the league, which was started in Boston last July, are, as stated in its constitution: "To advocate and work for the further judicious restriction, or stricter regulation, of immigration, to issue documents and circulars, solicit facts and information, on that subject, hold public meetings, and to arouse public opinion to the necessity of a further exclusion of elements undesirable for citizenship or injurious to our national character. It is not an object of this league to advocate the exclusion of laborers or other immigrants of such character and standards as fit them to become citizens."

The league numbers among its members men of all parties, from all over the country, and is on a firm working basis. Its vice-presidents are Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont; Hon. George S. Hale, Colonel Henry Lee, Hon. Henry Parkman, Hon. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston; Professors N. S. Shaler and John Fiske of Cambridge, Mass. A president is to be elected at the annual meeting in January. The league has already issued three regular publications, besides a large number of circulars. The publications referred to are "The Present Aspect of the Immigration Problem," "Various Facts and Opinions concerning the Necessity of Restricting Immigration," and a collection of statistics relating to the numbers, nationality, and distribution of our recent immigrants, and the proportion of the foreign-born among our insane, paupers, and criminals. These publications will be sent to any one applying to the Secretary of the Immigration Restriction League, 428 Exchange Building, Boston, Mass.

Robert De C. Ward.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Aphorisms.

A WOMAN rarely fears men, unless wholly unacquainted with them. A man's fear of women is apt to increase with his knowledge of them. He often begins with something like disdain, and ends with supreme apprehension.

THE man who hates his fellows usually does so because they refuse to sympathize with his absorbing love of himself.

OUR self-love springs, ordinarily, from a lack of understanding of the subject.

A MAN should be niggardly in making promises, but generous in their fulfilment. Unredeemed promises are like unredeemed pledges: they so accumulate interest as soon to be irredeemable.

MEN are often more firmly united by common hatreds than they are by common tastes or common likings.

THE men who refrain from marriage because they doubt their fitness for it, either on financial or philosophical grounds, would be likely, if married, to make the best husbands.

WE should try throughout life to make friends. Enemies will make themselves.

THE truest companion is he who most enjoys solitude.

IT is easier to understand how a man who has committed many murders may have an untroubled conscience than how a congenital match-maker can ever enjoy a tranquil sleep.

Junius Henri Browne.



FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

A Valentine.

BEFORE the buds awaken,
Or pink the blossoms blow,
While yet the bough forsaken
Hangs ghostly in the snow,
Love journeys forth elated
To seek the happy shrine
By lovers dedicated
To good St. Valentine.

And there before the altar
He kneels, beseeching grace;
His heart forgets to falter,
Remembering your face:
And all his words are fashioned
Into a single line —
A lover's prayer impassioned
To his saint, Valentine.

His eyes with rapture glisten,
His heart with hope is high,
He almost thinks to listen
And hear your footsteps nigh:
Ah, Sweet, when he shall find you,
And voice his prayer and mine,
Let no vain doubtings blind you —
Say yes, my Valentine!

Felix Carmen.

Cupid Also.

CUPID, eager for a prize,
In a garden old espies
Maiden fair, and thither flies:
Ah, beware, Cupid!

Darts my lady has more true
In their aim, more deadly too,
Than the arrows used by you:
Have a care, Cupid.

There 's a spell, a charm, that clings
Round her, making slaves of kings.
Broken hearts are awkward things
To repair, Cupid.

So my charge you will not heed?
Have your way, then; soon you 'll plead
Wildly, vainly, to be freed
From her snare, Cupid.

Ah, one glance! She has you fast,
Bow and arrows down are cast.
None escape her, as at last
You 're aware, Cupid.

Captured fairly by a maid,
Now too late you are dismayed,
Neither prayers nor tears will aid
Your despair, Cupid.

Cupid laughs: "I 'd rather be
Captive at my lady's knee,
Bound by chains so sweet, than free
As the air, stupid."

M. Irene Brown.

Three Phases.

MY earnest love! When she is meek,
And talks of prayer and penance lowly,
Her silken eyelash on her cheek, —
I love her then with love as holy,
As free from earthly stain or taint,
As monk may give to shrined saint.

My winsome love! When she 's inclined
To view life more in aspect human,
I 'm very glad indeed to find
That she can be so much a woman.
I love her for the love she gives,
And think no sweeter being lives.

My naughty love! But when she laughs,
And strives to puzzle and displease me,
When, merciless, she guys and chaffs,
And does her charming best to tease me,
'T is very strange this should befall, —
That then I love her best of all!

Madeline S. Bridges.

Cupid's Arrows.

PHŒBE, wandering in a wood,
Chanced to spy Dan Cupid sleeping;
Long the curious maiden stood
Tiptoe through the branches peeping.
For the youngster's lips she yearned,
Till, the branches parting slyly,
She to slake her thirst that burned
Stooped and kissed the rogue's mouth shyly.

Now the boy's eyes open wide,
And upon the maid he gazes,
Grasps an arrow at his side,
And his silver bow upraises.
Swift the maiden turns to flee;
Swift the arrow follows after,
Wounding in its flight a tree:
Hark! how rings the maid's clear laughter.

Cupid, with sleep-dazzled eyes,
Stares a moment through the bushes
Where the laughing maid still flies,
Then adown the wood he rushes.
Now the shaft o'ertakes the quarry,
Now it cleaves poor Phœbe's heart —
Maidens, ere you wake Love, tarry
First to filch his every dart.

James B. Kenyon.

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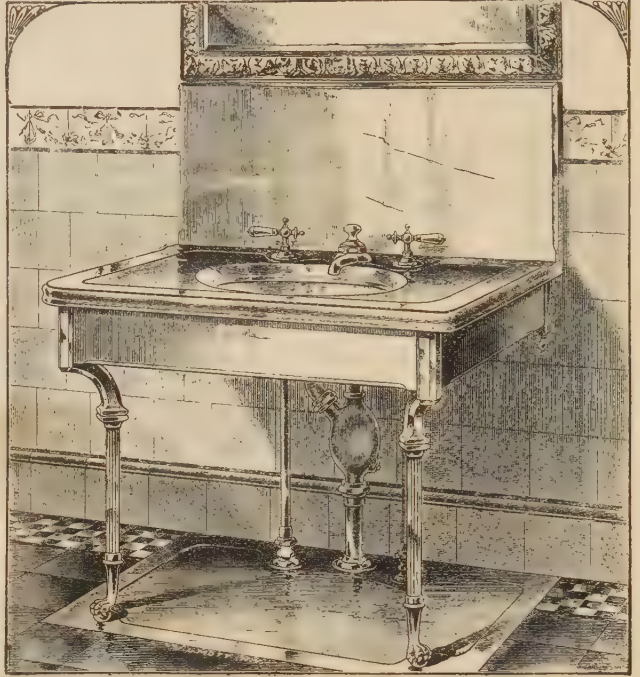
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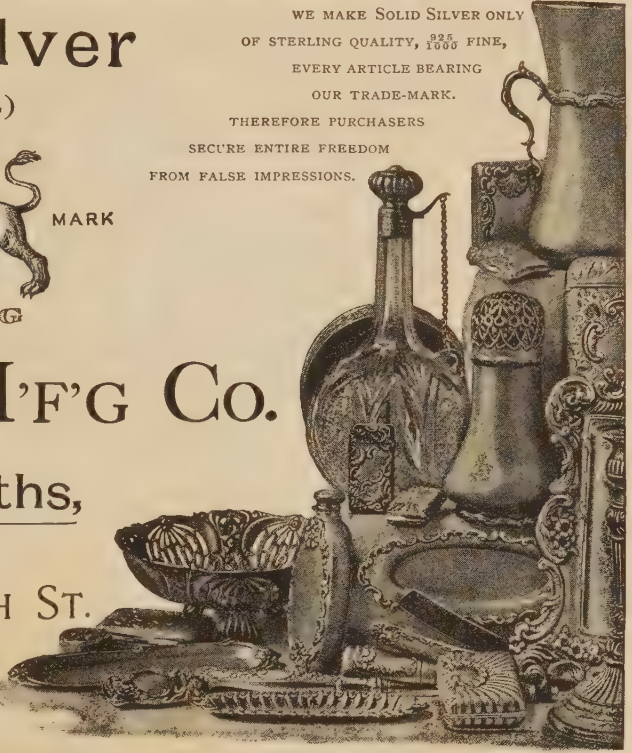
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Recommended by physicians for cleansing the hair and as a remedy in treatment of dandruff and baldness.

"The antiseptic properties and wholesome fragrance of Packer's Tar Soap render it peculiarly desirable for the toilet."

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Invaluable for chapping, chafing, rashes, perspiration, etc. It soothes, heals, destroys odors and prevents contagion.

It purifies the pores, prevents and removes blackheads, and leaves the skin smooth and supple.

FOR THE NURSERY

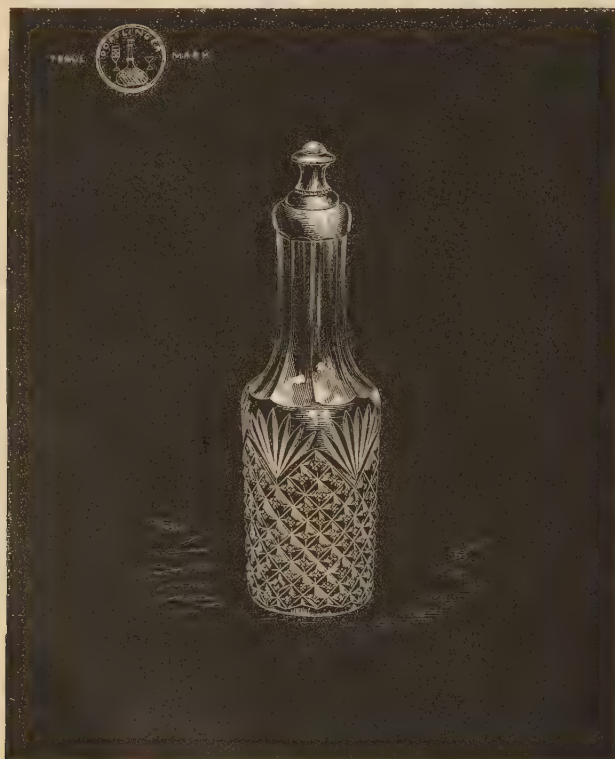
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demands a silver polish of superior merit; one that increases its beauty without detriment in any form.

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is so regarded by nearly a million housekeepers and leading silversmiths. It's unlike any other.

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Is one of our new handsome designs. Everything in tableware is made in this design. We quote a few of the most desirable pieces.

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of
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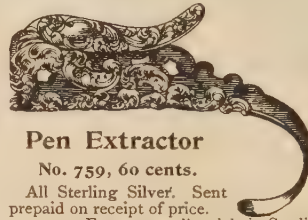
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No more
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Perfect combustion. Safety from explosion.
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A Stirring

argument in
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**Sterling
Silver
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spoons and
forks, is their
wearing quality. The silver inlaid in the
back of the bowl and handle before plat-
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Guaranteed
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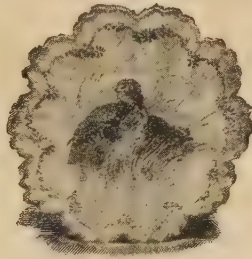
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There are other "Rogers." "1847" marks
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If you cannot procure these goods of your
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"Something Good and How To Get It"—a treatise on

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1. **EASY TO PUT UP.**
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If he doesn't get such a roller whose fault is it? His own, because he doesn't insist upon having the genuine

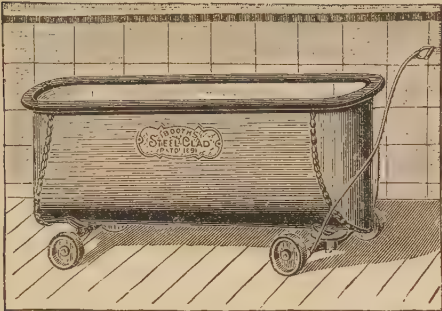
Hartshorn Self-Acting Shade Rollers.



The genuine bear autograph of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS 25

For Hospitals and the Sick Room.



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THE INDESTRUCTIBLE STEEL CLAD BATH. INEXPENSIVE

It is light, durable, cleanly, low in price, never rusts out, cannot break. Can be decorated to suit individual taste. A boon to country householders, who by its use can enjoy a comfortable bath without expensive piping or the labor of carrying water.

There are many styles and sizes of the **Steel Clad Bath**, but only one quality. Don't buy an imitation. Get the **Steel Clad**. All plumbers and jobbers have it, or the

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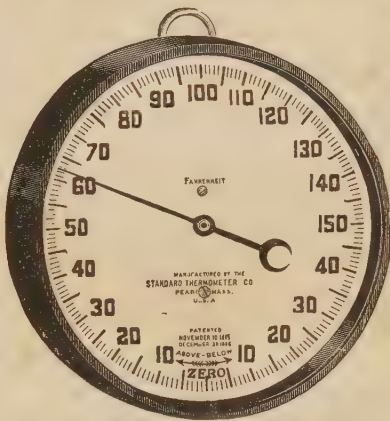


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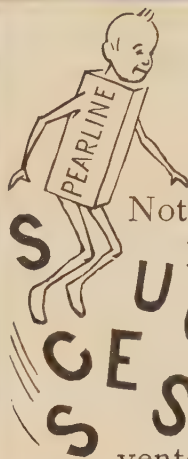
THE JUDGES
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



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"IN ORIGINALITY OF CONCEPTION, ARTISTIC AND TASTEFUL DESIGNS, FINE AND REGULAR WORKMANSHIP IN CUTTING, EXCELLENT POLISH AND GENERAL PERFECTION, THE **STRAUS CUT GLASS** CALLS FORTH THE HIGHEST TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN SKILL." IT RECEIVED SIX AWARDS... NO OTHER CUT GLASS RECEIVED SUCH HIGH RECOGNITION... NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE ABOVE TRADE-MARK FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS.

Feb. '95.



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461

Millions NOW USE Pearline

IF YOU CAN'T FIND IT AT SARGENT'S



you may as well give it up; *i. e.*, all such things as pertain to the comfort of invalids,

FOR EXAMPLE:

ROLLING CHAIRS. The best made and the largest variety in the world. 40 or more styles.



TRICYCLES. Ditto, for every phase of helplessness. Hand and foot power. Also for exercise and recreation. All sizes, children and adults.

RECLINING CHAIRS. There is no requirement for luxury or necessity that we cannot satisfy.



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BACK RESTS AND BED TRAYS.

SARGENT'S NEW INVALID'S LIFT. Every house that contains a helpless invalid should possess this. It reduces pain to the sufferer and labor to the attendant to a minimum.



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INVALIDS' FURNITURE.

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NEW HAVEN CHAIR CO.

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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 27

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 1109 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.

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Splendid Openings for Energetic Men to Act as Special,
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"It is frightful to think how many babies die from using unclean nursing-bottles."

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The "Air-Inlet" admits
 Air BACK of FOOD,
 Not in FRONT!

Important: in front
 barely enters neck of bottle, whence
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 vent wind-colic.



See
 How Easily
 CLEANSED!

"THE BEST"

NOT ONLY

Prevents

Nipple Collapsing
 But

WIND=COLIC

and BOWEL-TROUBLE, TOO.

NURSER.

It is the **GENUINE** and **ONLY**
PRACTICAL Air-Inlet Bottle.

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Made in
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Fitted to
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Modern Art Grilles. Standing Screens. Decorative Furniture. Special Wood Mantels. Cabinet Interiors.

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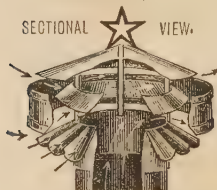
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is perfect in every detail, inside and out, above and below. Such a home IS COVERED WITH

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Wonderful **THE WEBER TONE**
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Are the *ONLY* pianos manufactured on the improved and now celebrated Screw-Stringer system, invented and patented by the Mason & Hamlin Co. in 1883. This invention is the greatest improvement in pianos in twenty-five years, and owing to it the piano is but slightly affected by trying atmospheric conditions, and does not require *one quarter* as much tuning as pianos generally.

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Since the first piano manufactured by Jonas Chickering, in 1823, we have made none but the **Highest Grade Pianos**, and with more than **seventy-one years'** experience, a factory at once the oldest in the United States and most thoroughly equipped, giving us every facility for the best and most durable work, we unhesitatingly assert that our present productions, containing as they do our recent most valuable improvements, are the best that we have ever manufactured.

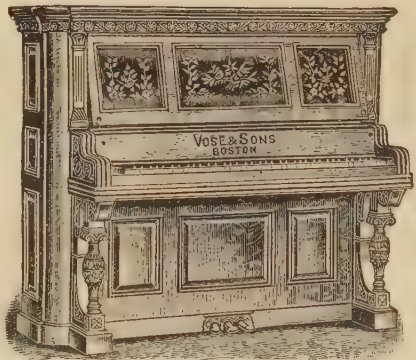
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to be awarded for the best pictures designed for advertising the Autoharp. First prize, \$500. Ten prizes, \$50 each. Each contestant may illustrate any one or all of the following subjects.

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Possibly the strongest fact connected with the Autoharp is that it is so easy to learn to play, and that, too, with satisfaction to all, listener as well as player. There are no discords. What a contrast to the average practice-hour with any other instrument! Picture it.

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Ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$150.00, it is certainly within the reach of any one, while at the same time even the lowest-priced instrument is musical.

An American Invention.

The Autoharp is not only distinctively new, but peculiarly American. All other musical instruments come to us from the old countries and are hoary with age.

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Of the five hundred thousand Autoharps now in pleasurable use all over the land, scarcely one thousand ever had an Autoharp teacher to give them a single hour of introduction to the purchaser. What an expense is thus saved! Is it not then "Easy to Play"?

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It must be heard to be appreciated. Soft, sweet, and pure, or strong, resonant, and noble, it has wondrous possibilities under the touch of a skilful hand.

Any original suggestion worked out in a picture not covering any of the above points will be received on an equal footing with the others. All work for this competition to be submitted by April 10th. Printed conditions of the contest may be had upon application. Any picture submitted must be subject to purchase at a fair price.

Are you interested in

The Autoharp?

Send for pamphlet "How the Autoharp Captured the Family."

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No matter how unintelligent the practice, a perfect chord is the result of any sweep of the strings so long as one of the bars be pressed. An hour of practice by a novice need not develop a single discord.

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The Concert Autoharp is a distinctive development, and it is thoroughly adapted to orchestral work. Think of holding an audience spell-bound, and then picture it if you can. Mr. Victor Herbert, leader of Gilmore's Band, says of it, "The Autoharp is a practical musical instrument of unique tone-quality, and possessed of every musical possibility."

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If there ever was an instrument with which to while away a restful hour on the piazza, in the boat, or away in the woods, or at home, that instrument is the Autoharp.

Honest.

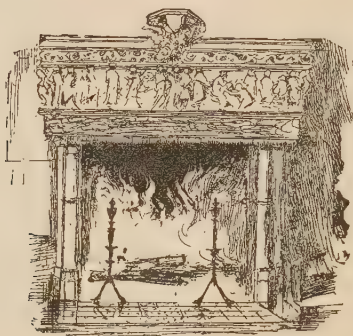
From poetry to prose. The plain, substantial, staff-of-life fact that the Zimmermann Autoharp is honestly made from the best materials is well worth a bright illustration.

Bewitching.

Sweetmeats again. Imagine her eyes as he sits with Autoharp in hand, quietly singing some bit of quaintness, and then say the strings of the instrument did not play a most important part in the dénouement.

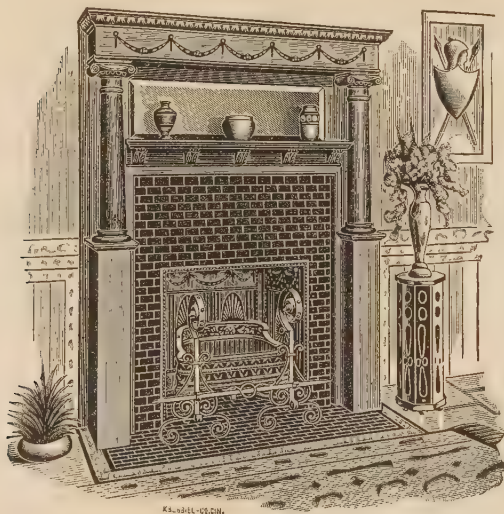
INTERIOR DECORATIONS 32

Mantels and fireplaces which are attractive in style and price are made by



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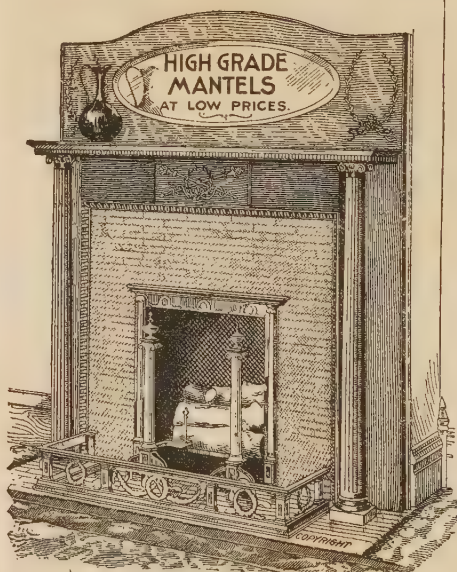
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adds to the beauty and cheerful appearance of the apartment. If you contemplate building a home we ask you to consider our large and handsomely illustrated catalogue of

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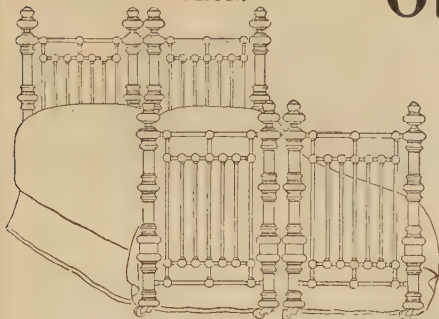
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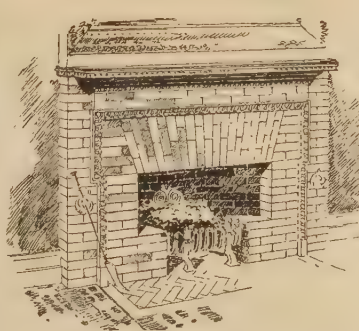
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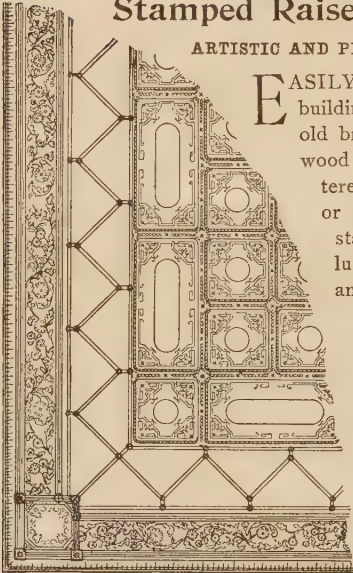
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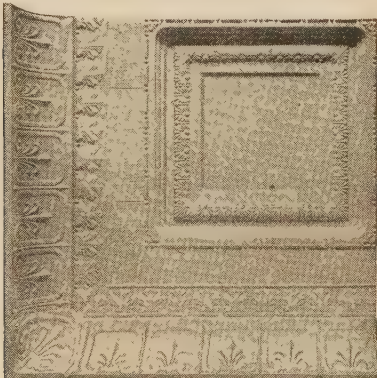
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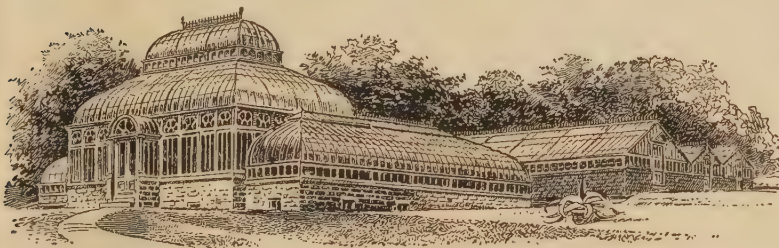
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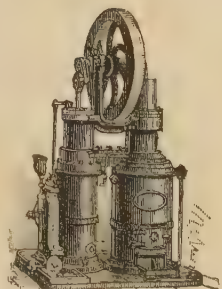
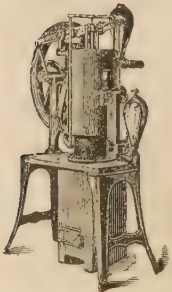
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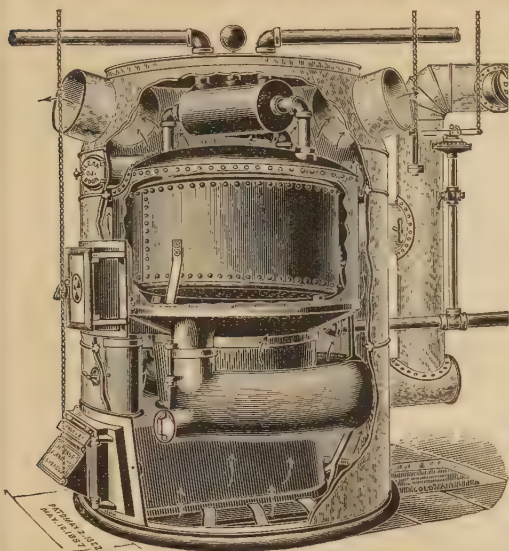
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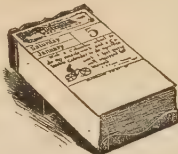
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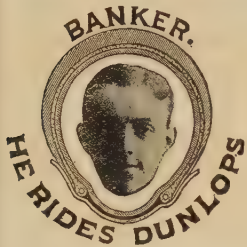
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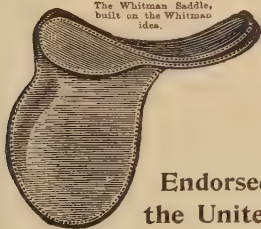


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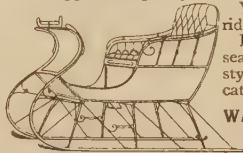
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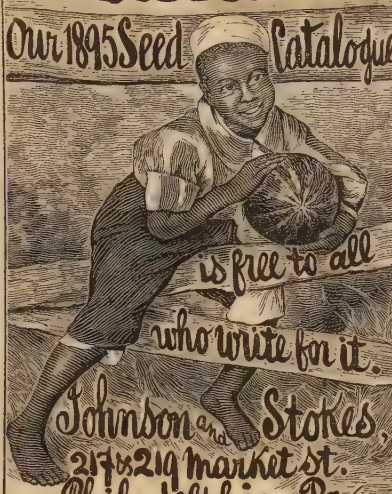
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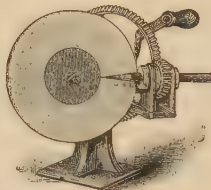


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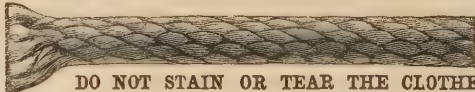


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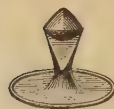
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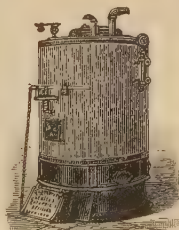


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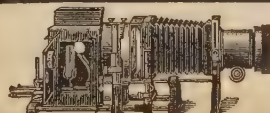
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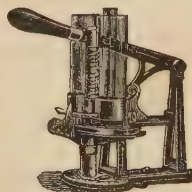
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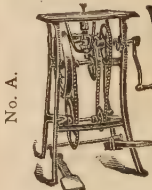
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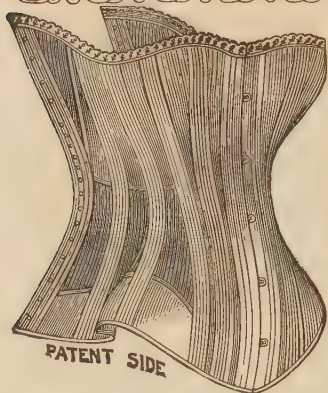


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It is a well-known fact that the majority of the ills of women originate from suspending heavy garments from their waists, the most sensitive part of the body.

Stewart's Patent Perfection Shoulder Brace and Skirt Supporter, by transferring the weight of the skirts from waist to shoulders, removes the cause of these ills, and gives an erect and graceful carriage. It is a simple, common-sense article, easily adjusted, and weighing less than three ounces.

The belt which encircles the waist is supported from shoulders by means of straps, attached to our patent adjustable buckle and safety-pin improvement, which slides along the belt to suit every size waist, holding up underwear and removing weight from waist to shoulders.

During inclement weather the belt can be raised, to keep the skirts out of the wet. All who have worn these Braces find them indispensable.

On sale by first-class dealers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00. In ordering, state weight, and give loose measurement in inches around right shoulder, close to body.

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BABY'S, CHILDREN'S.

Style 50. Style 65.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Other Styles: { MISSES', LADIES' and
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It's the

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which last as long as the skirt.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND THE BABY.

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Send measure round head, just above ears, also from bottom of lobe of ear over head to bottom of other ear, not under chin.

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you turn your trousers up, afterwards at the place turned up there is an ugly mark and the stitches have puckered the hem.

IT IS GUARANTEED THAT

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Will Restore Trousers THAT HAVE BEEN Worn in the Wet.

Under all circumstances IT KEEPS TROUSERS "Smooth as if Ironed."

Besides, it is so easy to use, so complete as to results, you will be astonished.

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Ladies', \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75,
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They give the best value for the money.
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A much needed
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Perfect Comfort to the Wearer.

Popular for full dress wear
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No dragging on the shoulders.
The trousers keep their shape because they are never
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The scientific principle of the pulley acting on the
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CHATOWA.

HEIGHT IN FRONT
1 5/8 IN.

EXTREMES MEET

in fashions just as in other things.

IT'S LARGELY BECAUSE

"Cluett" BRAND
STYLES

SATISFY ALL TASTES,

that so many men prefer

COLLARS AND CUFFS

STAMPED

"Cluett"

YOUR OUTFITTER HAS THEM.

"Cluett"
SABANA.

HEIGHT IN FRONT 2 3/4 IN.
HEIGHT IN BACK 2 1/8 IN.

DID YOU EVER

notice just where your collars
are CRACKED in relaundering?

YOU'D SAY

we're "talking shop" if we
claim "Cluett" BRAND collars
won't crack like other makes;
—they will crack, but not near
so quickly,—and what's more,
they won't crack till they ought
to, if rightly relaundered.

"Cluett"
ZANELLO.

WIDTH 4 INCHES

THE REMEDY FOR CRACKED COLLARS?

Simple as A B C, no matter
whether you wear "Cluett"
BRAND collars or some other
make. Invest a penny and write
for our

SOUVENIR OF FASHIONS

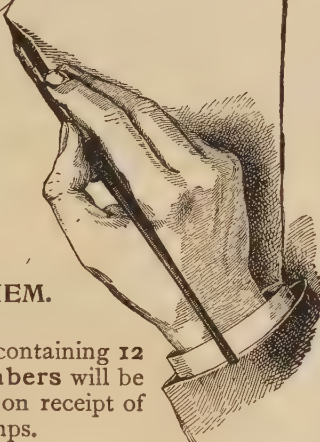
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Sample card containing 12 different numbers will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

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Feb. '95.



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Kalamazoo Method Received Highest Award at the World's Fair.

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Once a devotee of Whist tries the Kalamazoo Method the old game has no further charms.

Ask your Dealer for the game or write us.

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Whist and Duplicate Whist Rules and Whist Etiquette as adopted by the 4th American Whist Congress, sent to any address on receipt of 2-cent stamp. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEAR SIR:—* * * * I have tried several methods of Duplicate Whist, but find The "Kalamazoo" much the best.

Yours very truly, FISHER AMES, BOSTON, MASS.



The Only Right Way

to play whist without the element of chance is with the

CHICAGO DUPLICATE WHIST BOXES.

They are no larger than ordinary card-cases— are strongly made—simple and convenient in use—durable and very handsome—not at all like the other unwieldy and complicated contrivances. Set of 12 boxes, \$5; including 12 packs of enameled playing-cards, \$7. Express prepaid.

Sample box with cards in, 25 cents.

Circular and complete price-list, free.

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American Whist Packs

ARE now largely used in every State and Territory in the Union for the purpose of teaching the game of whist according to the *Butler System*, by means of four extra cards. The leads and correct play learned easily and quickly without interrupting the game; every possible combination and the proper lead therefrom found instantly on the extra cards in each pack (one being held by each player).

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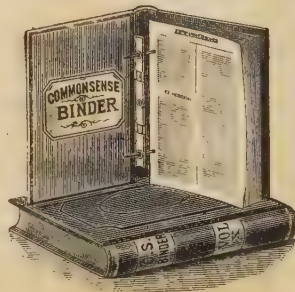
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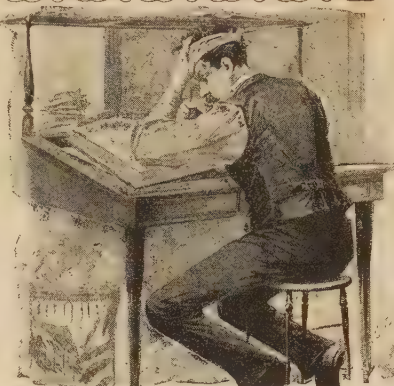
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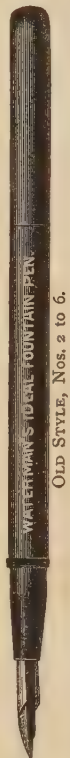
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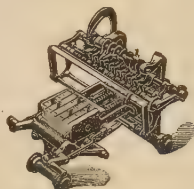
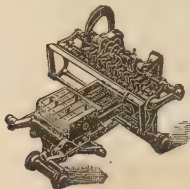
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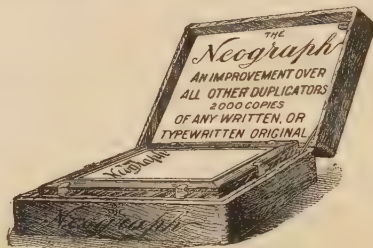
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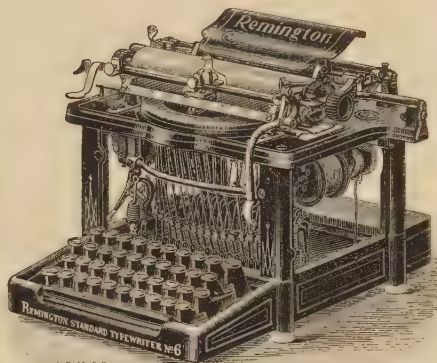
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Improved Spacing Mechanism,
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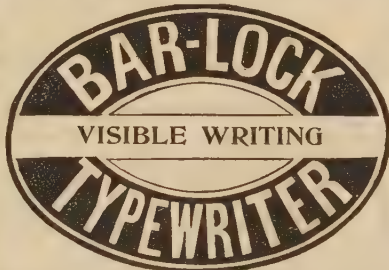


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WRITING MACHINES 66

"Improvement the order of the age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.

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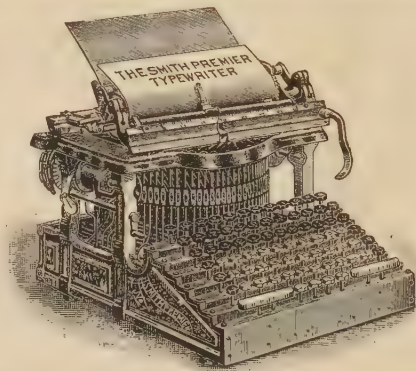
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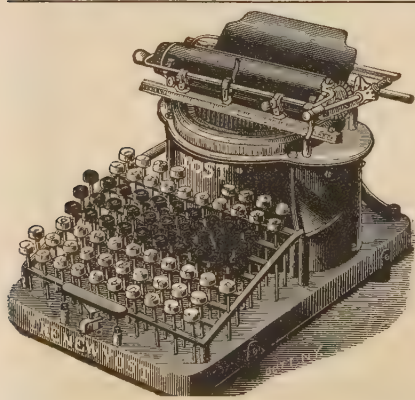
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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as the foremost Review in the English language, and no expenditure is spared in maintaining it in its unrivaled position.

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Receive constant and special attention. Among topics recently discussed are:

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I go anywhere for business.

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*"Now is the Winter of our discontent
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TO

The Raw, Bleak, Bitter, Biting, Bone-piercing Dis-
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With its Drifting Snow, its Treacherous Ice, its Blind-
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Its Blizzards, its East Winds; its Sudden Changes;

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EVERYBODY GOES WITH PHILLIPS,

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There is only one Shredded Codfish—That's Beardsley's

It is prepared for the Table in 15 minutes. No soaking for hours to remove the dirt and waste. No boiling necessary to soften Beardsley's. No odor to make it unpleasant in the kitchen. Makes most delicious "Picked-up" Codfish, Fish Balls and Fish Cream at least trouble and expense.

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Only 10c. a box. All Grocers. J. W. Beardsley's Sons, New York.

Acme Sliced
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Beef
is perfect.

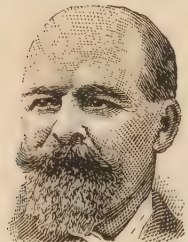
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THE PERFECTION OF
CHEWING GUM.

A Delicious Remedy

FOR ALL FORMS OF

INDIGESTION.



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Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

CAUTION. See that the name Bee-
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Each tablet contains one grain pure
pepsin, sufficient to digest 1000 grains of

American Club House Cheese

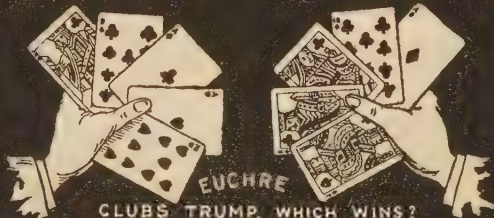


Is a soft, rich Cheese worthy a
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up in hermetically sealed glass
jars. A miniature jar of
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Regular size Jar 50 cents,
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Aids
Digestion



Improves
The Appetite

TUTTI-FRUTTI GUM



A Genuine Scotch Short Bread

An Old Recipe brought up to date.

1 pound of Flour.
1-4 " of Powdered Sugar.
1-4 " of Butter.
1-4 " of Cottolene.

Mix thoroughly with the hands; form in a flat cake one inch thick; quarter with a sharp knife; bake in a slow oven until a delicate brown. The old way was good but the new is better. The introduction of

Cottolene

makes the cake light, rich and wholesome. Gives it a delicate flavor unknown when the old recipe was used.

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

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CORN FRITTERS

REQUIRE ONLY THE FOLLOWING:

One Cup Flour; One Teaspoonful Baking Powder,
One Tablespoonful Melted butter;
Two Eggs beaten separately,
Salt and Pepper to suit taste; one can



CURTICE

"Blue Label" Corn

POUR CORN ON FLOUR, MIX WELL
ADDING OTHER INGREDIENTS IN
ORDER NAMED AND DROP IN BOIL-
ING FAT.

THE ABOVE IS BUT ONE WAY OF
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For all Occasions and Uses.

IF YOUR GROCER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU,
WRITE US FOR PRICED CATALOGUE AND
BOOKLET "FROM TREE TO TABLE,"
TELLING YOU OF OUR PRODUCTS.

TRY THEM.

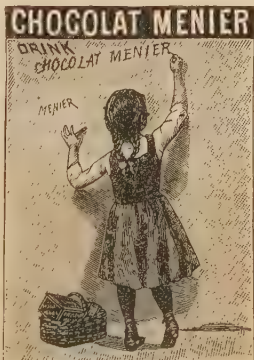
CURTICE BROTHERS CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

For Breakfast

A cup of

Chocolat = Menier

(Vanilla Chocolate)



Delicious!

Invigorating!

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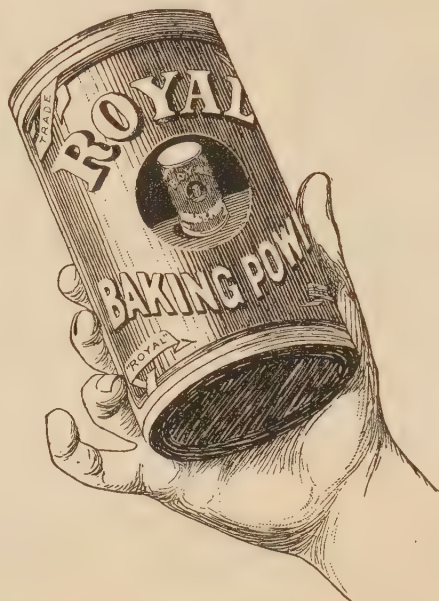
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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
**CHOCOLAT
MENIER**
ANNUAL SALES EXCEED
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These are Facts

Which Housekeepers Should Seriously Consider

If you want the best food, you will be interested in the following facts, which show why "Royal" is the best baking powder, why it makes the best and most wholesome food, and why its use has become almost universal—its sale greater in this country than the sale of all other cream-of-tartar baking powders combined.

The Royal Baking Powder NEVER fails.

It is absolutely pure and wholesome.

It is combined from the most approved and healthful ingredients.

It makes the finest flavored, most tender, delicious, and wholesome food.

It has greater leavening strength than any other baking powder, and is therefore the cheapest.

It never loses its strength, but will keep fresh and full of leavening power until used.

It acts slowly in the dough, so that none of its strength is lost before the baking is completed.

It makes food that will keep sweet, moist, and fresh longer, or that may be eaten hot and fresh with impunity.

The reasons why the Royal Baking Powder is superior to all others in these respects are easily stated. One is because it is made from chemically pure materials; another is because it is made with greater care and accuracy than any other. It is always uniform in composition and leavening power. It has been the standard baking powder for twenty-five years. The founder has continuously conducted its business, and is still at the head of its management. Thus all the knowledge and skill attained by over a quarter of a century's experience is available in its present preparation. The consumer is not experimented upon by changes of formula that

are constantly being made in other powders in an effort to get a mixture that will not "cake" or lose its strength, or that follow changes of proprietorship or manufacturers. The Royal Baking Powder is always certain and equal in its work; a teaspoonful does the same perfect work to-day that it did yesterday, or last week or month, or last year.

While the last teaspoonful in a can of Royal is as good as the first, other powders lose their strength after being made a short time, and particularly after the can is opened.

No great efforts are made by other manufacturers to procure pure materials.

They use the ordinary cream of tartar of the market, which contains tartrate of lime, and is frequently mixed with alum, phosphates, or terra alba. The frequent tests by the Massachusetts and New York State Boards of Health show the great extent of this adulteration.

But experiments that cost many hundred thousand dollars were made by the Royal Baking Powder Company to secure for its use chemically pure ingredients, and to devise methods and formulas that would make a perfect baking powder.

In the manufacture of this powder there is used more than half of all the cream of tartar consumed in the United States for all purposes.

This is refined in the mammoth works of the Company (erected at a cost of over half a million dollars) by special, patented processes, by which means there are secured to the Royal Baking Powder exclusively ingredients absolutely free from tartrate of lime or other adulterant or inert matter.

While there is no secret as to the ingredients used—the methods of their preparation, their relative proportions, and the manipulations which are indispensable to this end are unknown to other manufacturers.

The exactness with which the active principle of each ingredient prior to mixing is ascertained by expert chemists; the actual prohibition enforced against the receipt into the works of an impure ingredient; the care with which the materials are dried, coated, and prepared before their combination, and the precision in packing the powder so that it shall be delivered to the consumer in the perfect condition in which it leaves the factory, are

some of the details which go to make the perfect "Royal."

Are not the same means employed by other manufacturers? They are not. There have been a great many imitations of the Royal, but no equals. Pure materials are not employed, care is not taken in their preparation and combination, while in the great majority of baking powders alum is added to give them strength, while cheapening their cost.

No alum, phosphates, unwholesome or doubtful substances are used in the Royal, and it costs more to manufacture than any other brand.

The great popularity and general use of the Royal Baking Powder attest its superiority.

Success is generally deserved.

Scores of brands of baking powders have been placed upon the market since Royal was introduced. Most of these have died; none have achieved a general success, while the Royal has increased in popularity until its sale is general in every city, town, and hamlet in the country. Nothing but the superior quality of the Royal Baking Powder could have effected this.

Corroborative of the foregoing are the official tests. These have been made without prejudice, by entirely unbiased officers, have been elaborate, exhaustive, and should be conclusive. Prof. Tucker, of Albany, whose thorough and scientific work in examining articles of food for the State of New York is well known, says it is "a baking powder unequalled for purity, strength, and wholesomeness;" while **the United States Government investigation, recently made under the authority of Congress, shows the Royal to be a cream-of-tartar baking powder superior to all others in purity, wholesomeness, and leavening strength.**

The day has come for a rigid discrimination in the purchase of baking powders by the housekeeper.

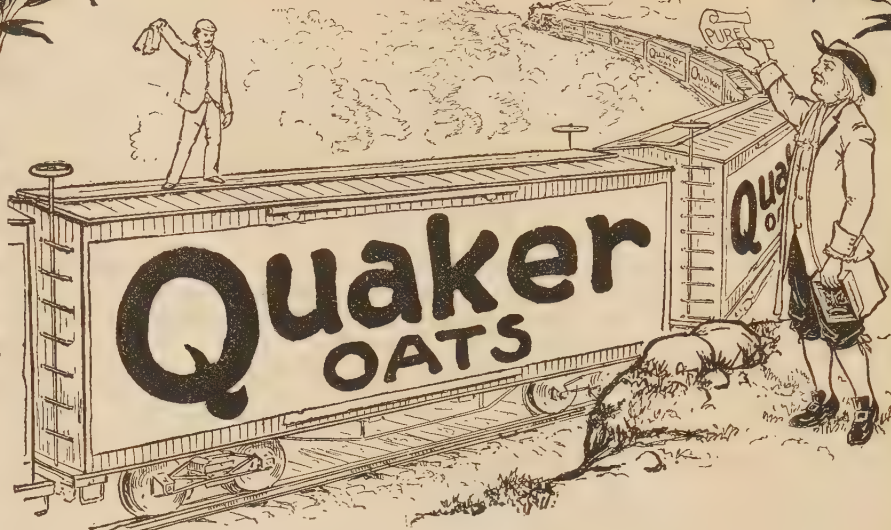
Health and economy demand the use of that brand ascertained absolutely pure and wholesome and of greatest strength.

Those who have tested all thoroughly, use "Royal" only. If you are not using it, the facts here given should induce you to give it a trial.

No other Article of Human Food has ever received such emphatic commendation for purity, strength, and wholesomeness, from the most eminent authorities, as the Royal Baking Powder.

No other article used in the domestic economy of the household has so many enthusiastic friends among the housekeepers of America.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.



Shipped in Train Loads.

Has the largest sale of any Cereal Food in the world. The reason for it is in every spoonful!

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eating when you use

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It always makes light,
wholesome food.
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a rounded
spoonful is required, of



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spoonful.



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keep their freshness
and flavor.
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It does the most work and
the best work.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 and 83 Fulton Street, New York.



*"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble."*

That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

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saves you all that "toil and trouble."

Add water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. No trouble or mystery about it. Any-one can do it.

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FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.

Head Office: Newark, N. J.

Other Offices: Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago.

Factories: Newark and Chicago.



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Loss of Hand and Foot . . .	10,000
Loss of Both Hands . . .	10,000
Loss of Both Feet . . .	10,000
Loss of Both Eyes . . .	10,000
Loss of Right Hand . . .	5,000
Loss of Either Leg . . .	5,000
Loss of One Foot . . .	2,000
Loss of Left Hand . . .	2,000
Loss of One Eye . . .	1,300
Permanent Total Disability	5,000
Weekly Indemnity (52 weeks)	50

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May Happen to You.

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Secretary.

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Loss of Hand and Foot . . .	5,000
Loss of Both Hands . . .	5,000
Loss of Both Feet . . .	5,000
Loss of Both Eyes . . .	5,000
Loss of Right Hand . . .	2,500
Loss of Either Leg . . .	2,500
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